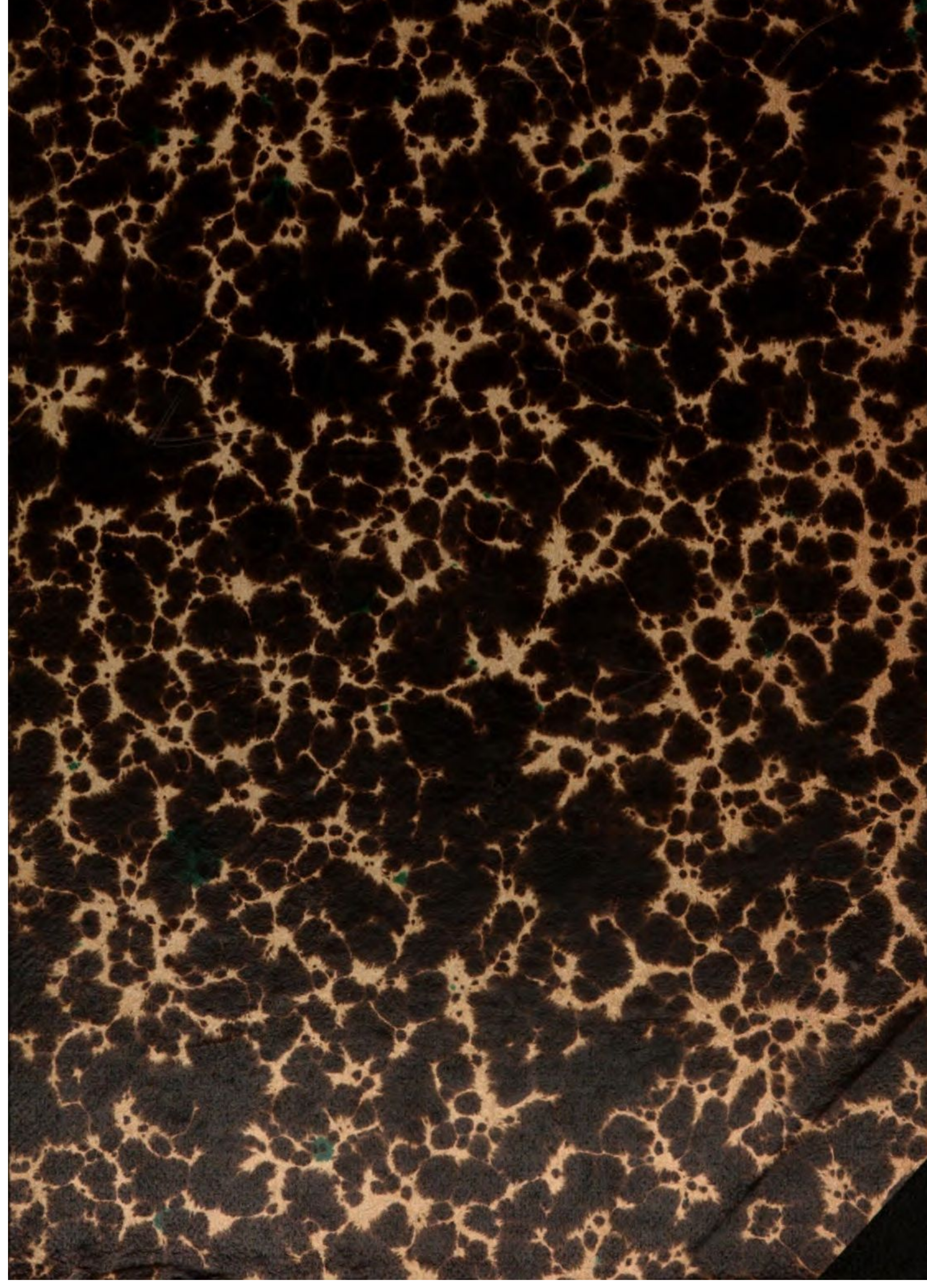






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HOUSEHOLD WORDS. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.  
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Vol. CCCLII





# HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *Household Words*."  
*Shakespeare.*

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VOL. XXXV.

LEIPZIG

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS

BY

CHARLES DICKENS

Illustrated by  
HENRY COLEMAN

CHAMBERLAIN

NEW YORK

1850

AND TAYLOR

1850













# HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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VOL. XXXV.

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## THE BEECHGROVE FAMILY.

"So you think, my lad, that you would be quite happy if you had such a hall as that we past this morning, with a park of old trees and a lake with swans and a terraced garden, and pheasants feeding and crowing in every covert. Ay, but you're wrong, my lad. It isn't halls or parks, or anything that money can buy, that can make you happy."

The speaker was a white-haired, hale old man, with that clear tinted complexion that speaks of an active and not too hard life spent out of doors. From his dress he might have been a small farmer, or a head game-keeper, or a bailiff, or chief gardener; and, from his way of speaking, it seemed as if he had been in the habit of conversing with his superiors, and had caught up some of their phrases and tones.

"Why, here," he said, pulling out of his pocket a printed auctioneer's catalogue, "here is a

paper I picked up in the bar of the station hotel, that tells a very different story of the Place where I passed more than fifty years of my life."

There was not a prettier estate in this county than Beechgrove Park. A thousand acres in a ring fence, beside common rights and other property that went with it. It was in the family of Squire Corburn, they say, for five hundred years and more. But the last three squires dipped it each deeper than the other; for they all drank and all played deep, and drinking and dice don't go well together. Squire Andrew — he was the last — lived as his forefathers had done; kept his hounds and drove his four-in-hand, and had open house always at race time, and strong ale and bread and cheese for every one that called any day in the week; all which would not have hurt him so much if he had not always had either the dice-box or the brandy-bottle in his hand. He was the last of a bad sort who



were called jolly good fellows, because they flung their money about to every lad or lass that would join their mad wicked pranks.

Well, one evening he rolled off the sofa after dinner: and, before his poor wife could unloose his handkerchief, he was dead. Then it turned out that, for three years, he had only been living at the Place on sufferance, that everything there, land, house-furniture, pictures, horses, carriages—everything, belonged to old lawyer Rigors of Blexborough. Squire Corburn left no sons; only two daughters. So the poor lady gathered up the little that was left to her, with a small income the Squire could not touch, and was seen no more.

My father was bailiff over the home-farm, under Squire Corburn, and I was his deputy. So you may believe we had a nice place of it.

The old lawyer had the character of being a hard man in business, and had mortgages over half the estates in the county; but, as soon as Beechgrove Park came into his possession he altered his ways, retired from business, kept on all the old head servants, and carried on everything much the same as before; only, as all was done in perfect order, he got more for his money. Except that he parted with the hounds, he put down no part of the Corburn state. He furnished the best rooms; engaged a first-rate cook; laid in some famous

wine in addition to the old stock; and, by these means, with capital pheasant preserves, and the reputation of having money to lend, he was soon visited by almost all the first people in the county. At first the old lawyer seemed to take a new lease of life, looking after his gardens and farm, and riding out to pay visits; for he was a handsome old fellow, not much above sixty—a widower, and mothers thought he might marry again.

But it was too much for him at last. He took to drinking, and played such tricks with low company, that he went back as fast as he had gone forward, and one by one, was dropped by his new friends; for, although they might pardon strange behaviour in one of themselves, they could not put up with the liberties of a man that some remembered an office-boy in Blexborough. The end of it was that he made jolly companions of whoever would be jolly with him, and ended by marrying the daughter and barmaid of Bob Carter, of the Swan Inn, a bouncing girl of eighteen.

Now, the lawyer had a son whom he had brought up for the church, and was at college long enough; though he never became a parson, nor did he agree at all with his father. He used to be away a good deal, travelling, until his father came into the property. Then he returned with his wife, a very nice lady.

The father and son, whom we all called the young Squire, did



not get on at all together — they were so different. The old lawyer was loud, noisy, and hearty: the young Squire was pale, shy, and silent. He had not married according to his father's liking, and he did not push himself forward. He liked his book and hated the bottle.

When lawyer Rigors married Kitty Carter, the young Squire left the park and went abroad, travelling in foreign parts, — France, Italy, and such like; for the old gentleman made them a handsome allowance. At length the old gentleman went too fast, though Kitty took all the care of him she could, — was taken sick, lingered for several months, and died.

Of course, the young Squire was sent for: it turned out that he had left a curious will that no one could understand, with all sorts of directions; but, above all, a great income and one of his best estates to Kitty, for life, if she did not marry. They say the look the Squire gave Kitty, when the will was read, was awful. And that he flung out of the room without noting the hand — Kitty, who was always a friendly soul — held out to him.

Now, when the old lawyer died, I will say there was not a more beautiful place in the kingdom. You went up a drive through the little park, after passing the lodge-gate under an avenue of beech and oak-trees — that led straight to the lake fed by the springs that flowed out in a water-

fall and went murmuring along for miles: a stream swarming with trout. On the other side the lake was the Place, a stone house, standing behind some terraced gardens that led down to the water, with rich parti-coloured beds dotting over the green lawns flanked by groves and bright evergreens. Behind the house the lawns and gardens rolled until bounded by plantations where vistas opened views of the distant hills and the pasture fields of the home-farm. The range of walled gardens were placed on the warm south side, quite out of sight; there, the best fruit-trees had been grown ever since the monks made the gardens. The old lawyer spent thousands in building graperies and pineries, for he prided himself on having the best of everything.

To walk out on an autumn evening on those terrace-gardens, all red and gold and green with flowers, turf, and evergreen, and see the lake where the coots and wild-ducks played, and the swans sailed proudly, and the many-coloured trees of the park, where the pet deer lay or browsed, with everything as perfect as men and money, scythes and brooms and weeders, could make it. Often I was up by daybreak to see that the gardeners made all ready for lawyer Rigors to see, when he came from his annual London visit.

And the house was a fine old place with suites of rooms, one leading from another, without



end, and a great hall and a long gallery, where the family portraits hung, and the lawyer put up a billiard table where he and his friends played in wet weather.

The old lawyer was buried before the letter telling of his death reached the son, so Mrs. Kitty cleared and went to her jointure house and from that up to London, where she met young Mr. Rigors, and heard the will read.

We had orders to get all ready to receive him. I mind it as if it was yesterday, seeing the big travelling coach, piled with trunks and imperials, come up the avenue and wind round the lake, as fast as four horses could trot. The children had their faces all out of the windows, wild with delight, and in a minute after the coach stopped at the hall-door, the boys were out and over the gardens pulling the fruit, and into the stables, and then back to the house, and running races through the corridors.

At first, the young Squire, as we still called him, kept up something of his father's style, though he put down four horses to a pair, and got rid of a lot of idle men servants. The calls of those gentry that came, he returned, but excused himself on the ground of his health, and the education of his children from receiving formal company.

The children were very happy — every day hunting out new stores and treasures, riding the ponies and donkeys, and making all sorts of pets in the preserves

and on the home-farm. But month by month expenses were cut down, until at length the Squire sent for me — having taken it into his head that I was the steadiest fellow there — and told me that he was not what people thought; but very poor, and that everything must be made to pay. The gamekeepers were all to go, except two woodmen, and all the fancy gardeners. The old lawyer had a dozen, one for each department. All the land that could was to be let, and the fruit and vegetables sold. He did not say this at first, but he hinted, and I understood him. Do the best you can, says he, don't ask me for money, and I shall expect the house well kept in dairy and poultry, and the land in hand to pay a fair rent.

In two years you never saw such a ruin! I verily believe the master's fractious mean ways broke his lady's heart; anyhow she pined away and died before the worst. After her death the Squire went fairly wild on saving.

You never saw such a change in a place in all your life. The coach-horses were not sold, but set to plough and cart. A many of the fancy beds for flowers were sowed with potatoes, turnips, mangolds, and such like. The lawns were let go to grass, and even grazed over. And as for the park, it was grazed down to the bare roots with stock at so much a-head, until no one would send any more in to be starved. Geese and ducks were reared in the gar-



den-temples and fed in the basins made for gold fish.

Everything was left to fall to rack and ruin, except just what could be turned to profit, or what, at any rate, the master fancied to be a profit. He took a fancy to me from the first, because you see I was a sort of Jack of all trades, and did not mind turning my hand to anything. So I grew from that to be a kind of bailiff. We had a deal of fruit to sell in Blexborough, which though not such a big place as it is now since these railways were found out, was beginning to be a pretty good market. Then there was the hay and the potatoes, the sheep and the pigs, and I managed all. So, of course, I got to speak to the Squire pretty often, and I said to him once, "I think, Squire, if you're for farming you'd do better to take a regular farm, and let on sale this place that's planned for pleasure-grounds, and never was meant for profit." But, bless you, he'd never listen to any common sense, for I believe the truth was he could not bear to put money out of his pocket, and many and many a time when he wouldn't order a joint of meat from the butcher's, he'd have pork, that, what with one experiment or another, would cost him a shilling the pound.

One day, he made up his mind to break a fine mere of land to plough. Says I, "We want some horses very bad, Squire, for that stiff clay."

"Why, Robin," says he — my

name's Robin Spudder — "haven't you the four horses?"

"Lord, Sir," says I, "they're no good at all. They may do in the light carts, or for harrowing, though that wasn't what they were meant for; but for ploughing, you see, you want some weight and substance, and it's my belief you'll kill the horses, and do no good to the land."

The Squire was a mild spoken gentleman, unless you put his back up; but, when I said this, his eyes flared like a forcing furnace. Says he, "Robin, are you in a conspiracy to ruin me like all the rest? Those horses cost my father four hundred pound, and you told me yourself they would not fetch twenty pound a-piece, and now you want me to buy more!"

Well it was no use saying anything, for I dare not tell him that he had ruined the poor brutes with feeding them on a mess of potatoes and chaff-stuff he had learned out of a French book.

Another time, I've known him sooner than give an order for a load of coals, make me cut down two ornamental trees.

So you see, we lived on the farm off vegetables, poultry that didn't sell, skim-milk; all the cream went for butter; pork, and such old fat wethers as were not fit for market. I used to be sorry for the poor children, walking among the fine fruit, and not allowed to touch so much as an apple, unless it was bruised, and obliged to be content with dry



bread, when we were making pounds and pounds of fine butter; talking among themselves how different it was when their poor Ma was alive.

But they were so young that they did not feel the change much, as long as they could play about; and, of course, when their father's back was turned, they had the best of everything. We, servants out of the house, did very well, our wages were regular, and, of course, we had the best of everything that was sold, beside our perquisites.

I lived in one of the park lodges, and made myself and my missis very comfortable, with a garden. A cow's grass was part of my wages; and many a time the children came down from the Hall, and had a better tea with us than they were allowed at home. The worst of it was, the Squire was always trying some new-fangled plans, and never stuck to any of 'em long enough to make 'em pay. He used to read something out of a book, and come down full of it, and try it, if it could be done without laying out too much money, and then before it was half done, he tried something else.

One time he was for fattening cattle in stalls; so he fits up with faggots and clay some old sheds, and buys a lot of poor Welch cattle at a low figure, and goes to work very hot for a few weeks. But the beasts wouldn't feed, or the food was not right, and all went wrong. They didn't sell for

much more than they cost. Then he was all for pigs, and we had pigs by the hundred, eating their heads off. Well, that didn't answer, and the dairy — made in one of the wine cellars of the old house, with fifty cows — didn't turn out much better. The cows died, or gave no milk, and the dairy-maids stole the butter, or else no one would buy it; and the cheese made on a new plan, from Holland, or Switzerland, or some outlandish place, never turned out right. The Squire, you see, was quite a bookman; and when he'd given his order, and read his explanation, he thought he'd done all that was necessary.

It wasn't my business to make any difficulties. Mine was a comfortable place; and so were all the servants' and labourers', for the matter of that; but we could none of us understand the Squire, no more could the neighbours. For it was said, that though the old lawyer had not left him so much as he expected, still there was a pretty tidy lot: some thousands a-year at the least, I've heard say, beside the house and park. But he had got into his head most times that he was going to be ruined, or that he *was* ruined, and was always dwelling on the large fortune he had to pay to his father's family. He'd talk to me, he'd talk to any labourers about it; I don't think he ever used to talk to his lady about anything else; and that's the way he moped her to death. I've heard him myself talk to



little Rupert and Master Charles about the duty of being content with dry bread, when they were not more than seven or eight years old. The children were dear creatures. Me and my mis-sis loved them all, and they loved us. There was the eldest, Master Rupert, a high-spirited chap, always in mischief when his father's back was turned — a fine, free-spirited lad, and the kindest, bravest heart in the world; and Charles, as quiet as a lamb, always at his book; and Norman, the youngest, rather spoiled, but a merry sharp little grig; and the two young ladies, the twins that my wife nursed and took to almost altogether when their poor mother died; — Miss Maria and Miss Georgina.

They had no playmates; for the Squire wouldn't let 'em have any if he knew it. They weren't dressed like other children. The boys always the same corduroys, except cloth on Sundays; and then they wore these until they were too short in the arms and the legs by half a yard. The poor young ladies were in the same way; always cotton gowns and common straw bonnets, and their hair cut short like boys, until they were quite big girls. They used to creep into church ashamed, for they knew they were gentle-folks, and did not like being so shabby.

They never went to school; the Squire could not bear the idea of the expense. First he taught them himself; then he found that

took too much time; so he hired a curate in the next parish, a curious sort of a snuffy old man to teach boys and girls. But they only made fun of him, and did not learn much, I doubt, except Charles. Then he got a cheap governess for the ladies; but she did not like the living, and married Bob Cannon the forester. I believe the Squire loved his children dearly; but he was so busy saving up money for them, and he was so severe with them about every trifle, and always lecturing them about one thing or another, that they feared him too much to love *him*.

Lord Splatterdash says, I am told, that all children are alike. He would not have said so if he had known my young masters — Rupert, and Charles, and Norman. Rupert was proud naturally. He could not do what his father did. I've seen him cry with shame and vexation when the Squire has taken him with us to market to drive the old phaeton, and he has heard his father disputing about a groat in the bill with the inn-keeper. For we used to take our own chaff with a sprinkling of oats in a bag, and feed outside the town, near a haystack, in fine weather, and stood out all the time. In wet weather we were obliged to put up at an inn; and then we had to bear with a deal of sauce because Squire Skinflint, as they called him, was known never to spend a penny if he could help it. He'd go five miles round, and creep over any hedge



on horseback, to avoid a turn-pike. Many a time at a crowded fair we have been turned out by landlords saying, "I can't afford to take in folks that neither eat nor drink."

But for all that, the Squire was not a bad man to the poor — far from it; and would come down handsome at times, by fits and starts, if there was any case of distress. But his whole mind seemed eat up with the notion of saving fortunes for his children. He used continually to say, "You see they're five of them; and my father's behaved so cruel to me that there be very little for them, Robin, when I'm gone."

Now, when Master Rupert grew to about fifteen, and the two young ladies thirteen, although they were kept so close, they got to hear many things making them think that their father was not so poor as he always said. For servants will talk: at that time not one single bit of furniture had been bought since the old lawyer died. The carpets were worn out and patched one with another, like a patchwork quilt. In the living rooms, they made up with odd sets of chairs; and he'd patch the broken windows with paper himself. They got rid of servants until they had only two oldish women in the house beside the farm servants. They used to dine at one o'clock, in what was the servant's hall, on a long deal table; and I've known them sit down day after day to a dish of potatoes, chosen from the best

of those kept for the pigs (the best of all went to market), with one egg and one rasher of bacon a-piece, and dry brown-bread. The fitches and hams, and all that could be, were locked up in the store-room, and the Squire kept the keys and gave out daily what he thought was wanted. As for the young ladies, when they were big enough, they were dressed in their mother's dresses as long as they would last. I have seen them shivering in a cold October day for want of a shawl or a cloak when he had three or four locked up in the great wardrobe; but the Squire said it was too soon to begin warm clothes in October. No matter what kind of weather, we never began fires until the ninth of November.

One Saturday just before Christmas — it was Master Rupert's seventeenth birthday — not that they kept any birthdays — the Squire went to Christmas fair with me to sell a lot of bullocks, the best he ever had, fed on the summer's grass in the park. An hour after we were gone, Master Rupert called his brothers and sisters into the hall that was never used, and there he had got a roaring fire in the grate. Old Jenny Crookit, who told me the story, said he shouted out like a madman, "Look here, children, I have got orders to give you a treat on my birthday. Here's wine." And so there were several cobwebbed bottles. He must have broken into the vault. "Here are fowls and turkeys



ready for the gridiron. Georgy, Molly, and you, Dame Crookit, help to make a good broil; and while you are doing that, I will show you something." He went out of the room, and returned dressed in a complete set of new clothes, like a farmer's son riding to market. He was very tall and strong of his age, and handsome. Grand he did look, with a red flush on his cheek and a strange, wild look in his eye. The children shouted with pleasure and surprise. Then says he, "Dame Crookit, I am going on a journey — a long journey. The king has sent for me, and I must give you all a feast such as we read of in story-books before I go." So they all set to work, and cooked, feasted, and laughed, and rejoiced, and he the loudest of them all. When they had done, he called in all the labourers that were in the cattle-yards and round the house, and made them drink his health and a pleasant journey. "Drink," he said, "the wine won't hurt you; it's old; it has lain in the cellar ever since my grandfather died, and long before that. If you don't like wine here's rum marked on the cask, ninety years old." So you may believe they all drank. He made the men go out and fetch in more logs and pile up such a fire as had not been seen for many a year. Then he said, "Come, my friends, I will sing you a song." So he sung first one and then another ballad — all mournful ditties that made the lasses weep

— he was always a fine singer. Many a time he has rode before me when he was a child, and sung all the way through the park. His beautiful voice went ringing through the empty halls, and winding up the stairs, where the cow-boys hung listening.

He was in the middle of a ballad — we could hear the last verse as we came up the avenue. "What's that?" said the Squire. For the house was always mute as an empty church. When we turned into the stable-yard the flames of the hearth-fire flashed out through the dusty, cobwebbed window. "Good heavens!" he cried: "the house is on fire!" Next, as he hurried along the passage came the gabble of cheerful voices. He flung open wide the heavy door, and cried, in a voice of dismay and rage, "What's all this? Who dared do this?"

"It was I, father," said Rupert, stepping forward, looking flushed and even still more fierce than his father. "It was I who did it all. I am going to leave you, sir, on a long journey, and thought I should like to give my brothers and sisters and old friends one farewell feast after years of starvation; and if you grudge it me, why then you can deduct it from my share of my mother's fortune, which you must pay when I come of age."

"Villain! It's false. You've not a shilling unless you've robbed me." And he raised his whip to strike him.

"Don't strike me," said Master



Rupert, stepping back apace, and turning from red to white; "don't strike me, or you'll repent it for many a long day."

But he did strike him again and again, right across his face, until the blood flew.

In one minute, before I could step between them, the son, who was a head taller than his father, had him in his arms pinioned, snatched out of his other hand the big black pocket-book he always carried, and then full of the price of twenty bullocks, burst it open over the fire, shook out the notes into the crackling flames, then threw the book into the embers and put his heel upon it. Some of the notes flew burning, like evil spirits, up the chimney; the rest were ashes in an instant.

"There!" he cried, "there! That's how I should like to serve all your cursed money — it is your curse and ours."

Before the Squire could recover himself Master Rupert was gone. We heard a clattering in the yard of horses' feet. I ran to the window, and saw him by the light of the moon gallop down the avenue on his gray colt, that he must have had all ready saddled. We never saw him again.

The Squire took to his bed and lay there nigh a week, scarce eating anything. I tended on him myself. I could hear him groan as I passed his door; but, when I came in he looked just as usual, pale and hard and grim. You could never tell what he meant by his face.

Some said he fretted for his son; others said it was for the money. Master Rupert had burned, and the loss of the gray colt, the best he'd bred. Anyhow he said no word, but got up at the end of the week, moiling and striving, and screwing, and grinding worse than ever. I think myself he loved Master Rupert, for all his hard lines to him; for, once — when his son had been gone six months — I found him in the old lawyer's study standing looking at two pictures — one of himself, taken when he was about ten years old, and another of Rupert when he was seven or eight, drawn for his grandfather by some foreign artist. I heard him mutter to himself, "so changed;" and I half fancied there was a tear in his eye. But turning him sharp round on me, he said grimlike "Could any one believe that pretty child could have turned out such a villain, to rob his poor old father? What?" he cried to me, as I muttered something — for the boy was my favourite — "do you defend him?"

"Master Rupert was not a villain," says I, "if it was the last word I was ever to speak." And with that I threw down the sample of wheat I had brought, went out, and never went near him all day. But he could not do without me. So the next time I had to go to him, he took no more notice.

When we came to settle with the miller who took part of our



corn and sent us meal, we found that he had paid Master Rupert cash for a brood mare that used to be called his. Before that time the Squire had taken care of the money, as he said for them, of any calves or lambs sold belonging to the children.

Two years afterwards a son of the head ploughman that had gone to sea wrote to his mother, saying he had met Master Rupert in Calcutta, dressed in cavalry uniform; that he knew him in a minute, although he was very much altered. But that Master Rupert denied his name, and refused to own to ever having seen Bob Colter before. But Bob was quite clear that it was the young Squire. I went and told my master, who said nothing at the time, but it seems set to work with his London friends to buy Master Rupert out. I did not know this at the time. Long afterwards, when the Squire fell sick of the illness he died of, I found the letters under his pillow. First, there was a letter from some one in India, saying that they had seen the soldier Thomas Rupertson, of the fiftieth K. O. Light Cavalry, and that he had entirely denied that he had any parents living, or that he had any pretensions to be a gentleman; and further said he should enter some other regiment immediately if bought out. There was another letter, saying that, since the first had been written, private Thomas Rupertson had died of a wound received in a fight with some

mounted robbers. And the chaplain enclosed a lock of his hair, and a portrait made on something like glass, only tough, by an Indian. Poor lad! it was the very moral of him; though the thick dark moustaches and the fierce look was very different to when he used to go shepherding with me on his rough poney.

Master Rupert's going was only the beginning of our troubles.

Every year the Squire seemed to grow richer. He could not help it; for, though the home-farm was miserably managed, he spent nothing to speak of, and was saving up his rents, and laying them out every year on interest. People came to him from all parts to borrow money; and he sat up all night besides the day, when he was not busy in the farm, looking over parchments and counting up money, and packing it up to take to the Blexborough Bank.

The young ladies were growing up; but he only seemed to notice them by fits and starts. They were afraid of him, always skulked out of the way, and only spoke in whispers, or just Ay and Nay, before him, though they could laugh loud enough behind his back, — joking with the lads who made an excuse to call when they knew the Squire was at market or bank. Oh, but they were bonny lasses, with colour like roses! but strange and wild in their way as any young jillies, and no one to look after them, — scampering about the park on



their ponies, with their hair flying about their ears, and just an old shawl or a horse-rug round their feet, instead of a habit; or playing hide-and-seek round the old hall. They were at the age when sorrow and sad thoughts soon pass. So poor Rupert was forgotten, except on winter evenings round the fire.

Well, one day they were both missing: they had gone off and married two wild fellows, lawyer's clerks — not bad-looking chaps though — who got acquainted with them in the park while coming backwards and forwards to raise money on writings for their master, lawyer Johns, — Jesuit Johns they called him. It was a sad business. First, the husbands sued the Squire for their wives' share of their mother's fortune; then, when they got it, and found it not to be so much as they expected, they ill-used the poor things. Langston, that married Miss Georgy, gave up the law and opened a public-house, where all the racing and sporting fellows from the High Moor training grounds used to go; and poor Miss Georgy, that always had a spirit of her own, when Langston got in the way of beating her, ran off with Captain Lurtcher of the Lancers, the steeple-chase rider. What became of her afterwards I don't know; but they did say that she died in a London work-house. Miss Maria, the fair one, was always a meek spirit; and when

she found that Mr. Sam Woods had only married her for her money, she fretted away to a shadow, and soon faded away altogether.

The next that left us was Master Norman, the spoiled darling. He was a keen hand from a child, and would take anything he could lay his hands on. He cheated at marbles; was never so happy as when he could get a few halfpence and play pitch-and-toss with the farm lads or the postilions down at the Flying Childers. He took to betting by going on the sly to his brother-in-law Langston's public-house. How he got the money we could not tell; but he came to be a regular blackleg before he had a beard, at every race he could steal away to. He finished by breaking open the Squire's desk, when it was full of the price of the wheat-stacks, and going off to Doncaster, where we heard he won a sight of money. He never showed again until he was come of age. Then he drove up, dressed like a lord, in a curricule, with two men servants, a bulldog, and a black-faced blackguard-looking dandy fellow alongside of him. The Squire was getting feeble then, but more fond of money than ever. Norman frightened him so, that he was glad to give him more than his share of his mother's fortune down on the nail, to get rid of him. When he heard what had become of his sisters, the boy cursed and swore awfully. From



what his groom said, it seemed as if he had brought the black-looking dandy to marry one of his sisters. His last words were to warn the Squire that he should be back in a year for more cash. But he never came; for he was upset and killed coming from Newmarket spring meeting, the year before we heard of Mr. Rupert's death.

So there was none left but Mr. Charles, who was always a quiet, careful lad, and had persuaded the Squire to let him go into the Blexborough bank, where they were glad enough to have him. So he used to be there all the week, and come up on Sundays, walking the ten miles unless he could get a cast in a gig, and going back the Monday with me in the market cart. He was the very same sort as the Squire, but not such a spirit. You might see the old man and the young one, with a very old look and stooping shoulders, walking up and down the terrace, deep in talk, every Sunday. Sometimes they stopped and looked over printed papers Mr. Charles would bring out of his pocket. If the weather was too rough, they would take their walk in the long gallery, and so save fire. Then they would sit down to dine off a bit of bacon, or perhaps a rabbit caught in the park, or any cheap mess, and all the time their tongues went slowly, steady on, — but never about anything that I could hear but just money, money, money.

After a while, Mr. Charles left

the bank, and set up in business for himself, and, according to what we heard, grew wonderfully rich. Then there came a time of plans of American mines, where the orchids came from, and canals, railroads, and all sorts of schemings. The old Squire's eyes used to glisten again when he heard what a sight of money Mr. Charles was likely to make. He used to say, when Mr. Charles was getting ready on the hall-steps to go home on Sunday nights, "Good boy, good boy; if all your speculations come off right, you'll have all I have."

"How much may that be, father?" Mr. Charles asked him one night.

The old man's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his hands together gleefully. "Thousands, boy, thousands!" he said, and then went back into the parlour, rubbing his hands faster than ever.

After a while, however, things changed very much. Mr. Charles lost his cheerful looks on Sundays, and I noticed that, whenever he came, the old Squire grew black and pinched about the nose and mouth, as he always did when any one asked him for money. It seemed to me that Mr. Charles's speculations had *not* come off right.

Well, one Sunday — it was in November — for the first time I heard Mr. Charles and the Squire at something like high words; anyhow, Mr. Charles's voice was



raised. So I stood in the shade of the long gallery door, and heard the Squire say, "Give my heard-earned money to a pack of scoundrels, thieves! No, Charles, no; not a penny. It will be better for you to" — I could not catch the last word; but Mr. Charles screamed, "Never!" in such a voice as I did not forget, and heard in my dreams often after. They ceased then, but began again after supper, with the doors closed.

The next morning, I went to call Mr. Charles, as usual, to go with me in the market-cart to town. His door was fast. I knocked. No answer. Something misgave me, so I got one of the boys to climb up to the window with a ladder, and get in by breaking a pane. As soon as the boy got in, he began to holloa and shriek, so I put my shoulder to the door, and burst it in. Sure enough poor Mr. Charles had hung himself and was dead and cold. He'd never been a-bed, but sat up, writing and tearing up papers. I could just read a half a dozen times written over "Bankrupt—Beggar—My poor wife." I never knew he was married before.

It seemed that the poor lad had been unfortunate in business; had lost more than he could pay, and been driven to desperation by the Squire refusing to let him have the money he wanted to go on with out of the million he said he was worth. I went straight to the old man, and said that I could

not stay in such a house any longer. He never said a word good or bad, but just stiffened himself up, and waved me out of the room.

What he felt no one knows; but, after this last son's suicide, he seemed to grow harder and harder. The very next day he ordered a distress to be put in on two poor tenants that had lost all their stacks by fire, and turned them out into the snow.

Of course there was an inquest and a great noise about the Squire killing his son for want of a thousand pounds, or so, and he rolling in riches. But, before much could be said or done, having cold at the funeral, he died without saying a word, and before a doctor or a lawyer or a parson could be brought to him. He left four wills, but none of them signed.

They put me in charge of the property, and I had it for years, until they took the railroad through the Hall. As soon as his death was known there were claimants in all directions. It seems Mr. Charles was privately married, and had a family by one of the dairy-maids. She married Jesuit Johns, the lawyer's son for her second husband, and Mr. Norman had a wife; but there were some doubts whether she had not another husband living when she married Mr. Norman. And the two sons-in-law, Langston and Woods, made their claims; and a Mr. Blang, a wonderful Indian lawyer, set up



for some yellow children of Mr. Rupert's, and showed a camp-marriage; so there was plenty of law-work. At it they all went, hammer and tongs, before all the courts, and were at me every week to swear one paper or another.

How they settled it I don't know, but the place all tumbled down, except the walls, before the railway came through it, and now I see by this bill, that it is to be sold in lots by order of the Court of Chancery.

I gave up the charge two years ago, to go and live with my married daughter, down south, and as I'm travelling back to spend Christmas with my son, the first thing I see here is this last memorial of the old place, where I learned that it is content and not riches that makes folks happy.

## NOSTRADAMUS.

A FRENCH writer, M. Bareste, published, about fifteen years ago, a book called Nostradamus. It contained a life of that calumniated sage, and dwelt with considerable unction on the prophecies by which his hero had achieved his reputation, and maintained the exactness of their fulfilment in a great many instances, not without an apparent conviction that some of his foretellings would yet come to pass. There is always great difficulty in ascertaining the date of these

predictions. From time to time insertions take place. Events are plainly prophesied after they have occurred, and great ingenuity is used to twist events into an accordance with prophecy when the opposite process is ineffectual or difficult.

But as M. Bareste's book was published so long ago, and we have the date before our eyes, we cannot run any risk of being imposed on if a prediction, printed at that time, has received its completion since. Whether Nostradamus wrote down his prophecies in fifteen hundred and fifty-five or not does not matter — nor whether another famous inspector of the future, of the name of Olivarius, saw visions and dreamed dreams in fifteen hundred and forty-two, gives us no uneasiness. We see certain things recorded as being anciently foretold in a volume printed in the first style of modern typography, in eighteen hundred and forty, and we don't care whether they were anciently foretold or not; we are satisfied with the knowledge that they are, at all events, as ancient as the publication of the book containing them. They were written before the event — for they were printed before the event — read before the event, and utterly unbelieved and forgotten; all before the event. Not that we consider M. Bareste either a prophet or an impostor. He may believe or not in the unadulterated condition of the Quatrains of Nostra-



damus, and the more distinct enunciations of Maistre Dieu-donné Noël Olivarius. We believe, and that is quite enough, in the year eighteen hundred and forty, and on seeing the difference between that and eighteen hundred and fifty-five, we cannot deny that some person, be he who he may, had an amazingly clear perception of what is going on just now — not that the prophecy is fulfilled — but the curtain is drawing up — the first act is begun, and the principal personages have taken their places on the stage. Let our readers judge for themselves, and first of Nostradamus.

Nostradamus, the Latinised form of the French surname, Notredame, was born at St. Remi in Provence, in fifteen hundred and three. Originally of a Jewish stock, his family had devoted itself to the sciences of law and medicine, and the young Michael, for that was his name, soon distinguished himself by his skill and learning. Having lost his wife at an early age, he tried to distract his grief by travelling in foreign lands. He visited Italy among other places, where Leo the Tenth was physically and metaphorically placing the head of St. Peter on the shoulders of Jupiter; and having seen enough of Rome to inspire him with a philosophic knowledge of the speedy diminution of Papal power, he returned to France after an absence of twelve years, married a second time, and be-

came illustrious for his infallible prescriptions against fever and the plague. A man of a poetic temperament—with morbid views of life—pursued with unrelenting animosity by his professional rivals, and driven for occupation in the solitude to which his pride compelled him, to the mystical writings of the time and his own meditations, he soon became persuaded that he was in possession of marvellous gifts. We do not suppose he was a wilful deceiver. There is sufficient in his history and circumstances to account for the exaltations of his mind without having recourse to the theory of his being a cheat. He collected his predictions in fifteen hundred and fifty-five. They are written in very obscure quatrains from which, in general, it would not be difficult to make out any meaning one chose. But the success of the book was extraordinary. The small town of Salon in which he resided was besieged by illustrious visitors. Catherine de' Medicis sent for him to court, and employed him to draw the horoscopes of her sons. A second edition was called for in fifteen hundred and fifty-eight, and the apparent fulfilment of one of the principal prophecies in the following year, placed him at the summit of his fame. This fortunate coincidence was the death of the king — Henry the Second — in consequence of a wound received in a tilting match with Montgomery. This event enriched the astro-



loger of Salon. Here is the quatrain, and four more misty lines it is difficult to imagine. Yet, through the mist, certainly looms a golden visor, a wound to the eye, and a death —

Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera  
En champ bellique par singulier duel;  
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crévera,  
Deux plaies une, puis mourir, mort  
cruelle!

The lion young the old lion shall reverse  
In single combat in the warlike plain,  
Within a cage of gold, his eyes shall  
pierce,  
Two wounds in one, then die, O, death  
of pain!

Notwithstanding the obscurity, and the difficulty of distinguishing between the lion conquering and the lion subdued, the prediction was hailed at once as a proof of Nostradamus's superhuman powers, and kings and princes were proud to visit the divinely-gifted man. The Duke of Savoy and his wife made a pilgrimage to Salon, and Charles the Ninth sent him a purse of two hundred golden crowns. But crowns and reputation could not prolong the philosopher's days. He died in fifteen hundred and sixty-six, and is supposed, or was lately supposed by his fellow-citizens of Salon, to have merely pretended to die, but to be in reality comfortably sitting up in his tomb, with pen, ink, and candles, and surrounded with his books of grammarie. The epitaph, however, above him, declares solemnly the fact of his death; and in this instance even an epitaph probably speaks the truth.

*Household Words.* XXXV.

But living or dead, little or nothing was heard of Nostradamus except in the Lives of the Astrologers, and sometimes even in the Histories of Imposture, till he was suddenly reinstated in all his glory in eighteen hundred and four. The prophets began to be honoured, and in that year it is certain that a copy of the Centuries, as they were called, of Nostradamus, was presented to Napoleon. There also fell into his hands a volume purporting to have been written by a certain Maistre Noël Olivarius, a contemporary of Nostradamus, which, if it is authentic, puts the powers of his more famous countryman to shame. Its date was fifteen hundred and forty-two. It was discovered in seventeen hundred and ninety-three, in the midst of a large pile of volumes condemned to the flames by the enlightened Montagnards, who were desirous of putting an end to the very memory of priests and nobles and kings. A valourous gentleman of the name of François de Metz, having no fear of Montagnard vengeance before his eyes, and scarcely believing that the liberty of his country depended on the destruction of a little duodecimo, bound in vellum, and written in the crankiest of hands and palest of inks, rescued it from the revolutionary flames, and found it to consist of a great number of prophecies about all manner of subjects, and particularly one which it needed no very brilliant inter-



preter in the first years of this century to refer to the great soldier on the throne. What became of this marvellous prediction all the time from its rescue from the Montagnard fire till it appeared at the Tuileries, we are not told. In what state was it when it met the despot's eyes? Up to what point of his history did the prophecy at that time extend? It is not likely that a prophet in livery, which the modern sooth-sayer probably was, would go beyond the establishment of the empire, or dwell on Moscow and Waterloo. But there seems little reason to doubt that the prediction, as it exists at present, was printed in eighteen hundred and fifteen. It was inserted in the Memoirs of Josephine (editions of eighteen hundred and twenty and eighteen hundred and twenty-seven), and stretched its glance far into the future; for it clearly foresaw the revolution of eighteen hundred and thirty, the expulsion of Louis Philippe, and the accession, prosperity, and finally the death of — some one whom the reader may fix on for himself.

Even if the whole story was a mystification at first, how shall we account, we repeat, for the latter part of the pretended ancient manuscript, when we read it in a book published in eighteen hundred and forty? — years before the time of Louis Napoleon — while the most sagacious of monarchs was writing out in text hand, for all generations of kings and governors, the difference be-

tween cunning and wisdom; but seemed as firm in his seat as if honour and courage had finally disappeared from the heart of France. How are we to account, we say, for the enigmatical, but very unmistakeable foreshadowing of events going on before our eyes? Whether the foreshadowing was cast from the magic lanthorn of Nostradamus or Olivarius, or the magic mirror of some seer of visions in the palmy days of Louis Philippe; take what date we choose — whether eighteen hundred and four as M. Baresté does, or eighteen hundred and fifteen as recorded proofs invite us — the fact of its being an actual prediction cannot admit of a doubt. But to make clear its connection with France and her fortunes, it will be necessary to give the whole prophecy; and as we submit the matter to the critical decision of the reader, we will give it in as close a translation as we can of the ancient language in which Olivarius delivered it.

Gallie Italy will see, far from her bosom, the birth of a supernatural being. That man will come out, quite young, from the sea; will come to acquire tongue and manners among the Celtic Gauls; will open, still young, through a thousand obstacles, among the soldiers, a path, and will become their first chief. That winding path will leave him many griefs. He will come to war near his native land for a lustre or more. Beyond the sea will be seen warring with great glory and valour, and will subdue afresh the Roman world.

Will give laws to the Germans, will pacify the troubles and fears of the Gallie Celts, and will then be named not king



but imperator by grand enthusiasm of the people.

Will battle in all parts of the empire; will chase princes, and lords, and kings for two lustres or more. Then he will call to life new princes and lords, and, speaking on his estrade (raised dais), shall cry, "O! sidera — O! sacra!" Will be seen with an army numbering forty-nine times twenty thousand foot soldiers, armed, who will carry arms and horns of iron. He will have seven times seven thousand horses, mounted by men who will carry, in addition to the former, great lance or sword and body-armour of brass. He will have seven times seven thousand men who will play terrible machines, and will vomit sulphur and fire and death. The total amount of his army will be forty-nine times twenty thousand men. Will bear in his right hand an eagle, sign of the victory to win. Will give many countries to nations, and to each one peace. Will come into the great city, ordaining many great things, buildings, bridges, harbours, aqueducts, canals: will do, himself alone, by great riches, as much as a Roman, and all in the dominion of the Gauls. Will have two wives; and one son. Will go warring to where the lines of longitude and latitude cross, fifty-five months. There, his enemies will burn with fire the great city, and he will enter these and depart from thence with his men, from under ashes and great ruins; and his men, having no longer either bread or water, through great and extreme cold, will be so unfortunate that two-thirds of his army will perish, and, moreover, the half of the remainder, being no longer in his dominion.

Then the great man, abandoned, betrayed by his friends, will be chased in his turn with great loss near to his native soil by the great European population. In his place will be put the kings of the old blood of the Capet.

He, forced into exile in the sea from which he came so young, and near to his native soil, remaining for eleven moons with some of his men, true friends and soldiers, and not amounting to more than seven times seven times seven times two times in number. Immediately the eleven moons are past, will he and his men take ship and set foot on the Celto-Gallic land.

And he will march to the great city, where is seated the king of the old blood of the Capet, who rises, flees, carrying with him royal ornaments. Puts kings in his ancient domination. Gives his people many admirable laws.

Then, cleared away again by a three-fold European population (*par trinité population Européenne*) after three moons, and the third of a moon. The king of the old blood of the Capet is put back in his place; and he, believed to be dead by his people and soldiers, who during that time will keep his memorials on their breasts. The Celts and Gauls, like tigers and wolves, will devour each other. The blood of the old king of the Capet will be the plaything of black treasons. The discontented will be deceived, and by fire and sword put to death; the lily maintained; but the last branches of the old blood still menaced.

So they will quarrel among themselves.

Up to this point the prophecy seems to point to the fortunes of Napoleon, the old Bourbons, and the commencement of Louis Philippe's reign. But now comes the end of it. After the mutual animosity of the old and young blood of the Capet, and the discontent of the French nation, we may suppose ourselves arrived at the end of eighteen forty-eight.

Then a new combatant will advance towards the great city. . . . . He will bear lion and cock on his armour. Then the lance will be given him by a great prince of the East. (*Ainsi la lance lui sera donnée par grand prince d'Orient.*)

He will be marvellously seconded by the warlike people of Gaul, who will unite themselves to the Parisians to put an end to troubles; collect soldiers, and cover themselves with branches of olives.

Still warring with such glory seven times seven moons, that a threefold European population, with great fear, and cries, and tears, offer their sons in hostage; bend beneath laws sound, just, and beloved by all.



The new combatant, whoever he is, who comes in so apropos to put an end to civil dissension, is evidently supported by the soldiers — no less than by the people of Gaul — he bears for his cognizance a lion and a cock; which, without any great stretch of ingenuity, may be taken to represent an alliance between France and England; and, immediately on this being arranged, a lance is given him by the great prince of the Orient. We may venture to interpret this, “a cause of war is furnished to the allied Lion and Cock, by the Sultan of Turkey.”

The war we are sorry to see is to last longer than we hoped: it is not to be concluded till the entire submission and humiliation of three European states, and that is not to occur for forty-nine months. However, the triumphant conclusion will justify any little delay, and we only regret that the indemnity for the expenses of the war is not more distinctly expressed. But the sons deposited as hostages will give the allies an immense power over the royalties of Berlin, Vienna, and Petersburg.

External glory is, however, to be followed by great calamities at home. Peace is only to endure for twenty-five moons.

In Lutetia (Paris) the Seine, reddened with blood (the consequence of struggles to the death) will widen its bed with ruin and mortality. New seditions of discontented maillotins (factions). Then they will be chased from the palace of the kings by the man of valour; and after-

wards the immense Gauls declared by all people the great and metropolitan nation.

And he, saving the ancient remains of the old blood of the Capet, rules the destinies of the world, makes himself sovereign council of every nation and people; lays foundation of fruit without end — and dies.”

Let every one decide what all this means for himself. We cannot profess that we are altogether pleased with the prospect. But time will show.

### TARDY JUSTICE.

IN the year of grace sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, Lawrent Guillemott d'Anglade, lived in a fine house in the Rue Royale, at Paris, near the Bastille. He and his wife lived in great style, kept their carriage, played high, talked incessantly of their high birth and family estate, appeared to have plenty of money — which they lent occasionally upon good security — and, on the strength of their own representations obtained entrance into the society of some of the best houses in Paris. For the rest, they were a worthy, respectable couple, like hundreds of others; their only sin being that they gave themselves out for being much richer and grander than they actually were; M. d'Anglade being a man of low birth and very moderate means. This was the beginning of all the sorrows that afterwards befel them.

M. d'Anglade and his wife occupied the greater part of the



house; but, as is general in Paris, there were other inmates. A certain Count and Countess de Montgommeri occupied the ground-floor and the rooms above. The ground-floor consisted of three rooms, which all opened into a long corridor, at one end of which was the porte-cochère of the court-yard, and at the other a staircase leading to the rooms upon the first-floor, where there was a small inner closet or strong room. Here the count and countess kept their money and jewels. The Abbé François Gagnard, the count's almoner, a page, and a valet-de-chambre, slept in one of the three rooms on the ground-floor. Another was the *salle-à-manger*, and the one which opened from it served for different purposes.

A friendly acquaintance soon sprung up between the d'Anglades and the Montgommeries. Soon after he entered the house, the Count de Montgommeri received a large sum of money, partly louis-d'ors, some of which were quite new and others au cordon, or old ones. The remainder of the money was in thirteen bags, each bag containing a thousand francs; also there was a bag containing eleven thousand five hundred livres in Spanish pistoles. All this money, together with a magnificent pearl necklace estimated to be worth four thousand livres, was secured in a strong coffer, and the coffer was carefully placed in the small inner closet we have mentioned.

The d'Anglades knew all this, and had recommended an investment for his money to the count. One day M. de Montgommeri and his wife agreed to go and spend a few days at their country house of Ville Vousin near Mont l'Hère, and invited their neighbours, the d'Anglades, to accompany them. They accepted the invitation; but subsequently made some frivolous excuse for remaining at home. The count and countess set off on Monday the twenty-second of September sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, and gave out that they should return the following Thursday. The almoner, l'Abbé Gagnard, and all the servants accompanied them, except a *femme-de-chambre*, named Forménie, and one lacquey. Four sewing women, employed to embroider some hangings for Madame de Montgommeri, were also left in the house; but they were lodged in another part of the building. The key of the outer door of the room on the first-floor was confided to the *femme-de-chambre*; the Abbé Gagnard shut and double-locked the door of his room on the ground-floor; and the family departed, considering that they had left everything secure. This was showing a contempt for burglars that, under the circumstances, amounted to rashness; and they seem to have thought so, for, they returned home suddenly, twenty-four hours earlier than they had intended. The count declared that



his mind was troubled by the sight of some drops of blood which he found upon a tablecloth, and that he determined to quit Ville Vousin that moment, having a presentiment that something had happened. The abbé and the servants did not arrive until after him.

The first thing that struck the abbé was, finding his room-door ajar, although, during the absence of the count and countess, it had seemed to be closed; the abbé having double-locked it with his own hands, and the key had never been out of his possession. All the servants remarked the fact also, but at the moment it did not, singular to state, make much impression on them. Supper was served to the count and countess in the *salle-à-manger*, and they were still at table when their neighbour, d'Anglade, came home, at eleven o'clock, accompanied by the Abbés de Fleury and de Villais, who had supped with him at the house of la Présidente Robert. Finding the count and countess were returned, they all went in, and presently Madame d'Anglade joined them. After a lively conversation they all separated for the night, and everything seemed as usual.

The next morning, the Count de Montgomeri discovered that he had been robbed. The lock of his strong box had been forced, and everything it contained had been carried away.

He of course made a complaint

to the lieutenant-criminel of the *châtelet*; who, with the *procureur du roi* and the commissary of police, lost no time in repairing to the spot. On examination they declared the robbery to have been committed by some one upon the premises, and decided upon searching the whole house. D'Anglade and his wife requested that their own apartments should be the first examined. Strict scrutiny was made, but nothing could be discovered in the rooms they inhabited. The officers proceeded to the attics. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from accompanying them upon the plea of sudden faintness. Up to the attics the officers went; and, concealed in an old chest, under wearing apparel and house-linen, they found a rouleau of sixty louis au cordon, wrapped in a printed paper, which the Count de Montgomeri declared was his genealogy. He also said that part of the money stolen from him consisted of louis au cordon of the years sixteen hundred and eighty-six and sixteen hundred and eighty-seven.

When d'Anglade was questioned about this money, he stammered and could give no account of how he came by it. He seemed in despair, and Madame d'Anglade said that the door of the apartment of the Abbé Gagnard had not been secured as it ought to have been, and she insisted that it should be likewise searched. This was done, it was found



that money had been abstracted from five bags, each containing a thousand livres. As the Abbé Gagnard had double-locked the door before his departure and never parted with the key out of his possession, this incident confirmed the suspicion that had settled upon d'Anglade and his wife. The lieutenant-criminel went so far as to say to d'Anglade, —

“Either you or I must have committed the robbery.”

So convinced was he that he had secured the guilty person, that he declared it useless to waste time in making any further search, especially as the count said he could answer for the honesty of all his own servants.

D'Anglade and his wife were taken formally into custody; their persons were searched, and seventeen louis-d'or and a double pistole, Spanish money, were found in d'Anglade's purse — a circumstance which strengthened the suspicion against him, as part of the money stolen was in pistoles. It came out also, that d'Anglade, who was in the habit of supping every night in town, always took the key of the street-door; there being no regular porter; but, upon the night on which the robbery must have been committed, he supped at home, contrary to his usual custom. This crowning piece of circumstantial evidence seemed decisive; seals were placed on all the doors, and d'Anglade and his wife were carried off to prison, —

the husband was placed in the *châtelet*, and the wife in Fort l'Evêque. They were each thrown into a dungeon, and the gaolers were strictly charged to prevent them seeing or communicating with any one. Their confinement was made as severe as possible. Madame d'Anglade had a dangerous miscarriage, but it brought no amelioration to the rigour of her prison.

The trial came on. Witnesses were heard for the prosecution. Amongst the chief were the count's servants and the Abbé Gagnard, his almoner; and two of these witnesses deposed that they had seen d'Anglade near the door of the abbé's apartment just before the arrival of the Count de Montgommeri. Another witness swore that he knew d'Anglade to be a gambler, and that he had heard the Abbé Bouin call him an old clothes-man; and this tallied with the fact that he lent money upon pledges.

Another witness deposed to having heard that d'Anglade had once stolen a piece of ribbon, and that, before he came to live in the Rue Royale, a quantity of silver plate had suddenly disappeared from the house where he lodged. Many other minute facts came out, all tending to deepen the suspicion against the d'Anglades. The most damaging evidence, however, was gathered from his own replies to the interrogatories concerning his birth and source of income. An evi-



dent mystery surrounded him. He prevaricated in his answers. At last, it was made clear, that instead of being, as he had boasted, a gentleman of high birth and large fortune, his origin was mean, and his income was not more than two thousand livres, although he lived expensively, paid for everything in ready money, and had money to lend out besides. This at once established him as a chevalier d'industrie, and put an end to the sympathies of honest men. Added to all these facts and suspicions, d'Anglade and his wife contradicted each other, and there were discrepancies between their statements. The case looked very black against them; but, as the justice of those days would on no account condemn a prisoner without giving him every chance of confessing his doom to be well merited, d'Anglade was put to the torture. The evidence was after all only circumstantial, and it would be a satisfaction if he could be made to confess. He was put first to the torture ordinary; and, as that brought nothing, they proceeded to the torture extraordinary, which brought nothing either. As d'Anglade refused to confess his guilt, there was nothing to be done but to condemn him without a confession (for of course justice never felt a moment's hesitation as to his guilt), and, on the sixteenth of February, sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, he was condemned to the galleys for nine years: his wife was banished from Paris for a like period. Also, he was sentenced to pay a fine to the king, to make restitution of the stolen goods, and to pay three thousand livres to the count by way of compensation, which required more than he had in the world. The five months he had spent in prison, during which he had lived on bread and water, with nothing but damp and rotten straw for a bed, had entirely shattered his constitution. Nevertheless, on being taken from the torture-chamber he was thrown into the darkest and frightfullest dungeon of the Montgomeri tower, from which he was only removed to be taken—all broken to pieces—to the Château de la Joncelle, where he was attached to a gang of forçats. He seemed to be at the point of death; he declared that he was innocent of all knowledge of the robbery, received the last sacraments with devotion, pardoned his enemies, and expected death with a composure that might arise either from a sense of innocence or the prospect of a release from intense suffering. He recovered, however, sufficiently to depart for the galleys with the rest; but he was obliged to be conveyed in a cart, and two men were employed to lift him down every evening and lay him upon his bed of straw, and to lift him again into the cart the next morning. The Count de Montgomeri, who was terribly afraid that the sufferings of d'Anglade might soften the heart of



justice, or that death might deprive him of his revenge, was earnest in his solicitations for the immediate departure of d'Anglade to the galleys, and stationed himself upon the road by which he must pass in order to feast his eyes upon the spectacle of d'Anglade's misery.

Upon the fourth of March, sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, d'Anglade died in the hospital at Marseilles, four months after his arrival at the galleys.

No sooner was d'Anglade dead, than anonymous letters began to circulate in all directions, in which the writer declared that his conscience would give him no peace until he declared that M. d'Anglade was entirely innocent of the robbery committed upon the Count de Montgommeri, and that the real criminals were one Vincent, alias Belestre, and the Abbé Gagnard, almoner to the count. It was added that a woman named La Comble could give important evidence.

Here was a terrible revelation! The penitent prosecutor had become horror-struck at the possibility of having been the means of subjecting an innocent man to so terrible a fate. He ordered a certain Degrais, (the same who was employed to persuade the poisoner, Madame Brinvilliers, to leave the convent, where she had taken refuge), to make inquiries into the life and habits of the party now accused. The result was that Peter Vincent, or Belestre, the first-named, was

discovered to be the son of a poor tanner at Mans. He had enlisted as a soldier, under the name of Belestre, and had risen to the rank of sergeant; but had been tried and condemned to the galleys for his share in the assassination of a miller. This was his first offence. His later exploits had been confined to burglary and highway robbery. After being very poor for a long time, and a vagabond besides, he had finished by purchasing an estate in the neighbourhood of Mans, for which he had paid ten thousand livres. As to the Abbé Gagnard, his father was gaoler to the prison in Mans, and the son had nothing to live upon when he first came to Paris, except the masses he said at the Saint Esprit. When he entered the household of the Count de Montgommeri in quality of almoner, he was in the most abject poverty; but, three months after he quitted him, he lived in something like opulence. He had never been suspected of any especial crime; but he was intimate with Belestre. He was moreover perfectly acquainted with everything that passed in the count's household; and, above all, he knew that the count had received a large sum of money in the month of June, sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, and he also knew where it was kept.

They were both arrested. The woman La Comble, alias Cartant, Belestre's mistress, gave evidence which was corroborated



by a crowd of other witnesses; and it was clearly proved that Belestre had committed the robbery by means of false keys, and with the assistance of Gagnard. Belestre endured the torture without confessing anything; but Gagnard had less fortitude and confessed his crime. He said, too, that he was so much alarmed when the lieutenant-criminel was examining the premises, that had he asked him the smallest question he should have confessed everything. A comfortable hearing for that officer!

The gibbet relieved the world of these two scoundrels. Nothing then remained to be done, except to make amends to the victim of judicial error. Letters of revision were obtained. Parliament pronounced a decree on the seventeenth of June, sixteen hundred and ninety-three, which rehabilitated the memory of d'Anglade, justified the wife, and rescinded her sentence, condemned the Count de Montgommeri to make restitution of the money that had been adjudged to him as reparation for the robbery, and to pay all expenses besides. A collection was made in the court for the benefit of the daughter of M. and Madame d'Anglade, which amounted to above a hundred thousand livres.

But all this did not bring back poor M. d'Anglade to life again.

## A CITY WEED.

WE may not trample on thee, simple weed,

So bravely springing in the stony way;  
The sturdy growth of some far-wafted seed,

Thus flourishing upon a grain of clay.  
No gaudy colours flaunt around thy stem,  
No grateful scent thy hardy foliage yields,

But, rudely set, thou shinest like a gem,  
In hues reflected from the distant fields.

Thou drawest nurture from the dewy skies;

Thou findest food upon the subtle air;  
And sometimes may the sun rejoice thine eyes

(For thou hast eyes) down in this sombre lair.

And thou art beautiful! so firmly set  
Within the ragged crevice of a stone;  
So strong, so resolute, so hopeful, yet  
So surely perishable, and alone.

So shouldst thou stand, thou brave and simple heart,

As firmly planted on thy foot of ground;  
As strong, as resolute to play thy part,  
Though stony dangers hem thee closely round.

Perchance, brave weed, did we thy nature know,

Rare balms and subtle virtues in thee lie;  
Yet thy best fortune is, unharm'd to grow,

Unknown to ripen, shed thy seed, and die.

## A LADIES' WAREHOUSE.

OLD Queen Charlotte, the benignant patron of literature, never allowed Madame D'Arblay (who had the inestimable privilege of mixing the Queen's snuff and putting on the Queen's gowns because she had written a clever novel), or any of her humbler servants to wear silk. According to her rule, they might not

Walk in silk attire.



As for the veil, the parasol, and the edged pocket-handkerchief, in which our single-handed maid Betty rejoices during her Sunday out, such vanities, had they been possible, would have been set down as so many signs of Jacobinism, Robespierism; fearful, revolutionary, incendiary.

The notion of a sumptuary law, after the model prescribed by that fearful bore, Mentor, in *Telemachus*, is still in favour with a good many well-to-do people; but they are beaten by the cheapness of machinery, which has swept away a crowd of prejudices and flooded us with comforts and luxuries and reasons for not "sitting at home at ease." Nevertheless, a comical example of Queen Charlotte's principles is yet extant. Squire Raven owns the parish of Ravensburne, a fine estate in the most rural part of Lancashire. Having failed in making the social and political world around him stand still, he is obliged to be content with ruling over his own parish. In the squire's servants'-pew on Sundays is ranged a row of serving-maids in the old Lancashire costume — a calico jacket, or Lancashire bedgown, and a striped lindsey-wolsey petticoat. A very pretty costume no doubt; and a costly one; for the old-fashioned chintz, in the good old days, would have cost five shillings instead of five pence a yard. No servant-maid is engaged at Raven Hall, no family allowed to live in the squire's

cottages, that does not conform in costume as well as in politics, to the immutable Ravensburne principles.

If Squire Raven's ukase had been as powerful in parliament as in his own parish; if he could have settled the costumes of the lower classes and excluded all the produce of foreigners, the long line of manufacturing towns and villages, which, beginning a few miles from that green oasis of squiredom, Ravensburne, stretches into Yorkshire and across the border — clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, placing clean linen within the reach of every labouring family — would have remained stagnant under the dominion of the spinning-wheel, in the midst of the moorland deserts, over which manufacturing power has spread turnips and corn, sheep and short-horns.

Single examples best show what machinery and enterprise have done towards clothing the world. An accident has given us the opportunity of describing what machinery and enterprise can do to clothe womankind and babykind. The accident was a hunt-breakfast, given by Mr. Julius Lincoln (the celebrated paper-stainer), to Lord Drainland's Hunt — a breakfast which, for admirable profusion and confusion of everything; from plain chops to Yorkshire pies; from cherry cordial to champagne — will long be a green spot in the memory of the two hundred



guests. We had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a stout, fresh-complexioned, broad-shouldered, broad-brim-hatted, scarlet-coated stranger. Later in the day, a cramped stile, unjumpable for fifteen stone, gave us the opportunity of turning aside, and jogging on leisurely together; and so, during the rest of the day, we talked of horses and farming aloud, silently reckoning each other up. For my part, I thought my new friend could not be a parson — parsons don't ride in pink in Lancashire; nor a farmer, although very like a thousand-acre Lincoln Wolds man. Speculation came to an end when we parted, and the stout stranger presented me with his card — Mr. George Ahrab — and invited me to come and lunch with him any day (except two hunting days), "at number ten thousand, Cheapside, where his firm, Ashstock and Ahrab, did a little business with all parts of the world."

Wanting, lately, to show a foreign friend the showy side of England, which does not lie in palaces or public places, I remembered my adventure, and fished out the fox-hunter's card. And this was how I found my way, one fine morning, to a great warehouse — a barrack and storehouse of commercial warfare on human nakedness — which modestly obtrudes a narrow architectural front on Cheapside, and stretches many a rood into the length and breadth of the back

regions of that mysterious thoroughfare.

We found Mr. Ahrab, in his brown coat and commercial den, deep in his correspondence, — a very different style of man from Ahrab mounted, top-booted, scarlet-coated, with no anxiety except about killing the fox; after a few cordial words of welcome, an intimation that his dinner and my luncheon would be ready at one o'clock "sharp," he put us under the care of a Mentor able to guide us on our voyage of discovery.

We began our investigations at a counter of pocket-handkerchiefs. A pocket-handkerchief is one of the most solid signs of civilisation — a standard waving in advance of civilised wants. Here were to be found handkerchiefs fitted for all classes; from duchesses to dairymaids; from royalty to the Lilliputian tenants of infants' schools, arranged in dozens, — an exceptional number being worth ten pounds each without lace. Thirty pounds the dozen seemed the apex of ordinary transactions; thence descending, the importance of the sales generally increasing with the descent, were the cheapest description of French at eight shillings and sixpence, Irish cambric at one shilling and ninepence, and Scotch cambric at ninepence-halfpenny the dozen. The price per dozen, in all the cheaper qualities being considerably less than the price charged



for a single handkerchief before steam superseded hand-spinning.

French embroidered handkerchiefs, even of a very cheap kind, undergo a strange round of voyages and travels before they appear at evening parties. The cambric is imported into London in the piece, thence forwarded to the branch manufactory in Glasgow; there divided into proper lengths for handkerchiefs; and, with a due quantity of cotton-thread, are distributed among the peasant girls of Scotland and Ireland, to be embroidered. By this new trade of embroidering handkerchiefs, petticoat borders, muslin dresses, and under-garments, many a comely lass is able to exchange the digging-fork for the needle. When embroidered, the cambric, no longer white as driven snow, is collected and returned to Glasgow to be washed and bleached. Then, marshalled in dozens, it journeys back to Cheapside to be thence distributed

Far as the breeze can bear the billow's  
foam.

By meeting all tastes, and descending to pocket-handkerchiefs at a little more than three farthings a-piece, Ashstock, Ahrab and Co. manage to sell, in the course of the year, something like three million of them; that is to say rather more than three hundred and fifty acres of lawn and cambric; yet, before the spinning-jenny beat the spin-

ning-wheel, a cambric pocket-handkerchief in the hand of a village maiden was as great a rarity as a pair of silk stockings in the days of Queen Bess.

The boxes by which ladies, on shopping thoughts intent, are craftily seduced into buying a dozen at a time, all ready marked with the name Annie or Bessie, and so on through the alphabet, are no longer of the plainest description. The march of luxury has transformed them into works of art; moulded them in elegant forms, and adorned them with coloured pictures of the interesting events of the day — royal marriages and interviews, portraits of princesses and heroes, views of shipwrecks and battles. The Great Exhibition afforded a good many subjects: the Turkish alliance, the Sultan, and Omar Pasha have had their day; as also Alma and Inkermann. At the date of our inquisitorial progress, the Emperor and Empress of the French, with scenes from the Queen's visit to Paris, were in high favour. The taking of Sebastopol will probably follow. These boxes, once given with the handkerchiefs, have now a distinct wholesale value of from sixpence to ten shillings and sixpence each.

The next step was into a snowy armoury; where a wonderful variety of embroidered muslins, dresses (from the Glasgow branch manufactory) for wedding, christening, ball, or any other occasion where white is imperative,



were arranged in such numbers as to be truly distracting. Full-flounced robes, gorgeous in their blanch extravagance of tambouring and embroidery, were to be had at ten and fifteen pounds each; but, the great trade is in our favourite plain tucked robes, of which thousands were annually distributed among our rising beauties at from seven to ten shillings each. Imagine the astonishment of our grandmothers at hearing of a ball-dress at half-a-guinea! We calculated that Ashstock and Ahrab sell annually about fifty acres of muslin dresses, without counting roods of cambric collars from fourpence half-penny upwards, and miles of habit-shirts, chemisettes, jabots, cuffs, sleeves, mantles, and jackets.

Curtains for cottages were once an unknown luxury, unless in common calico, but we found, in the muslin department, that the march of machinery had produced embroidered muslin curtains at two shillings and sixpence per pair; while plate-glass four-windowed drawing-rooms could be accommodated at eighteen pounds.

Mourning — both light and deep affliction departments — came next; and there, amid crape in all shapes of dress and all degrees of fineness, with bugles worthy of Hamlet, we found that the largest trade was in servants' black caps at three farthings a-piece, and plain linen collars at the same price.

Marching steadily on, we successively passed the department of cap fronts, of cauls — not the natural article occasionally advertised in the Times at fifteen pounds, and specially recommended to sea-captains — but white net, supplied at fifteen pence the dozen, and nightcaps too, from the very plainest to the most insinuating that ever adorned a rosy morning face. In caps, not nightcaps, the Swedish Nightingale's seems the favourite name, judging by the trade thermometer; for the sale last year in white and black Jenny Linds was over a hundred thousand dozen. We roughly estimated the weight of caps of all kinds sold annually at this single shop at two hundred tons.

Next, ribands in all the colours of the rainbow — of silk, satin and velvet — the best work of Coventry and Lyons, made the counters gay as flower-beds. What a delightful addition to a collar is a becoming neckriband of bright harmonious colours, Parisian women of all grades well know. The attendant in this department told us, with a professional sigh of regret, that his stock was very dead, as broad ribands were all the rage. Passing from gay ribands, a regiment of grave cloaks were reviewed. Cloaks of all materials; cotton velvet, silk velvet, satin and moiré antique, cloth, in admirable sober colours (when shall we have a revival, for the streets, of the charming red riding-hood



cloaks of our youth?) alpacas, and mixed mysterious textures with names to match. All tastes and pockets were to be suited; expense-no-object could be satisfied, while the real use of a winter's cloak, warmth, was amply fulfilled in capital woollen imitation of bear-skins neatly trimmed, at five shillings each.

Baby linen came next; organised on a scale sufficiently large to provide for all the nurseries in the kingdom at a moment's notice. There were doll-like shirts at sixpence, and also at sixteen shillings; long robes at four shillings and at ten pounds each (more Scotch and Irish peasant embroidery); Lilliputian silk-embroidered merino shoes, which a young lady with a very new white bonnet pronounced perfect ducks; pincushions — those monuments of increasing nurseries — at from ninepence to a guinea; and all the other paraphernalia that are called into use by the wonder of every family, the baby! Bassinettes, at fabulous prices, and caps of satin with or without cockade, pictured babyhood in every corner of the department.

The ladies' general outfitting section came very naturally close to the baby's. The name describes it. As for the contents, it was quite plain that, if a telegraphic despatch announced the arrival at Southampton of an army of amazons a thousand strong in want of all the armoury of modern costume, there would be no hesitation in returning an

answer of "All right; the clothes will be sent down by the next train." Everything was to be found there, from top to toe, except shoes. An entire room was given up to those instruments of torture, stays. A single brown wooden-busked rib-compressor was to be had at tenpence; increasing prices ended at best French, one hundred and fifty shillings a-dozer.

Millinery made its department very gorgeous in ornamental articles, the greater part of which puzzled our ignorance, and warned us not to enter into details; but one instance of the development of commerce in an insignificant branch of trade was too curious to be passed over. At a certain, or rather an uncertain, time of life, ladies take to head-dresses. Some adopt false hair, some caps, and many used to wear particoloured skull-caps of Berlin wool. These have recently been in a great measure superseded by certain dark-brown silky materials, manufactured into network coronets, marvelously resembling braided hair, and caps with pendent corkscrew curls, made of mohair, that is, the hair of a goat, chiefly imported from Syria. At first there were difficulties in the way of spinning and weaving mohair; but the attention paid, with such remarkable success, to alpaca led to the study of all kinds of goats' hair; and now, more than five hundred manufacturers, some of them little above the rank of



journeymen, are engaged in supplying mohair head-dresses.

Artificial flowers, English and French, occupy two rooms, and make them gay as the parterres of Paxton. English flowers have not, as was expected, been extinguished by French taste and cheapness, but continue to afford employment to a numerous class. But, as a general rule, there is no comparison between the two in beauty. The French flower-maker is an artist; the English, a mechanic, copying from a conventional standard; although some of the English examples showed that there must be brilliant exceptions.

From French flowers at fabulous prices in the two extremes of cheapness and costliness, we returned to the principal department in this great warehouse, lace — the department which in fact has originated all the rest, and led the firm in the course of years to consult the convenience of their customers, by concentrating all their wants and enabling them to stock a shop in one morning walk, under one roof. Thus curtains, dresses, collars, ribbons for collars, bracelets, brooches, flowers, feathers, cloaks, baby-linen, bonnets, millinery, and all the rest of ladies' apparel were added; and, a Glasgow muslin manufactory became the colony of the parent establishment in Nottingham.

Lace is not a describable article, a few figures will be more expressive than any vain attempt

to plunge into a labyrinth of filaments. Roods of counters and shelves were devoted to every description of every country and every kind. France and Belgium supplied hand-made pillow-lace, as did our own counties of Bucks, Herts, and Northampton, and Devon; but the great trade is in machine lace and net from Nottingham, Honiton, and Tiverton; in which, besides many new uses, the finest descriptions are so well imitated that, at a yard distance, no person not in the trade, can tell the difference between costly fine hand-work and cheap machine imitation. The most fashionable collar at the present moment is Irish hand crochet, in imitation of ancient point lace, — the difference in price between the simulated and the real article being about shillings to guineas. Lace curtains and lace flounced robes in black and white have been rendered a possible luxury within the reach of the middle classes. Five-and-twenty years ago an article (in net) now sold for fourpence cost forty shillings a-yard. Changes of the same character, succeeding from year to year, have enabled the million to use goods which were once the privilege of the inactive few, have created the lace-trade of England, and given employment to the thousands who, directly or indirectly, draw their wages from the house of Ashstock and Ahrab.

The importance of the machine lace trade may be measured in millions of yards. Five kinds of



it were sold in one year to the extent of more than six thousand miles, or more than the distance from Liverpool to New York and back. This trade rests, like the bulk of British trade, on cheap machine manufacture, and is daily improved and extended to new uses. Where our grandmothers were content with a pair of hereditary lace lappets of unknown age, and, in their eyes, incalculable value, our daughters and wives aspire to whole dresses and curtains, and our servants can afford a succession of clean light caps and bonnet fronts. In fact, by modern improvements, we are less afraid of wearing out than of washing; cheap clothes mean cleanliness.

There is — purse-proud beauties would be surprised to hear — no demand in England for the finest and most expensive descriptions of modern foreign hand-made lace; English ladies will rarely give one, two, three hundred pounds — as French, Spanish, Russian, and American ladies will — for a dress, a shawl, or even a veil. The most expensive laces they purchase are antiquities, or mock antiquities, dyed in coffee-grounds to the colour which enables them to pass for the point of Queen Anne. At the French Exhibition, there is a black silk-lace shawl, manufactured for the empress of the French, from an original design, by the well-known house of Lefebvre, price six hundred pounds; and the manufacturers have more

than once received orders of nearly equal cost.

At lace ended our tour through the long avenues and towering storeys of the great house, the first of some half-dozen engaged in the same operations, presenting in the vastness, completeness, and machine-like order of its operations, a sample of British commercial enterprise. Although a half-way house of distribution between the manufacturers and the retailer, nearly four hundred persons, male and female, are employed under one roof to serve, note down, correspond, pack up, and deliver the supplies required from every point of the compass — five pounds' worth to the little milliner at Penzance, a thousand pounds' worth to Madame Lafleur at Havannah, and Madame Sriggs, from Paris, at Melbourne — which amount in a year to more than a million sterling. We were glad to find that Ashstock and Ahrab — more wise than certain railway companies lately noticed in *Household Words* — do not disperse their staff among the chop-houses of Cheapside, but provide at a great economy of time, money, and digestion, a series of meals of roast and boiled joints, cooked by gas, which, as our luncheon told us, left nothing to be desired.

Among the elements of the progress of this many-armed establishment, penny postage had no mean share in selling, freighting, and setting in motion the railway van, the ocean steam-



er, and the clipper ship. The average number of letters received and answered weekly, amount to some four thousand. The electric telegraph, too, gives its help, and often saves twenty-four hours of time in the execution of an order.

What we may call outposts of attack on women's wants have been established by Ashstock and Ahrab in branches in the great cities of Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Plymouth, and Dublin; besides a muslin manufactory at Glasgow and a lace factory at Nottingham. In New York and Calcutta, independent colonies — consuming nothing but the produce of the Cheapside empire — have been established; and, in the great Australian cities, like plantations have been founded. As for home consumption, Great Britain is mapped out into districts, which are periodically traversed by commercial ambassadors, travelling by road and rail. In the hilly territories of the north you may sometimes meet a neat, capacious, dark-green fourgon, driven four-in-hand. It does not contain the bed or batterie de cuisine of a foreign prince, nor any of the hounds or racehorses of a sporting peer: it is a moving warehouse of our friends Ashstock and Ahrab: one of the means by which they push their sales and afford to pay wages, directly or indirectly, to some ten thousand people, including peasant girls, in English, Scotch,

and Irish counties, in France and in Belgium.

And this firm, with its princely revenues, army of assistants, thousands of dependents — its several branch establishments, and still more numerous agents, all working with a clockwork regularity incomprehensible to the muddling proceedings of Ordnance and Horseguards, Admiralty, Woods, Forests, and Public Works — is but one sample of hundreds of firms which organise the labour of the staple trades of England. Neither are the principals mere money-grabbing drudges. They can afford time, as we have seen, for healthful recreation. Neither do any of their dependents appear to be overworked.

## THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN

### IN BELGIUM.

I AM in one of the third class carriages of a Belgian railway-train, and travelling between Mechlin and Gand. I take the liberty to observe (not altogether without a pang of wounded patriotism) that a third class carriage on a Belgian railway is infinitely superior in comfort and accommodation to a second class carriage on a British railway. It has more air, more light, more room, more conveniences. It has seats so contrived that no man's knees are necessarily in the lap of his fat friend opposite. A passenger — although only a com-



mon labourer or mechanic — may sit forward or backward or sideways as he listeth. He may stand up, and even walk about and stretch his legs a little. There are blinds to a third class carriage in Belgium; so that it actually appears to have occurred to the directors or the government (I know not which) that there is perhaps now and then some slight, if scarcely perceptible, difference between poor persons and cattle. Why the advantages here described exist in Belgian third class carriages, and do not exist in British third class carriages, I confess myself entirely unable to determine. Indeed, I take the present cramped and gloomy state of travellers in Britain to be something very much like a personal affront to myself; for, is it not now nearly five years ago that I was enabled to suggest some very simple and practical improvements in railway carriages, derived from the most benighted portion of sluggish Austria?\* I will not, however, further advert to my valuable admonitions. Such a course would be ungraceful, as savouring of that vulgar species of self-laudation or egotism which is, or ought to be, abhorred of gods and men. I will here simply add, to the facts which were laid nearly a lustre ago before an observant public, that it appears in my humble judgment we altogether misconceive the true spirit of ad-

vertising, and that our tradesmen do not set about it in that honest and straightforward manner which I should be glad to see once more a sure characteristic of anything so truly British as the art of puffing. The sums spent in advertising are far beyond all reasonable calculation. Advertising on a large scale is generally understood to succeed, whatever it may do on a small one. Our advertisements are, however, the clumsiest, stupidest things conceivable. The veriest tyro in his art should be ashamed of them. They disfigure some of the finest sites of our metropolis, they blind us with their intolerable red and yellow glare, they frighten our horses with weird unusual shapes; in a word, they are sometimes ridiculous, and sometimes offensive. Not one of the spirited and enterprising persons who deface our capital with these manifold abominations, I would respectfully suggest, have clearly understood their true interests. They do not appear to have marked, learned, and inwardly digested the capital principle which was suggested to them on so large a scale at the Great Exposition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one. The best artificers and mechanics of every description in the world seem to shrink, with a shamefacedness altogether unaccountable, from a frank and fair exhibition of their handiwork. They have altogether overlooked the valuable capacities of rail-

\* In the third volume of Household Words, page 82.



way trains as so many moveable palaces of industry. A thousand new and ingenious contrivances might be constantly introduced by means of them to a wide and constantly-increasing public, and every carriage might be provided with suitable articles of comfort, convenience, and ornament, without a shilling expense to the wincing shareholders. I am sure that if advertisers will fairly consider this hint, and railway officials unite in carrying it out, travelling might be often made an instructive amusement, instead of a means of getting the backache in the dullest manner. Little glass cases of novelties (well fastened and secured) might be placed in convenient positions, before people who would have often nothing else to do but examine them and reflect on their value during many hours. By a proper system of perambulating guards, such as that which is organised on all foreign railways, robberies would be out of the question. A good light might also be secured in railway carriages on the skylight principle, from the roof, and by better (say advertisement) lamps at night.

To return, however, from suggestions to facts, it is quite certain that our railway carriages are still inferior in very many respects to those in foreign countries, and this difference is in few places more perceptible than in the third class waggons on the Belgian lines. I am aware that it will be as difficult to obtain use-

ful reforms here as elsewhere; but as the British constitution and Rule Britannia can scarcely be mixed up in the matter by any ingenuity of the most consummate official casuist, perhaps we may venture to entertain something like a growing expectation of improvement within fifty years or thereabouts.

I regret to state that the Belgian custom-house is by no means so agreeable an institution as the Belgian railway. It has given me some very needless trouble. It has idly delayed me, without any comprehensible reason, five clear days upon my journey, and I am now obliged to go from Malines to Gand (a central depot) in order to make things pleasant. I shall succeed, but the custom-house authorities have been, and are, in the habit of adopting very inconvenient proceedings, nevertheless. They are indecorously fond of small quibbles and petty quirks. They pounce on a few centimes (from me they took sixteen, or three half-pence and a fraction) with a haste rather undignified, if not unbecoming.

However, I may thank them for an improving little trip, and it would therefore be but churlish to grumble. I am enjoying the almost unknown luxury of travelling without luggage or impediments of any kind; for, as I am journeying within the frontiers, I am not worried even with a passport question. It is late in September; but there has been such an unusual continuation of



fine weather, that I begin to have some hope even of the wayward climate of Flanders. I am not without a charitable expectation that this climate has at last resolved to redeem a very doubtful character, and abstain altogether from fog and water for the future. Although, on ordinary occasions, a wary and prudent traveller, I resolve on the present occasion to undertake my journey without even a cloak or umbrella, and to trust my second-best clothes and a middle-aged hat entirely to the honour and fair promises of the morning. As the reader may be apprehensive of the result, it is proper also to add that my confidence was not misplaced, and that the weather courteously deputed to attend me throughout the day, behaved with the most cheerful and obliging manner, not even venturing to blow a cloud, lest I should begin to entertain a passing doubt of its integrity. I carry nothing with me, therefore, but a pocket-book, a cigar-case, a volume of Robinson Crusoe in French, which I bought at the book-stall for emergencies, and have been reading since with an ever-fresh and eager delight.

Notwithstanding, however, the example of so many British travellers, I begin at length to think that it is not the most enlightening and knowledge-seeking method of going through a country to keep one's eyes constantly fixed on a book; and, therefore, having read past a station or two, I tear my attention away with a

resolute wrench from the enchanted island and the Caribs, to light a waking-up cigar and look about me.

Returning after some whiffs and reflection to the every day world again, I perceive that I am seated next a dapper little man who has just joined us from the small village at which we last stopped. He evidently belongs to one of the great middle classes of the country; but to which class, it is not so easy to determine; for any one more unlike a Briton of similar condition it would be impossible to imagine.

In age, he may be four or five and twenty. He is small of stature, and his limbs are as delicate as those of a young woman. He has a spare black beard, and small moustachios. The sides of his face are shaven. His eyes are dark, and his complexion a pale olive; so that I sit for some time musing whether he may not have Spanish blood in his little veins; reflecting also on the marked peculiarities of race, which no time or circumstance can, perhaps, wear wholly away.

If my small friend is farther remarkable for anything, it is for a certain air of propriety, that decent poverty and careful concealing of humble fortunes which has always something in it so strongly attractive — I had almost said affecting. His clothes are well made (though somewhat scanty), and scrupulously brushed, his hair is nicely cut, and his thin beard is prettily trimmed into



shape. He is dressed in a jaunty little plum-coloured coat, thriftily turned and newly braided at the worn edges, a black satin waistcoat, and continuations of a neat clouded grey. I subsequently ascertain that they are new, and cost sixteen francs only two months ago. For the rest my spruce neighbour wears a set of gingerbread blue enamelled studs (of pale washed-out Belgian jeweller's gold), curious, as showing in some degree how very much gold may be alloyed, and yet retain its title by courtesy, and how very thinly it may be beaten. His shirt is coarse in texture, but so pricked and fretted, so pleated and ironed by housewifely hands as to look fine at a little distance. His boots are unexceptionable, and his hat is vigorously brushed and worn on one side. His Belgian taste (like that of most simple quiet folk), for flaming colours, breaks out in a violent red pocket-handkerchief, which he flourishes occasionally, not without an air of pride and satisfaction in his personal appearance. In constitutional temperament he is evidently phlegmatic enough, as the inhabitants of most moist climates really are; but he is as evidently bitten with that mania for all things French, which occasions such surprising and ridiculous effects in Belgium, as though a frog would imitate a butterfly. He therefore thinks it necessary to speak in an excited manner, to use much gesticulation, and to

affect the air of a gay swaggering young ruffler, so that he reminds me rather of the quiet man who becomes a hero against his will in the charming French comedy of *La Bataille des Dames*.

We soon get into conversation. The Belgians being remarkably friendly and communicative in their manners, I have nothing to do but to sit still and hear my little friend talk, to acquire any information about him which may interest me. The little man's talk, too, really is interesting to a stranger, and a student of manners. Listening, without effort, also suits the lazy languor of the day. He shall tell the reader, therefore, his story, as he told it to me.

"My father was a huissier, or what melodramatic writers call a myrmidon of the law. It is not an agreeable profession. Huis-siers are not readily received in society. People are ashamed to ask them to their houses, lest it should appear they came on legal business. Formerly — that is, about twenty years ago — my father sometimes made five thousand, or six thousand francs a-year by his profession. People were then very litigious and extravagant. The property of whole villages and districts changed hands with what would now appear extraordinary rapidity. There was a great deal of drinking and merry-making; so that most folks lived beyond their means, and got into trouble. They spent more and earned less



than now. My father, of course, profited by this state of things. He lived in a rural district, and he was usually on horseback from daylight till dark. He was thus enabled to bring up a large family (there were eleven of us), in credit and respectability: for that money which others squandered away, was thriftily employed when it fell into his hands, and became a blessing to us all. Latterly, however — that is, within these last ten years — matters have much altered. People have grown more careful and well conducted. My father's yearly gains gradually diminished to one-third of their former value, and last year he earned only two thousand francs. There are very few law-suits, now-a-days, in Belgium, and my father had enough to do to bear his reverse of fortune. He fell, indeed, into bad health; and, some months since, not being able to ride as well as he used to do (for he is nearly seventy), he was thrown from his pony, and hurt severely. He resigned his employment; and, though he had been forty years in it, he has no retiring allowance. The huis-siers have formed no fund among themselves for this purpose, and the state does not interfere. I wanted to succeed my father; but, as I am not yet twenty-five years old (the eligible age), his place was given to an elder brother of mine, who still holds it. Its value, however, continues visibly to diminish; and, when

the girls ask my brother why he does not get married, he tells them laughingly, but truly enough, 'that potatoes are too dear.' To understand this joke, you must know that potatoes are the chief, and sometimes the only, food of our country people. I am sorry to say they have nearly doubled in price, as have most other provisions, since the commencement of the war; and my brother's fees must be raised, if his business does not increase, before he will be able to marry and support a family in the same respectability as that in which he himself was brought up. I do not know whether to attribute my brother's scanty profits to the good government of King Leopold — perhaps it may be partly owing to the fact that people live more in towns (especially at Brussels), than formerly; but mild laws and uncorrupt tribunals, have doubtless something to do with it.

"I am offered the place of junior clerk at a large cloth manufactory at Verviers. I shall receive seven hundred francs a-year directly I begin. I can live very well on this as a bachelor. I can get a room and my meals at any small respectable inn, for forty francs a-month. This is better than boarding with a private family, because they generally behave as if they were conferring a favour on you. Besides, I shall have more liberty.

"If I liked to go abroad, and travel, I might do much better.



Our family has a high character for honesty. People know they can trust, and are glad to employ us. I was recently offered a place of one thousand eight hundred francs a-year, as a commercial traveller, if I would previously qualify myself by a three years apprenticeship to the trade. I refused, however, a rolling-stone gathers no moss, and my mother said I should acquire bad and expensive habits.

"I have another brother. He is a mechanic — a workman. He is employed at Gand for the railway, and he earns about six francs a-day; but he does not save anything. He keeps too good society for that, and he is anxious to maintain his station. I am going to pay him a visit, and shall live with him till I go to Verviers.

"I shall not marry till I am forty, at least. Bachelor life is so amusing. Besides it is not easy to find a wife. Young men are never thought much of in their own country. I should go to England to get married. Parents here judge of me too closely by my sous, and if I were to propose to a girl who has a few sous more than I, her parents would turn me out of the house without ceremony. I shall do very well, however, by-and-by, for I have a rich aunt, the widow of a doctor. She will make me her heir. She has about eight thousand francs in the public securities, and a small cottage with a garden of her own."

It was an agreeable ride — our waggon soon grew full of cheerful, homely country people, and I was never tired of looking at them. The men had mostly pale, passionless faces cleanly shaved. They wore blue blouses, like the French peasants, velvet caps with large peaks, and often limp white handkerchiefs: they carried stout cudgels in their hands, and short pipes in their mouths. The women were generally dark-eyed and ruddy complexioned; and but for the majesty presented by a back view of their figures, they might have been often called graceful. Their manners were singularly free and unembarrassed. One of them arranged herself so as to use me comfortably for a back-cushion during the journey, and another tied up her stocking before all the company, without the smallest sense of impropriety. They wore long earrings of a bright pale gold, something after the fashion of the Norman women, but they wanted the demure witchery of the snowy, high-crowned cap. In one part of the carriage, among an apple-faced bevy of elderly market-women, sat a priest, with his shovel-hat and shaven crown; in another was a soldier, with the exceedingly short uniform and placid countenance of the orthodox Belgian warrior.

We laboured slowly forward, stopping at some little station every ten minutes, and then trumpeting on again, like a procession of teetotallers returning



from one of their excitable festivals. On either side lay the well-tilled and fruitful lands of the Low Countries. Everywhere the same flat, smiling level. Quiet villages cluster picturesquely over the landscape, and the flight of every quarter of an hour is pealed musically from many steeples. Yonder is a thick, shadowy wood, which looks like a fine property for somebody; and near, winds a canal which must have suffered by the railway. Long lines of poplars mark disused dusty roads in every direction. Stunted pollard-trees cast their broad shadow over dykes where the jack lies watchful and ravenous; the dull tench is sleeping among the weeds of many a silent pond; the eel writhes through the mud beneath him, and the frogs croak around — a noisy multitude. In one spot the tall chimney of a manufactory rises high in the air; and, wherever a breeze is to be caught, it turns a windmill. The modest homesteads of the comfortable farmers, with their white-washed walls and straw-thatched roofs, their plentiful gardens and thriving crops, stud the prospect everywhere. The bee goes about with a business-like hum, and the butterfly on fluttering wings, wantons on his whimsical way among the bean-fields. The peasants working on the soil look up with wistful eyes, and repose for a moment from their labour as we wander along. All speaks of a gentle government and a pros-

perous community; though I cannot help moralising as we draw near to Gand on the mutability of all human things, and reflecting how matters are altered since Charles the Fifth wittily boasted he could put all Paris into his Gand (Glove).

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## SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

### IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

“A GREAT gift, a great gift you ask me for, Master Paul!” said the old man, sternly, turning away his head.

“But one that you will never have cause to repent bestowing on me,” said Paul, eagerly. “Oh, Mr. Trevelyan, you do not know how carefully I will guard her, how tenderly I will reverence her, how manfully keep her from all sorrow and all harm! You do not know how much I love her, nor how fervently I honour her! Trust me, sir; for you may; you can bestow her on none who will guard her more tenderly, more lovingly than I.”

“Ah! all young men say the same things, boy, before marriage. Unfortunately it is only experience that distinguishes between the real and the false, love and fancy, truth and change. And if that experience prove ill — there is no repairing it, Paul!”

“Yes, yes! I know all that!” said Paul, impatiently, yet not



disrespectfully. "But it can never be so with me. Time, age, experience, all will only prove more firmly my love and undying truth. Oh, believe in me! believe in me! God is my witness that my life shall justify you!"

"Foolish boy! to believe in the possibility of love, in the existence of constancy and happiness," murmured Mr. Trevelyan, between his closed teeth. "A day will come," he said, aloud, "when you will curse me in my grave, that I ever consented to this match; when you had rather I had slain her with my own hands than have given her to you."

"Never! never!" cried Paul. "Come what may, the happiness of having once loved and been loved by her, shall suffice."

The old man took his hand, and looked him earnestly in the eyes. They were sitting on a garden bench set in the shadow of a large horse-chestnut. Behind them rose the barren fell, with its grey granite rocks scantily covered by heath and junipers; before them lay a deep glade, flush with the richest green and bright with flowers. In the distance shone the sea, glittering like a band of silver across the opening among the trees made by that steep ravine; the white sails of the distant ships lessened into mere specks, shining in the sun like the wings of white birds. It was one of those summer days when the sun lies like a seething fire on the

leaves and grass — when the earth seems to breathe and palpitate through the low heat-mist quivering over her, and Nature lies so still you might believe her dead: it was one of those days which fill the soul with nameless emotion, and make that unfulfilled longing for love and beauty, which even the happiest and most richly dowered among us feel, a passionate desire and a painful void; it was a day wherein we live — in the true meaning of the word — because we feel. Perhaps it influenced even Mr. Trevelyan, although not easy to affect in any way; but there are times when a subtle influence seems to pervade our whole being, and to change the direction of all our faculties and thoughts, — and this was one of them.

Mr. Trevelyan was a man of calm and gentle manner, but with a nature hard and cold and bright as polished steel. Difficult to excite, but resolute when roused — whether for good or evil, positive, distinct, and firm, — he had none of that half-hearted temporising between the will that would, and the feebleness that dare not, refuse, which so often holds the balance between cruelty and folly. His yes would be yes indeed, and there would be no appeal from his first denial. It was a serious matter to demand a favour from him; but if a pain, at least it was not a lingering one. Paul knew that his refusal would be abrupt and decisive, and that his promise



would be religiously kept. And when, after a long silence, he said in that compressed manner of his, "You may take her, I trust you," the young artist felt that the worst of the danger was over, and that his marriage with Magdalen was certain now; for of her consent he never doubted.

Living in a dull country-house, with no pleasures beyond the insipid occupations of a young girl's drawing-room world, the visits of Paul Lefevre, the artist-poet, had given a new life to Magdalen. He had taught her painting, which of itself opened exhaustless mines of intellectual wealth before her; and he had led her to think for herself on many points which hitherto she had either never touched at all, or else thought on by rote. His gifted mind, full of beauty and poetry, was a rare treasure to Magdalen, living alone with her father, — a man who denied all intellectual power and action to women; who would give them so much education as would enable them to read a cookery-book and the Bible, but who thought that a higher class of culture was both unnecessary and unfeminine. In that lonely country-place, and in that inactive life, Paul, and his beauty, and his love, assumed a power and proportion they would not have had in a busier life. Want of contrast lent perfection, and want of occupation created an interest which assuredly was not born of moral sympathy or fitness. But the world of mystery

in country places is always to be explained by these conditions.

The result of all those long walks together through the woods, and across the meadows, and upon the craggy fells, — of all those lessons on beauty by the piano and the easel, when art made another language between them, and interpreted mysteries which words could not reach, — of those mutual studies of poetry and history, when the extreme limits of human thought and human emotion were reached, and the echoes of the noble chords struck then vibrated in their young hearts, — the result of this friendship, which at first was simply intellectual intercourse, was, as might have been looked for, that Paul loved Magdalen, and that Magdalen loved Paul, or fancied that she loved him, in kind. If there had been some one else whom she could have loved — some other standard by which to measure the requirements of her nature and the needs of her heart — it would then have been a choice; as it was, it was only an acceptance. She accepted as likeness what was simply ignorance of diversity, and took that for understanding which was want of opportunity of judgment. She loved Paul from gratitude for his love of her, from admiration of his beauty, and delight in his intellect; she loved him as a sister might love a brother, but scarcely as a woman of her strong nature would love the husband of her own free intelligent choice.



But as she knew no other love, this contented her, and she believed implicitly in its strength and entireness.

Paul came into the drawing-room, where she was sitting in that deep cool shadow which is so pleasant when the outside world lies in such burning glare. Rushing in from the sunshine, he could scarcely see her at first, sitting by the open window, behind the green blind, reading; reading one of his favourite authors, marked and paged by him. He came to her hurriedly, his face lighted up with joy and burning with blushes. Though he had never looked more beautiful, he had never looked more boyish than at this moment. Even Magdalen, who was not accustomed to criticise, but rather to regard him as an intellectual giant beyond her stature — even she was struck by his extreme youthfulness of air and manner, as he came up timidly but joyously towards her.

“Magdalen, your father has given his consent! — we are engaged,” he said, in a low voice, which trembled so that it could scarcely be heard.

Magdalen laid both her hands in his with a frank smile. “I am very glad, Paul,” she said, her voice unchanged, her blue eyes as calm and dreamy as ever, and not the faintest tinge across her brow. Her betrothal was a name, not the realization of a vision; a fact, not a feeling. It was a ne-

cessary social ceremony between two persons unmarried and unconnected; it was no material ratification of that dearer betrothal vowed in secret before. And with the childlike kiss, given so quietly by her, received so religiously by him, began the initial chapter of their love and banded lives. It ought to be the initial chapter to a drama of happiness, for no apparent element of happiness was wanting. Youth, beauty, innocence, and intellect; what more was needed for the searching crucible of experience? One thing only. It might be read in the calm still face of Magdalen, bending so tranquilly over her book, while her lover sat at her feet, his whole frame convulsed with the passion of his joy. It might be seen in the immeasurable distance between their feelings as he buried his face in her lap, his long hair falling like dusky gold upon her white gown, and sobs expressing his love; while she smoothed back his hair with a tender but sisterly touch, wondering at his fervour, and at the form which his happiness took. And then, when he looked up, and with quivering lips called her his life, and his life's best angel, and uttered all the wild transports which such a love in such a nature would utter, she, calm and grave and tender, would try to check him very gently; through all this storm of feeling, herself as calm and unimpassioned as if a bird had been singing at her knee.



## CHAPTER II.

THERE was a son belonging to the Trevelyan family, Andrew, nominally a lawyer in London; a married man of respectable standing and profession, but practically a gambler and a — sharper. Perhaps, if he had been more wisely educated, he would have turned out more satisfactorily, but he had been spoilt by every kind of injudicious indulgence. His faults had been left to grow as they would, unchecked. Nay, in many instances they had been even encouraged. So that it was no wonder if the spoilt and pampered child grew up the selfish, vicious, unrestrained man, who knew no higher law than his own gratification, no higher pleasure than personal indulgence. Love for this son had been one of Mr. Trevelyan's strongest — or weakest — points, as one might judge. Through good report and evil report, in spite of knowing that his race was dishonoured, and his name debased by his evil life, the old man stood staunch and loving. Even when he married that wretched woman, met with Heaven knows how or where, but not as Magdalen's sister should have been; even when he sent down that villanous Jew to tell of his arrest for a dishonoured bill, and to demand, rather than request, enough money to pay off this score, and set him going again — even then, the old man only turned pale and looked sad, but he loved his

darling boy none the less. It was his pride, his wilful point of obstinate belief and groundless hope, and he would not be driven from it. He was his first-born, cradled in his arms while the halo of romance yet shone bright about his marriage life, and the golden cloud of hope tinged the dim form of his future. And Mr. Trevelyan was not a man of passing impressions. Affection once marked on that granite soul of his must be struck out violently, if struck out at all; for neither time nor the friction of small cares and petty annoyances could destroy it; and even Andrew's worst faults had not as yet destroyed the sharpness of a letter.

Andrew lived on his professions of affection. If he sent down a shameless confession of evil passages in his evil life, he coupled this confession with such warm assurances of attachment, that the old man's heart failed him for the stern place of judge, and he became the advocate instead. How could he not forgive one he loved so well, and who loved him so faithfully? And what great hope was there not yet of ultimate reformation when that sacred filial love continued so unchilled! After all, it was but a youth's folly that the boy was ever guilty of. His heart was in its right place, and all else would come right in time. Andrew well knew what the old man would think when he wrote those loving dutiful letters. He used to



call them his exchequer-bills, and tell his wife what each was worth. For he never wrote unless he wanted money; which, however, was frequent; and he was always sure of something as the reward for his trouble. So things had gone on for the last half-dozen years; Andrew passing from bad to worse with startling rapidity, until even the very swindlers and scoundrels with whom he associated grew somewhat shy of him.

One day a letter arrived to Mr. Trevelyan, from London. It was a curious letter, containing minute inquiries concerning his health and habits, which he was prayed to answer by return of post. He did answer, but not on the points required; and a correspondence ensued, which at last led to the information that Andrew had been raising money on post-obits, and that he was speculating deeply on the probable chances of his father's death within the next two years. This was perhaps the only thing that could have stirred Mr. Trevelyan, and this struck at the very root of his love by destroying his trust. Everything else he could forgive, and had forgiven, but this: and this was the blow that struck out that graven word which nothing else had injured, and left a void and a ruin instead.

Magdalen knew nothing of what had happened. She was terrified to see how pale her father was, while reading a certain letter in a strange hand, the

contents of which she did not know; and how he suddenly drooped, as if struck by some fatal disease. She asked him if anything had happened to vex him, but all he answered was, "No, child, nothing that you can cure," looking sadly on the ground as he spoke. He folded up the letter carefully, and, in his precise manner, put it away among other papers in his drawer; and the matter seemed to be forgotten, or to have passed like any other small disturbance. But Magdalen understood him too well not to see that there was a painful secret somewhere, one that nothing of her love could touch, nor his own philosophy cure. More than once she approached the subject gently, for she knew that it was somehow connected with her brother; but he never answered her questions, and at last got angry with her if she mentioned Andrew's name. It was very painful for poor Magdalen to see her father breaking his heart thus in silence, without suffering her to sympathise with him; for she thought, woman-like, that love and sympathy would surely lighten his burden, whatever it might be! But he kept his own counsel, strictly, and Magdalen could only guess the direction, while ignorant of the details of his sorrow.

He fell ill; poor old man! No one knew exactly what was the matter with him. The doctors were at fault and drugged him with every kind of abomination,



some of which, at least, must have been wrong, if others were right. But no drugs would have saved him now; not the best nor most skilfully administered. At his age, the terrible revolution worked by such a crushing sorrow as this was beyond the reach of doctor's stuff. His heart was broken. He had an illness of two months or more; a slow, sure sickness that never fluctuated, but day by day certainly dragged him nearer to the grave. He knew that he was dying, but he never mentioned his son. It was his bitterest reflection to feel that the gambler's calculation had been lucky, and that his death would shamefully enrich him.

Magdalen hardly ever left him. Nothing could exceed the devotion, the tenderness, with which she nursed him. If love could have saved him he had not died while she had been with him! She had the rare power of embellishing a sick-room — making it rather a beautiful cradle of weakness than the antechamber to the grim tomb: that power which comes only by a woman's love. The friends who came to see them remarked on that exquisite order and the melancholy beauty she had given; and many of them said that Miss Trevelyan had changed her father's sick-bed into a throne. The old man appreciated her now for the first time. He had never loved her as he had loved his son; indeed, he never loved her much at all. She

had been born after that terrible night — which no one but himself and his God knew of — when his wife's dreamy lips, Francesca-like, muttered the secret kept for so many painful years, and told him that she had never loved him. Magdalen had always seemed to him to be the ratification of his despair, as Andrew had been the fulfilment of his hope; and it was only now, for the first time in life, that he acknowledged he had been unjust. The poor girl had felt the difference made between them both, but she believed it arose from some fault in herself. She knew there was but little virtue in Andrew. Now she had taken her true position in her father's love, and had become really dear to him. Before, he had been coldly proud of her beauty, and he had respected her character; but he had never loved her. Since his illness it was different. He was only happy when she was sitting at the foot of the bed where he could see her, — only easy when she was in the room and before his eyes. Once she heard him say, "Blind! blind!" and "Avenged!" while looking at his son's portrait, hanging against the wall just above her head, as she stood by the table. Blind! yes, as too many of us are blind, both in our loves and our misappreciations.

At last he died. He had been sinking rapidly for some time, but still his death was sudden at the very last. Magdalen was alone with him. She had given



him his medicine, and had just shaken up his pillows and smoothed the coverlet, when she saw his countenance change. She went closer to him and asked him if he wanted anything; she thought he was feeling faint, perhaps. His lip slightly moved, but she heard no sound issue from it; his eyes grew fixed, and that terrible film came over them; she raised his head, again he slightly smiled; — a sigh: and then she was alone.

Andrew did not know of his father's illness. More than once Magdalen had entreated her father to allow her to write to him, but he used to answer, "No, my love, not yet — not till I give you leave," in a tone and manner so distinct and positive, that she felt nothing more was to be said. And in his state of weakness she was careful to be obedient to the utmost, fearing that he should think her undutiful because he was unable to be authoritative. So the old man had sickened and died in peace; and Magdalen was not sorry that his death-bed had been undisturbed by the mockery of her brother's pretended love. But when she was left alone she wrote hastily to Andrew, telling him what had happened, saying that her father would not allow her to write to him to inform him of his illness, but that now he was the head of the family, and must take everything on himself; begging him at the end of her letter to come down immediately and manage all as he liked.

Andrew gave a long whistle; "What!" he said, "gone so soon! That little jade! — if she had only told me he was ill, I could have got ten per cent. more. I'll pay her out for this! We'll see who will be master and who mistress, when I've got things into my own hands! However, I can't go down to-night, so they may muddle away by themselves as they like."

The reason why he could not go down that night was, that he had made up a whist-party with cards so cleverly marked that no one could detect them; and as he expected to clear nearly a hundred pounds by this coup, he was not disposed to lose such a good chance because his father was lying dead at home, and his sister did not like to be alone.

He wrote, however, a few lines expressing his surprise at the news; not a word of grief; he had no need now to continue that farce; and authorising her to begin all the necessary arrangements, as his agent, saying that he would go down to-morrow, take possession, read the will, and see that the funeral was properly conducted. Properly, but with STRICT economy and simplicity, said careful Andrew, — the word strict being underlined twice. All this seemed very natural to Magdalen. Bad as it was, she expected nothing better. And as for his certainties about his heirship, she herself shared them. She never for a moment doubted that he was made the



heir, and that only a small marriage portion had been reserved for her when Paul — artistic, unpractical Paul — might be able to marry her, and keep a house wherein to hold her.

The whist party proved a failure for the calculating Andrew. Eyes as sharp as his, and senses as keenly alive to all the possibilities of trickery, were there with him; and his clever device, first suspected and then discovered, ended only in a scene of violence and tumult, where everybody was robbed and everybody beaten, and the blame of all thrown on the cheating host; — where, moreover, he had to pay a large sum of money to prevent the affair being carried into the hands of the police, as some of the neediest and most disreputable of the guests threatened.

The next day he came down to Oakfield, battered and jaded, and out of humour enough. Everything had been arranged for the funeral, which was to take place to-morrow by his wish; and the house was full of that terrible stillness which the presence of death brings with it, — a solemn unearthly stillness, — the shadow of God's hand. There was the close smell throughout, which a single day's want of air and sunshine will produce, mingled with the scent of lavender and dried rose leaves, and dying flowers, generally. The servants moved about gently and spoke in whispers; Magdalen sat

attempting to work — sometimes taking up a book as if to read — but her tears fell over her hands instead, and blotted out the page. Paul wandered mournfully from room to room, his sympathy falling far short of Magdalen's sorrow; "But," as she said to herself, "who could console her? — no one in the world!" When, in the midst of the passionate anguish and the solemn silence that sat side by side, like grim angels by the threshold, a carriage rolled noisily to the door, and Andrew's voice was heard, swearing at the man for having driven past the hall-step.

Dressed with every attribute of the man of slang and vice, loud in voice, noisy, rough, and vulgar in manner, his once handsome face lined and attenuated by dissipation, and all his intellect put into the exaggeration of vulgarity, Andrew entered the hall, where Paul and Magdalen waited to receive him. He made no attempt, no feint, at sympathy or sorrow. So far, at least, he was honest. But how frightful it was to her who had sat so many hours by that dying man, till her whole soul had become interpenetrated by his — how terrible it was to have this gross, rude shadow flung between her sorrow and that sacred memory — to feel the spiritual death which, in her brother's presence, removed her father again from her! The loneliness of the first hours of her orphanhood was nothing compared to the sickening loneliness



of her feeling now. The coarseness of indifference with which he asked, first broadly, and then in detail, for information of his father's last moments, — the coldness with which he listened, rubbing his eyes and yawning noisily, when she told him such and such facts as for the mere sympathy of a common humanity would have touched the heart even of a stranger — the very boast of carelessness in every gesture; lounging against the chimney-piece; flinging himself into an easy-chair, with one foot raised on his knee, or else with one hand doubled against his side, and the other playing with the little dog — all was torture to Magdalen, who felt that she also was included in the shameful disgrace of her brother.

"Ah, and so this is your Joe!" he asked, looking at Paul through his half-shut eyes; then, turning to his sister, he said, in a loud whisper, "I say, Mag, there's not too much good stuff in him! He's a fine lad as far as face goes; but hang me if I wasn't more of a man at fourteen than he is now. However, that's no affair of mine."

"I hope you will be good friends," said Magdalen, choking, "and that you will never have cause to regret your relationship."

"That's a sensible speech, Mag, proper to the occasion. I say, did the old boy like the match?"

"Do you mean papa?" said Magdalen, very coldly.

"Of course, I do!" and Andrew laughed. How loud and long his laugh was! It chilled Magdalen's very heart within her.

"Oh, Andrew, don't laugh now!" she cried, laying her hand on his arm. "It terrifies and shocks me, when you know what lies above our heads."

"Don't be a superstitious fool, Magdalen," said Andrew, savagely; "and don't tell me what I am to do and what not! You foolish girls stay down here moping in the country, till you don't know how to live. You get into a world of ghosts and shadows, till you are frightened at the very sound of your own voices." Andrew recrossed his legs, and played with the dog's ears till it howled and slunk away.

Paul looked at the Londoner with a mild curiosity, as if he had been a kind of privileged wild beast; and then, satisfied that he could do nothing towards taming him, and feeling ill at ease in his society, he went away for a time, much to Magdalen's relief and Andrew's disappointment; for he had promised himself good sport in baiting him.

Hearing that Andrew had arrived, old friends of the family had assembled by degrees, to hear the will read, and to offer assistance or condolence as their position warranted; — some with a vague feeling of protection to Magdalen; for Andrew had the worst character possible in the



neighbourhood; and more than one thought it not unlikely that his sister might need some defence against him; "For," as they said justly, "that dreamy lover of hers knows nothing of business;" which was true enough. There was soon quite a large assemblage — large, that is, for a lonely country-house; and Magdalen was surprised to find how relieved and protected she felt by their presence. They all seemed nearer to her than her brother; and all more sympathising and more sorrowful for her loss.

"Mag, where's the will?" said Andrew, in a loud voice. "I suppose you know where the old boy kept his things, don't you?" He spoke as the master, with the tone and manner of a slave-driver. It was the ultimatum of coarseness.

"In the library," said Magdalen.

"Ah, stay! In the top library drawer, ain't it? Don't you think so? I remember that used to be his hiding-place when I was a little lad, and knew all about him. If so, I can find it myself, Mag; I have the keys. No tricks of substitution, you know, gentlemen!" and, with a laugh and a leer, he strode out of the room.

He soon came back, bringing a sealed packet, endorsed "My will," in Mr. Trevelyan's handwriting.

"Here it is, safe enough!" he said, chuckling, and drawing a

chair nearer to the window. "Hang these plaguey blinds!" he cried, plucking at them impatiently; "they don't let a man see his own! Come, Mag, let's see what he has left for your wedding gear. Quite enough, I'll be bound, else my name's not Andrew!"

Magdalen rose, and walked haughtily across the room: haughtily and sorrowfully: not wounded in her own self-love, but in her daughter's dignity, — wounded for that dead father whose memory was outraged by his son. A look from one of the friends assembled brought her back to her seat; and she felt when he whispered "bear with him quietly now, for the sake of your poor father," that this was both good advice and the highest duty; so she controlled herself as well as she could, and sat down, feeling for the first time in her life dishonoured.

Andrew broke the seal of the packet, and took the will out of the envelope. Crossing his legs, and clearing his throat, with a certain dare-devil, "Come on, then!" kind of air, he began to read it aloud. The will set forth that all the lands, tenements, &c., of which he, the testator, might die possessed, were bequeathed to his dear son, Andrew, with the exception of fifty pounds a-year to be paid to Magdalen, whom he confided to the tender care of her brother, "in full reliance on his love and honour." The bulk of the property was about eight



hundred a-year. It was all clear and distinct, signed and attested in due form; but Andrew's face had changed as he came to the close.

"Aha! What's this?" he cried, looking fiercely at Magdalen, whose arm he seized as she bent forward when he called her. "What devil's work have you been after here, with all your pretended love and sickening flattery!" and he almost struck her, as he shook her arm violently.

"Andrew, what are you talking of?" said Magdalen, starting up and flinging off his hand. "Even at such a time as this, and from my brother, I cannot submit to such language."

"You are right, Magdalen! For shame, for shame, Mr. Trevelyan!" went round the room.

"Judge me, all of you!" exclaimed Andrew, hoarsely, rising, and facing his sister. "Judge me by yourselves! If any of you have seen your very lives and the lives of your children snatched away by a demon's turn like this, you can feel with me, and understand my violence. Violence it is not, but righteous and most just anger. This was why she never told me of my father's illness!" he added, grasping Magdalen's shoulder, as she stood firmly before him. "This was why she practised all her arts, and made the old man, doting on his death-bed, believe her devoted to him, not his money, — he, who had

never liked her in life, making her his heir!"

"Heir!" cried Magdalen, turning pale. "His heir!" she repeated, as if in a dream.

"Aha! I had been too honest for him, had I!" continued Andrew, without noticing the interruption. "I was not courtier — not flatterer enough, wasn't I! And this was why she has always been the firebrand between him and me, exaggerating every little indiscretion, and turning his love for me into coldness — as she has done lately — all to steal a march upon me, and cut me out of my inheritance. I, the only son, to be disinherited for such a worthless fool as that! By Jove, gentlemen, it is maddening! Listen to the pretty little codicil I find," he continued, in a tone of bitter banter, striking his forefinger against the parchment: "'I hereby revoke all former wills and testaments whatsoever or whensoever made by me, and leave to my dear daughter, Magdalen, the sole use and benefit of all that I may die possessed of, whether in lands or money. I also leave her my sole executrix. Signed, Andrew Trevelyan. Witnesses, Paul Lefevre and Mary Anne Taylor.' And you are in this, too, sir!" he said, turning savagely to Paul. "By heaven, there seems to be a pretty plot hatched here!"

"I saw Mr. Trevelyan sign that paper, and I and Mary Anne Taylor witnessed it; but I did not know what it was I signed," answered Paul, hesitatingly.



Andrew bent his bloodshot eyes full upon him; and from him to Magdalen, and back again. He looked at the writing of the codicil attentively — a profound silence in the room — and again he looked at them.

"Where is this Mary Anne Taylor?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"You know that she is dead; she was our nurse," said Magdalen, in a low voice.

"I see it all — a plot, gentlemen! a plot!" he shrieked. "But as I live, it shall not go unpunished! I see it all now, and you and the whole world shall see it too. That writing is not like my father's — my sister's lover one of the witnesses, and her nurse, conveniently dead since, the other. I am no child, to be taken in by anything so clumsy and self-evident as this!" He flung the paper on the floor, and trampled it once or twice beneath his heel. "I shall not stay for the mockery of this funeral," he said; "I have no business here. My curse upon you all! — my deadly, blighting curse, and my revenge to come! That is my share in the funeral to-morrow."

"Andrew! Andrew! do not go: do not dishonour poor papa so shamefully!" exclaimed Magdalen, clinging to him. "Think of what you owe him. Andrew, reflect."

"Owe him?" cried Andrew. "What I owe you; and what I will pay you." He dashed her from him with an oath; then, re-

peating his curse, he flung himself from the room, and so from the house; leaving the pale corpse stiffening in the chamber above, without a thought, a prayer, or a sigh for what had loved him so well.

## COATS AND TROUSERS.

ARMED with a sufficient Open, Sesame (the gift of an enchanter in an alpaca coat); conveyed to Paul's Wharf by the fiery Dragon of the modern Thames, an iron steamer; threading one of those narrow ducts retained by municipal wisdom to consume time and teach patience; crossing, not without danger, the living roaring stream of Cheapside; diving into another seething gutter of commerce, we passed into a silent dingy court, obstructed by a Pickford's cart and its Mamelon of bales. In other respects the solemn close was deserted by every living thing save by a pair of solemn city cats, which gravely sat where helmeted sentinels and powdered sedan-chair-bearers had watched or lounged in bygone times. We pushed in at a door, guiltless of the finery of paint, that closed behind us with an unmechanical bang; and, passing through a gloomy ground-floor unquestioned by the tenants, we ascended a broad staircase, black with time and hand-friction.

In the suite of chambers that we entered — once the town resi-



dence of Mr. Peel of Lancashire, father of Sir Robert Peel of Tamworth — canvas-covered bales formed stacks rising to the ceiling; piece goods lay in vast square heaps upon long counters; wide deal shelves were stuffed with layers of woollen stuffs and of woollen mixed with baser material of every degree, quality, and variety that goes to the clothing of man civilised and uncivilised. We were on the premises of a firm of merchants in the wholesale sense, to whom orders for a hundred thousand yards came as often and as naturally as a command for a single suit to a popular tailor; to whom in these warlike times almost every goods-train from the works brought unnumbered yards of uniform cloths, and every trading vessel from Scotland and Ireland mountains of the flax goods in which those countries so much excel. From the dark dingy staircase we had ascended, continually went forth the stuff for clothing the armies and navies of England, the parti-coloured troops of Indian princes, the Zouaves, the Gardes Impériales, Chasseurs d'Afrique, and riflemen of Vincennes. From the same source is provided the scarlet robes of Ashantee headmen, the camlet cloaks of Chinese mandarins, the white blankets of Kaffir chiefs, the canary-coloured pantaloons of South American infantry; the serge shirts and pea-coats of Jack, A.B.; the grey great coat of his ally, the

jolly marine. The bishop's sober black of costliest quality; the miner's flannel jacket and mole-skin suit; the Derby alpaca of the sporting dandy; the blue broadcloth of the school-boy's many-buttoned jacket, and the coffin-maker's dismal baize, also continually flow into the warehouse from every manufacturing district, and out again to consumers of every class and clime.

Broadcloth — once the distinguishing mark of the gentleman and well-to-do citizen — is the oldest of our manufactures. It dates from William the Conqueror, and its very existence was thought to depend upon a close monopoly of British wool. To export British wool was highly penal; but a dispute which long raged between the woollen manufacturers and farmers, at length resulted in freeing the public from the monopoly of both; and this dispute was a notable example of the sort of slavery our neighbours the French endure. English manufacturers stoutly contended against the exportation of British wool, lest foreign manufacturers should rival them in cloth-making, but claimed to import the fine wools of Spain and Germany. The farmers, on the other side, desired leave to sell their wool to the foreign customer; but demanded protection against the competition of the foreign wool-grower. The contest was waged hotly, and the battle swayed to and fro, according as the sheep-



feeding or the wool-consuming faction obtained the upper hand. At length, Huskisson, the legislative precursor of free commerce, took advantage of the pastoral and wool-weaving dissensions, and gave both what they did not want. He permitted the exportation of British, and the importation of foreign wools at a low duty, and sent both sets of suitors despairing away. Up to that period, very little woollen cloth was sold under from eight to ten shillings a-yard. At present, broadcloth can be bought at every price between two shillings and twenty-five shillings a-yard. The highest priced material, consumed in a limited quantity, consists in the finest blacks and scarlets. At from four to five shillings per yard an excellent pure wool cloth can be produced. Cheap cloth has rendered cheap clothes possible, and extinguished the custom of hereditary wardrobes. In our younger days, all the mechanics and humbler classes who wore Sunday clothes were content with the second-hand garments of the wealthy. Their appearance was mean, and their cost, taking wear into consideration, extravagant.

The change was helped on curiously enough by negro emancipation. While the negroes of the West Indies were slaves, their owners clothed them simply in a shirt and trousers of a kind of striped mattrass sacking. When emancipated, the first desire of the coloured gentleman

was to dress like his late proprietor. The Jews of London, well posted up, as the Americans say, to this fact by their West Indian Hebraic correspondents, hastened to send out consignments of second-hand clothes which had been previously cleaned and remade. Thus, Julius Cæsar Twigg or Napoleon Bonaparte Buxton was able to rig himself out in the latest fashions from England for as many half-crowns as it cost his white rival pounds sterling. The demand soon exceeded the supply; the Yorkshire manufacturers were called upon for a cheap cloth, and they found it in two materials—cotton and shoddy. Instead of making the cloth of all wool, a warp of cotton was introduced under a woollen weft, and a strong, durable, good-looking article was produced at a cheap rate. But cheap wool was also needed for the face or weft, and this was found by tearing up old woollen clothes, re-washing, dyeing, and spinning them, with the addition of more or less new wool. This is shoddy. Thus, shoddy and cotton-warp gave cloth for the million. A great deal of virtuous indignation has been wasted on shoddy making which is only one way of utilising what used to be grievously thrown away to rot. The cheap cloth soon found its way into English shops, and drove out the old clothes trade. The new demand had another effect; it stimulated the ingenuity of mechanical manufacturers to comb wools



that had hitherto been deemed too short for combing, in order to mix them with shoddy; and thus arose a demand for wool from all parts of the globe, that has been increased beyond all calculation. At first, purchasers were taken in by cheap coats and trousers; but now the thermometer of price is perfectly understood. We have seen a beautiful article in wool made of old worsted stockings. The mixed coloured shooting suits now so much in vogue are chiefly made of shoddy, just as fine paper is made of rags. By our manufacturing skill, cheap iron and coal, capital and credit, by a repeal of all the monopolies and all duties on raw produce with which our staple trade was once fenced round, we are able to sell woollen all over the world, and to buy from Egypt, from Abyssinia, from Syria, the East Indies, and all regions where sheep can live, anything which is wool or hair, in addition to the fine qualities obtained from Germany and Australia. In France, on the contrary, under an absolute protective system, foreign woollen cloth is loaded with prohibitory duties; but, as the French manufacturers are quite unable to supply any large sudden order for military cloths and blankets, or any of the cheaper sorts of warm woollen goods, the French government, since the commencement of the war, has been obliged to lay out upwards of a million sterling in British blankets, rugs,

and broadcloth. Perhaps the very great-coats they lent our troops last winter were spun and milled in Yorkshire.

Army cloth is a trade of itself. There are a number of manufacturers who make nothing else. Army cloth has no face, no right or wrong side; it cuts equally well every way. For a sea-traveller's coat there is nothing better than a soldier's grey great-coat, which costs, in large quantities, about five shillings a-yard. Nothing is more deceptive than a bright-faced cloth; when unclipped and unsmoothed, cloth wears the best. Flushing, better known as P-coating, is another separate Yorkshire manufacture, chiefly found about Dewsbury. This like broad-cloth has been reduced in price, and can be had from one shilling a-yard, used in the commonest slop-clothing, up to ten shillings, for the suits of members of Royal Yacht Club and other sea-going amateurs. An A.B. Jack gets a capital P-coat at five or six shillings a-yard.

Tweed is one of the favourite names among tailors' goods. It formerly meant a sort of plaid of pure woollen, manufactured on the banks of the river of that name from Scottish Cheviot and black-faced wool. It has since been cheapened by cotton and shoddy mixtures, and improved by Australian wool, — the staple of all our best cloth. Tweed is manufactured not only in Scotland but in Yorkshire and Gloucestershire, of mixed British



and foreign wool, and means anything that for a particular season the tailors agree to call by that name.

After going through the various samples of the varieties enumerated, we did not pause over the curiosities of cloth fabric, such as cloth of two colours, one on each side, chiefly valuable as cloaks for pickpockets, or the elephantine cloth made once and never again for the Great Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one. These feats are the toys of rich manufacturers, and not worth serious attention. Indeed it may be laid down as a rule that the greatest manufactures and most important trades rest on the unattractive articles which the millions consume. The stuff of parti-coloured waistcoats, dear to our youth, of wool, silk, and cotton artfully mixed, was not to be found, fashion having driven it into the shade, — it was chiefly manufactured at Almondsbury, in Yorkshire, which now languishes, because the men of eighteen hundred and fifty-five wear coats and waistcoats all of a-piece.

A pile of blankets of peculiar stripe led us to a fresh apartment. England beats the world in blankets. Until the war broke out, our army lay beneath blankets woven from Russian wool, which is of a shining, bright texture, mixed with our own ancient long-woolled breed. When the supplies were stopped, the vacuum was filled by a cheap, but for the

purpose an excellent wool, from the East Indies. East Indian wool is a comparatively new article of commerce: previous to eighteen hundred and forty-two the quantity imported was quite insignificant. The best blankets are made of English wool; we send them to every quarter of the world, to South America, where they are often worn coloured as ponchos. But in Leeds they also manufacture ponchos of cotton and wool mixed, of the ancient Mexican and Peruvian patterns, which are more beautiful than any modern designs. Australia is a great market, as the bushman or gold-digger finds in his blanket the uses of a knapsack, a tent, and a bed. In New Zealand, among the natives, English blankets have superseded the native robe of New Zealand flax. The Kaffirs formerly wore brown cloth cloaks or karosses; they now send to our friend's warehouse for white blankets. The custom house of the United States imposes heavy duties on English cloth; to evade these duties, the material for the uniform of part of the United States is imported in the shape of blankets large enough to make two uniforms; the duty on blankets being less than on cloth.

Next to the blankets, bales of serge attracted our attention. This is a cheap worsted fabric, used largely for the blue shirts of sailors in the navy, for ladies' bathing gowns, and for gentlemen's cricketing trousers. Recently, government having dis-



carded cough-creating white duck in army, after many changes in search of something not too hot, warm enough, and of uniform colour, in spite of rain and sun and soldiers' washing, have fixed on a dark blue serge for military continuations.

Thus the woollen trade, which forty years ago was confined to one or two materials in a few colours — having been relieved from protection and encouraged by the abolition of duties on foreign wool — has been extended into innumerable branches, from robes as fine as muslin, to felted carpets and hats as soft as velvet and tough as leather: the old felted hat was iron in its texture. This vast extension of trade would have been impossible, had we been confined to British long wools, which are excellent, but limited in their application. British sheep are now kept primarily for mutton; the mere wool-producing breeds have disappeared, have given way to Leicesters, Lincolns, Cotswolds, South Downs, and Cheviots, to our great profit.

Australia was the great woollen revolutionist. German superseded Spanish wool, and Australian has superseded German to a great extent. The fine wool of Spain often cost ten shillings a pound; we now obtain an enormous supply of fine wool at from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings per pound. In eighteen hundred and fifteen, the whole importation, under the discou-

agement of a heavy duty of foreign wool, was under fourteen million pounds weight, of which about seven million pounds came from Spain, three millions from Germany, and three millions from the rest of Europe. In eighteen hundred and forty, after the total imports (after Huskisson's reduction of duties, in eighteen hundred and twenty-five) had reached fifty million pounds; in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, after Sir Robert Peel's total abolition of duties on raw produce, wool importation rose to seventy-six million pounds, of which more than half came from Australia. There were no flocks of fine-woolled sheep in Australia before the year eighteen hundred. In eighteen hundred and fifty-four, our importations of wool, including alpaca, amounted to one hundred and six million pounds. This increase from the importation of eighteen hundred and forty was caused by the East Indies sending us fifteen million pounds instead of two and a half millions; the Cape and South Africa, eight and a quarter millions instead of three-quarters of a million pounds; and Australia, forty-seven and a half millions instead of fifteen million pounds.

In broadcloths, doeskins, and every kind of woollen cloth where a fine appearance is required, Australian wool is the principal material employed. When a cheap article is required, this kind of wool is thrown to the surface, and lower class wools with



a cotton warp form the rest of the cloth; but, for the very finest cloths, manufacturers employ the most expensive German wools. In the same fleece, the choicest portions will be worth six shillings a pound, and the inferior less than two shillings. These are got up with more care than it is possible to bestow in a country where labour is so dear as Australia, and are worth from three shillings to five shillings per pound. Soil and climate do for Australia what in Germany is the result of the greatest care and skill, and give a large fine average of beautiful wool.

Manufacturers have been greatly assisted in their consumption of foreign inferior raw material, by the invention of machines which can comb and produce a continuous sliver, from wool only one inch and a quarter in length; in fact, any description of wool can now be turned to use and find a market, whereas formerly the special value of English wool lay in its long staple, three to four inches being the shortest length that could be combed by hand. Thus have English woollens thriven and extended in the face of the cotton trade, against which they were once protected by special legislation. Spain, ruined by wretched government, now sends us only half a million pounds; and Germany, undersold in the commoner qualities, sends half her former export, or eleven million instead of twenty-two million pounds, and is a

purchaser of Australian wool in our markets.

In the mean time, English sheep, instead of being extinguished by the foreigner, have gone on multiplying under our improved system of agriculture, until they have at least doubled in number, and increased one-third in weight of fleece. It is worth while noting that Peru has given us guano, which, by its fertilising, stimulating qualities, has enormously increased the home-breed of sheep, as well as alpaca wool or hair, the source of a new manufacture.

Next to Australian wool, the greatest addition to our textile manufactures has been made by the introduction of the hair of the alpaca. We found on the shelves of the warehouse pieces of goods labelled alpaca, and real alpaca, in as great variety as to quality as woollen cloths. The cheaper kinds do not contain a particle of real alpaca wool, but are manufactured from Russian and other bright coloured fleeces mixed with long Leicestershire wools, into light and serviceable garments for man and woman. The finer qualities known in the trade as real alpaca, are extensively used for the linings of coats instead of calico or silk, for women's dresses, and for fashionable summer coats. They are often equal in beauty to silk, and much more durable. The consumption for cheap summer coats (which have superseded the linen blouse)



is something enormous. It is also largely used in the manufacture of waterproof garments. There is a curious story connected with Indian-rubber coats. The late Mr. Charles Mackintosh introduced waterproof garments, and under his patent realised a large fortune from heavy cream-coloured cotton coats and cloaks, which smelt most vilely, fitted most awkwardly, and cracked and rustled most unpleasantly. At his death, the executors considered the fashion worn out, and sold off his stock with the idea of abandoning the manufacture. But very soon some one hit upon the idea of using first thin calico with a caoutchouc lining, and afterwards alpaca cloth, and soon the waterproof or Mackintosh was brought within the reach of all classes from the cabman upwards.

In Queen Anne's time, as Pope records, in the lines beginning "Odious in woollen," woollen was protected against cotton, by an act of parliament which compelled Clarissa to be buried in a woollen shroud. In our own time, a political lunatic endowed with some fortune and powerful lungs, tried to set up a British wool league against cotton. It died without a sign. Had he spent an hour in a woollen factor's warehouse, he would have found that every day produces new openings for the use of new material and new manufactures, and that there is room for the growth of all wool, flax, and cotton, if

left alone, and that there will be room as long as half the inhabitants of Europe are clothed in rags or untanned sheepskins. Before the South American revolution the country people wore expensive and uncomfortable leather suits; now they wear cloth and cotton garments. There is also a lesson to be learned by those dilettanti official or would-be official teachers, who want to establish trade museums to teach our manufacturers their business.

Returning by the dark ground-floor, we took a rapid glance at the linen and canvas department, of which some kinds very naturally follow the woollens. Whether the woollens led to the linens or the linens to the woollens we did not learn; at any rate, the arrangement was the result of the tendencies of the modern system of trade, to concentrate in the hands of intermediate agents all that a special class of retailers or contractors are likely to require. For instance, the trade in military cloaks up-stairs led naturally to a stock of military drills for army, and ducks for naval, trousers down-stairs. The difference between drill and duck lies in the texture; drill being smooth-faced, duck showing the course of the threads. Both ought to be made of flax. Then again we saw vast bales of canvas for tents, a demand entirely created by the war; others again of varying qualities, beginning at number one, for ships' sails, all of flax.



There were also specimens of cotton-cloth, for the small tents of four parts to be borne by troops in the field, each soldier carrying a fourth-part, an idea which we have borrowed from the French army. We can manufacture the article, however, much better and cheaper and more quickly than they can. Then, in hemp, there was hammock-cloth, and enormous quantities of the sheeting used for packing up bales. Bed-sheets of every quality were to be found, the coarser kinds in immense quantities, as was necessary, since, this last year, orders have come in for ten thousand pairs at a time, to be supplied at short notice. Among the canvas articles was one light coarse article, which helped us to a derivation; it is known in the trade as dandy-canvas, and is used by tailors for inner unseen linings and paddings of the collars and breasts of coats. Did this material, so extensively used when George the Regent brought padded shapes into fashion, originate the word dandy, which succeeded buck and blood, and has been succeeded by swell? Again, is not dandy an English corruption of Dundee, the seat of this said canvas manufacture? Perhaps some correspondent of Notes and Queries will take the subject up.

There must be some very curious statistics, if they could be hunted out, on flax and hemp manufacture. Cotton has taken the place of flax for many gar-

ments, and so has woollen; and all three have been mixed. Yet there is more flax, more hemp, and more wool consumed than ever, in consequence of certain trade compensations. The flax employed for the sails of the ships set afloat by the raw cotton and manufactured cotton trades, must be nearly equal to the amount displaced in shirts and shifts. The canvas sheeting for covering bales required by increased foreign trade must have risen to a very formidable item in the last twenty-five years; and if in racing England, light woollen has taken the place of drill for trousers, the owners of the trousers have created new outlets for white cool drills at the Antipodes. Scarcely a year has passed since war interrupted the supply of Russian flax and hemp, but already new supplies and new materials are flowing in. India begins to be especially rich in substitutes for hemp and flax. Jute is one of the comparatively new materials; it is a sort of hemp, inferior in strength, but more of a cotton character, and is much and skilfully used in Scotland.

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## THE REGIMENTAL MARKET.

AMONG the orators who have been flourishing lately at agricultural meetings, there was a clergyman who propounded the opinion (as one that could not be controverted) that our regimen-



tal system was as near perfection as possible. Without stopping to enquire what the reverend gentleman's opportunities may have been of forming such a conclusion, I shall proceed to state what my own experience is. Having been upwards of ten years an officer in a light dragoon regiment, I may perhaps know nearly as much of the subject as the reverend orator.

Why I entered the service I can hardly define. I had no particular glow of military ardour. It might have been because several "men" of sixteen, or so, who were my schoolfellows at a fashionable public school, intended to join the army; or, more likely, because of the glorious privilege of wearing a uniform bedizened with gold lace; but, most likely of all, because of the alternative my father placed before me of either purchasing a commission, being made sole master of five hundred a-year besides my pay, and started with good horses in a well-known regiment; or of going to college, working for a degree, and then entering the Middle Temple, to bore my brains with law.

The choice was rapidly made, and my name was put down at the Horse Guards for a commission.

Commissions were very difficult to be had in those days, even by purchase; and, after waiting about a year and a half, and tormenting my father to write almost every month to the county

member, and the different general officers with whom he was acquainted, I received formal official intimation from the military secretary of the commander-in-chief, that, upon paying the sum of eight hundred and forty pounds to Messrs. So-and-so the army agents, my name would be recommended to her Majesty for a commission of cornet, in the light dragoons.

Thus I was appointed to the army, not on account of any merit of my own; not because I was either morally or physically suited for it; not because I knew one iota of the profession; but first, because my father had interest enough to get me a commission; and secondly, because he had money enough to pay eight hundred and forty pounds for it.

About two months after seeing my name in the Gazette as a cornet of light dragoons, I joined the headquarters of the regiment, which were stationed at a manufacturing town in the north of England. For the first four months I was kept pretty close to the barrack-yard, having to learn all the various drills and exercises. It is an extraordinary anomaly that young officers should be taught all their duties after, and not before, they join a regiment. I have often seen a recently appointed cornet learning to ride in the school — bumping round without stirrups, continually and not gently bullied by the riding-master, and much



laughed at by the men — who, a few hours afterwards, was in command of a troop, or part of a troop at stable duties, the minutiae of which he knew less about than the horses the dragoons were grooming. I defy the men over whom such a youth ought to exercise authority, to have much respect for a lad who does not know the accidence of his profession, and has to learn before their eyes what all of them know perfectly, and what many of them knew before he was born.

I got through my riding-school and drill in about six months; and, in three more, could take command of a troop on a field-day, without making many more mistakes than my neighbours. With this knowledge I began to take a certain degree of interest in my profession, and, had I met with encouragement from my seniors, might have turned out a tolerably good soldier. But, in the light dragoons, as in almost every arm of the service, it was considered vulgar and intolerable to speak upon any subject connected with duty. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the corps was the younger scion of a noble house, who had, by great interest and a large outlay of money, risen to his present position in a very few years. He seemed to consider his regiment his own private property, and took great umbrage if even the authorities at the Horse Guards interfered much with his com-

mand. Being a married man we saw little of him, except on parade or at stables; but, as he gave us all as much leave as we liked, and never bored us with much drill, he was very popular with his officers, and had the reputation throughout the cavalry branch of the service of being a capital good fellow. The fact was, that although very fond of his profession, and very fond of his regiment, the colonel was too sensible a man to attempt impossibilities. Like many other men in his position, he saw that his officers were not soldiers, and that nothing could ever make them soldiers while the present regimental system lasted. The duty of the corps was altogether carried on by the colonel himself, his adjutant — a smart middle-aged man who, like most other cavalry-adjutants, had risen from the ranks and was thoroughly conversant with every thing connected with a dragoon regiment, from the shoeing of a horse to manœuvring in the field — and by the six troop sergeant-majors. The captains knew little respecting either the men or horses of their troops, and the subalterns less. If the colonel or adjutant wanted any information from the captain about those under his command, he was always obliged to ask the troop sergeant-major as the readier means of getting a correct answer. Captains by purchase hardly ever know much about their own men. So absolutely were professional subjects



tabooed amongst my comrades, that it is only after frequenting our mess-table for years, the scorn and contempt with which any topic relating to "shop" is put down, can be believed. At every regimental mess at which I dined (and there are few, amongst cavalry corps, whose hospitality I have not partaken of), the same peculiarity is visible. Horses, dogs, hunting, shooting, racing; the ballet, the peerage; whom this duke married and whom this dowager; Tattersall's; and the sporting magazine, formed the staple of talk and knowledge; but of military tactics, military history, the art of campaigning, of training men and horses for their work, they know nothing, and will not learn, or speak about, or suffer their brother officers to learn. Why this should be the case I know not, but I would as soon think of asking the Archbishop of Canterbury's opinion of the winner of the Derby, or the Lord Chancellor for a criticism on the cut of my trousers, as I would dream of leading the conversation at a mess-table into any military subject. Indeed, one of the first things a lad learns from his companions upon joining a corps, is to designate every kind of duty a bore. To be orderly officer once a week, or once in ten days, is a bore; to have to attend stables, and see — or be supposed to see — the troop-horses groomed for an hour every day, is a bore; to have a couple or three field-days

in ten weeks, is a bore; to be detached as member of a court-martial is an awful bore; and to have to wear uniform in the streets — as is the regulation at Dublin and a few other large towns — is an insufferable bore. Having been denied leave of absence to town during the season; to Doncaster when the St. Leger is about to be run, or to Newmarket for the Cæsarewitch; to Scotland in August, or to Leamington in October; are such superlative bores, that many a patriotic officer has sold out in consequence. Not that such warriors are in the habit of allowing professional sources of annoyance to bore them for any length of time. In this respect they are consistent. They enter the service for their own pleasure and convenience, and leave it for the same reason. I have known even captains of Dragoons cut the concern, as they curtly term it, at a moment's notice; and as for subalterns — to repeat an expression I once heard used by an old Sergeant-Major — "one never knows what cornets or lieutenants may belong to the regiment for any given ten minutes." Nor are these sudden whims exclusively the acts of very young officers. I remember a captain in a cavalry corps who had lately returned from India being refused by his colonel three days' leave to go to London. Five minutes after the refusal, he was in the room of the senior-lieutenant for purchase, asking him what he would



give him if he sold out. "If you send in your papers this afternoon, I'll give you so much" (naming a very large sum), was the reply. The papers were sent in, a cheque was given for the amount agreed upon, and in twenty-four hours the captain was a free man and the lieutenant a captain. In the course of my service, I certainly remember a score, if not more, of officers who retired from the army upon the pique of the moment. Some sold out because their regiment was ordered to Ireland, or to some quarter which they did not like; others for being reprimanded for neglect of duty. In fact, officers consider their commissions to be their own private property — which is certainly the case according to the present system — and that they have a right to sell them, as they were purchased for their own private convenience.

After being about two years in the regiment, I became senior cornet for purchase, and very soon after had an opportunity of obtaining my promotion to lieutenant. What was my fitness for this step? Money; nothing else. Senior to me was an officer who had risen from the ranks, and had seen much active service with the corps when it was in India. This gentleman had been nearly twenty years a soldier; having passed through all the grades of the service, from private soldier to that of cornet and adjutant of his regiment. But,

as he had not the money to purchase his lieutenancy, I, who had only been two years in the army, leapt over his head. Including what my father had paid for my first commission, my rank had now cost me seventeen hundred and sixty pounds. The regulation price of a lieutenancy is eleven hundred and sixty pounds, and by Act of Parliament, as well as by the Queen's Regulations for the Army, to give more than the sum laid down for any commission, is to be guilty of a misdemeanour; nevertheless, there is hardly ever a commission sold in the army for regulation price: double that sum being in many cases given as a bribe to the senior officer. For the seventeen hundred and sixty pounds laid out by my father in my commissions, I received an income of one hundred and sixty-two pounds per annum; but this was nothing like enough even to pay my monthly mess-bills. I was not extravagant; but, on the contrary, was always careful of my money; and yet my actual barrack-yard expenses — that is, all I spent when actually present with my regiment — never came to less than fifty pounds a-month, and few of my companions spent as little as I did. Thus it will be seen that for any, save men with a certain income, to dream of entering a cavalry regiment would be utter madness. In fact, the means which a candidate for such regiments has at his command, are always ascertained at the



Horse Guards before the nomination is made. In infantry regiments the expense of living is not so great, I believe; although even young officers in that branch of the service require from two hundred to three hundred pounds a-year beyond their pay, to enable them to live like their companions and to keep free from debt. In the regiment in which my lot was cast there were only two officers who had no private means; these were the quarter-master and the adjutant. Both these gentlemen had risen from the ranks; and, as each was in the receipt of better pay on account of their situations than the other subalterns; as the colonel excused their attendance at the mess on account of the expense; and as neither were ever asked or expected to join in any subscription to balls, hounds, the regimental-drag, races, steeple-chases, mess-dinners, or other extravagancies, they managed to make the ends meet.

The marketing for promotion which frequently takes place, would, in the commercial world, be called by an ugly name. About four years after I had purchased my lieutenancy, having been then six years in the service, an opportunity occurred of getting my captaincy. I was not the senior subaltern, there being two before me on the list. One of these was the riding-master — a gentleman who had an annuity which enabled him to live with tolerable comfort, but neither he nor his friends had

the requisite amount of capital to purchase a troop. The other officer senior to me had just lost his money at Newmarket, and was therefore obliged to withdraw his name from the list of purchasers. Being third-lieutenant, and only having been six years in the army, I was thought particularly fortunate in being able to obtain my troop; and therefore the captain who wished to retire, determined to make me pay highly to induce him to do so. I had heard that he had given five thousand five hundred pounds for his troop, the regulation price being only three thousand three hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and offered him what he had paid. But the price he asked was six thousand guineas. This sum I thought too much; however, after a great deal of haggling and bargaining, I agreed to pay him six thousand pounds, and to take an old screw of a charger off his hands for a hundred pounds extra. The sale was duly made, and, in a few days, my name appeared in the Gazette as captain by purchase. Once more, by virtue alone of my father's long purse, I passed over two officers much senior to myself. Not once but twenty times have I been present, and still oftener consulted, when bargains of a like nature were struck between my brother officers. Nor have I told the whole tale. When a promotion takes place, not only has the bargain to be struck between the officer actually de-



siring to sell out and him wishing to purchase, but the lower grades, who gain a step by the move, have to furnish their quota of the sum required. Thus, in my own case, although I was responsible to the retiring captain for the whole six thousand pounds, I had to negotiate with the cornet who was to succeed me as lieutenant, in order to induce him to contribute a certain amount for his own promotion, which my purchased step occasioned.

Shortly after I obtained my troop, a practical illustration of what our system of army promotion leads to, occurred in my own case. The head quarters of the regiment I belonged to were stationed at a garrison town in the south of Ireland; and, as it happened to be the season when there are no field-days, several of the officers were absent on leave. In those days, we had only six troops in each cavalry regiment, and, of those belonging to our corps, four were stationed at different out-quarters. The colonel was travelling on the continent, and the major, who in his absence commanded the regiment, was suddenly taken unwell, and proceeded at once to his father's house in the neighbourhood. I being the only captain present at head quarters — and it not being thought advisable to recall any of the other captains from their respective troops at the out-posts — was for upwards of a month in command of the regiment. During this time, I,

of course, was over all the officers present with the corps, amongst whom were the riding-master and adjutant. The latter had been a dragoon, and had risen to the rank of sergeant-major, six years before I was born; even the commission, which by long and good service he had obtained, was awarded him four years before I entered the army. Yet I, by mere dint of purchase-money, commanded this man, whom I could not but feel was in every respect my superior as a soldier. This gentleman had been three or four times wounded in India, wore a couple of medals, and had been mentioned in General Orders. He could never rise to higher rank than he had already attained, for the want of money to go into the regimental market with.

The other officer I mentioned — the riding-master — was the senior lieutenant in the regiment. He had never been in the ranks, having entered the corps when it was in India, where he had seen a great deal of service, some fourteen years before I got my first commission. This officer had purchased both his cornetcy and lieutenancy, but his father having lost his fortune by the failure of a Calcutta bank, was unable to help him with any more money, except a small annual allowance. The consequence was that he remained a lieutenant, although every captain in the regiment, as well as the major, had joined the corps as young-



sters since he entered it, and none of them had ever seen a shot fired in anger; whereas this officer had gone through three campaigns in India.

I remained about six years longer with the regiment, and during that time lived like most of my brother officers. The never-varying monotony of English military life, affords no scope for the working of those energies which seem natural to the Anglo-Saxon race in all countries and all professions. This every officer begins to feel after a certain length of time. So long as the end and aim of existence is hunting, shooting, horse-racing, dining at mess, or making one of a jovial party in London at the Army and Navy Club — known familiarly as the Rag and Famish — a commission in a crack regiment has a certain charm, which to most men, on the younger side of thirty, is most seductive. But after that age, the mind begins to want the realities of life, and to desire some advancement in social position, fortune, or even an increase of responsibilities — even of cares. Thus it is that so many officers leave the service after having been about ten or twelve years in the army exactly at a time when they have learnt their duties and are likely to serve their country with the greatest efficacy.

After ten years of a pleasant, but useless — although, perhaps, not positively wicked — life, I sold out, obtaining from my suc-

cessor, a like sum to what I had paid for my rank, and became once more a private gentleman.

How is it possible that with such a military system, the English army can ever be in time of war useful to the country? I grant that our apprenticeship in the Crimea has taught our troops something of the art of war; but, should they not have known this from the commencement? What should we say of a barrister who, when a brief was put into his hands, began only then to study the law? Or, would we not be greatly surprised at a doctor who, when called to a sick man's bedside, asked for time to consult his medical books?

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## THE PORCUPINE CLUB.

At Constantine, Algeria, there are several clubs or societies of porcupine-hunters, whom the Arabs call hatcheichia, because they smoke hatchich, or hemp, instead of tobacco. The members of these clubs are of Kabyle origin. The title of hatcheichi, or a man who loses his reason by indulgence in smoking, is the cause and the permanent mark of the contempt with which the other natives regard them. To console themselves for the reprobation of the Algerian public, they meet every evening, to howl like wild beasts, and to smoke to the sound of the tom-tom, till they drop to the ground, overcome by the influence of drowsi-



ness and hatchich. Between the different clubs there exists so fierce a rivalry, that, before the taking of Constantine, on the fête-day of spring, the members belonging to the Gate of El-Kantara and of the Gate Jebia used to engage in bloody battles, in which clubs were the only offensive and defensive arms employed. It was worse than the rows at Donnybrook fair, inasmuch as the Arabs are more habitually sanguinary than the Irish. One would have thought that these assassins (as the etymology of their name justifies us in calling them) would have bestowed their hunting aspirations on nobler game than a poor inoffensive porcupine. The French authorities soon put an end to these encounters within the walls of the town, but the hempen coterie contrived to make up for the lost time when they reached the theatre of their sporting operations. Their passion for porcupine-hunting is not easily understood by persons unacquainted with the difficulties they are obliged to overcome in order to take a single head of this prickly game.

The porcupine resembles the badger in its manners and habits; only nature has armed it with a cuirass to protect it from the hyenas and jackals, who often dwell in the same burrow. It digs its retreat to a great depth, and always at the foot of a rock. In the environs of Bougie and Ghelma, the French soldiers caught fabulous quantities of

porcupines, with snares made of brass wire. It is probable that they formerly abounded in the outskirts of Constantine, which are very rocky, and full of burrows swarming with jackals; but the hatcheichia must have exterminated them, since none are left.

The porcupine-hunters generally open their campaign towards the close of winter. As they are obliged to make a march of several days before their sport can begin; as each of these excursions lasts for at least a month, and as they are aware from experience that their habits shut them out from Arab hospitality, they wisely make preparations beforehand. On the eve of the day appointed for their departure, they meet in their club-room, and feast and riot there, till it is time to open the doors and start. Those who are not so fortunate as to take part in the expedition, accompany their confrères a little way, and embrace them on parting as if they were never to behold them again. The sportsmen, ordinarily eight or ten in number, promise to work miracles for the honour of the club, and set off, preceded by one or two donkeys laden with tools and creature-comforts, and followed by two or three couples of almost-always mangy terriers. Each hunter is armed with a stick five feet long, to the extremity of which is fitted a piece of lance-shaped iron with teeth like a saw. This pleasing instrument is in-



tended to spit the enemy, and to drag him out of his hole, as a cork-screw would a cork. The girdles of the most robust adventurers are adorned with iron hammers of all shapes and sizes, whose mission is to widen the runs of the porcupine to admit the entrance of a child ten or twelve years of age, the smallest, puniest, most wiredrawn animal in all creation, who, if he walked upon his hands and feet, would be the perfect image of a turnspit or an otter-hunting Scotch terrier. This abortion is covered from head to foot with a leather dress (which is his armour of proof, that makes him look like an overgrown spider). He is the hero, the Hercules of the band; for his unfailing duty is to attack the prey.

The porcupine-slayers march for several days over mountain and plain, sleeping beneath the starry vault slightly protected by some tolerant douar, which, as a great favour allows them to encamp within gunshot distance. At last they arrive at a burrow which they know of, or which has been pointed out to them. The presence of the porcupine is betrayed by sundry quills which he has let fall; his habitual points of exit and entrance are betrayed by numerous foot-steps. There can be no doubt about the matter; this tenement is inhabited. The dogs, uncoupled, disappear in the mouths of the burrow, and, immediately that they give tongue, the sportsmen answer

with a joyous hurrah, and prepare their arms to besiege the place. When all is ready for opening the trenches, they look out for the biped who plays the part of terrier; but in vain. He and his lance have disappeared. It is useless to interrogate the echoes around by calling him by the tenderest names. The support, the pride, and the hope of the expedition remains invisible.

Whilst the hunters, believing him lost, are giving way to their despair, the dogs rush out of the burrow, with their wiry hair standing on end; and then, after the dogs, appears at first a foot, and then a leg, advancing backwards, and soon afterwards the lengthy body and the head of the child, who throws into the midst of his companions a porcupine almost as big as himself and as lively as can be, although transfixed. After killing the animal, he is regularly prepared for the spit, the entrails being replaced with aromatic plants, mingled with a few handfuls of salt. The object of this operation is to make the porcupine keep till the end of the campaign, in order that he may figure on the table of the club at Constantine. It ought to be mentioned that things do not always go off so well, and that more frequently it takes several days' hard work and siege to catch the animal, — if, and when, he is caught. For it sometimes happens that the runs are so narrow and the rocky



walls so hard, that in spite of the crow-bars, the hammers, and the heated passions of the assailants, the child, however capital a ferret he may be, is unable to reach the porcupine's last retreat, and the siege is unwillingly obliged to be raised. In this way the sportsmen scour the circles of Constantine, Ghelma, and Bône; they even penetrate as far as the circle of La Calle, sixty leagues from their starting point. Their expeditions are more or less lucky and productive; and, if they sometimes return with a dozen head of game, which furnish materials for feasting during several days, on other occasions a month's journey of fatigue and privation results in the capture of a single porcupine.

In such cases, the members of the club meet as usual to celebrate their comrades' return. The animal is served roasted, on a wooden dish, and placed in the middle of the assembly, who are grouped in a circle around it contemplating its beauties with intense satisfaction. The president invites his right hand neighbour to help himself; the polite epicure just touches the edge of the dish with the tips of the fingers of his right hand, moves them towards his lips, and says, "I have had enough." All the other guests follow his example, and fall to on the couscousson and the dates which surround the dish of honour. Then they sing in head-splitting style, with an accompaniment of tom-toms and clap-

ping of hands, in celebration of their own exploits, past, present, and to come. The hemp-pipe finishes the rest of the business. The club meets again next day, the day after the next, and every day the same, till the neighbours begin to complain of the disturbance made by the hatchichia during the night, and of the insupportable infection inhaled by the porcupine now passed to the putrefactive phase, — higher than the highest six-weeks-old hare, or grouse sent by coach in August from the moors of Caithness to the valleys of Cornwall, — till the police is obliged to interfere at last, and turn both the game and its captors out of doors, to open their sittings in some other locality.

As the porcupiners wage no more than two or three campaigns annually, they practise hedgehog-hunting during the intervals, just to keep themselves and their dogs in training. When the weather is fine, and the moon promises well, they start from Constantine in the afternoon with a few couple of terriers, and beat the country all night long. When a dog falls upon a hedgehog's track, he gives tongue, and is joined by the others, who hunt in a pack, exactly as if they were after a stag or a boar. When the creature finds he is caught, he rolls himself up like a prickly muff, opposing the spines which cover him to the teeth of his pursuers. One of the hunters seizes him with the flap of his burnous,



puts him into his hood, and the chase goes on till morning dawns.

Porcupine-hunting is looked down upon, not for the fault of the creature itself, but because of the disreputable habits of the persons who usually make it their object of sport. Another wild animal is scorned as a quarry, on account of its own intrinsic despicability. "Cowardly as a hyena," is an Arab proverb. Perhaps, however, the main cause is the universal hatred which this odious beast inspires, arises from its habit of violating graves. Whether resurrection-men or hyenas are concerned, the feeling is the same in the popular mind. What else can we do, but execrate the insulters and devourers of what remains of those we have loved most dearly on earth? Now, the hyena, who fears to attack any other creature than a solitary, wretched, ailing, half-starved dog, not daring to make an onslaught on a flock of sheep, the vile hyena disinters the dead, and eats their very bones. Is it likely that such a beast should meet with anything but detestation? As a precautionary measure, which is not always effectual, the Arabs bury their dead very deep. In some districts, they even build two vaults for the reception of one body, putting their precious deposit in the lower one. Consequently, the skin of so dastard an animal is looked upon as valueless. In the majority of tents it would be re-

fused admittance, for fear it should bring bad luck with it.

The lowest Arabs will eat hyena's flesh, which, by the way, is not particularly good; but they are very careful not to touch the head, and hold the brain in especial abhorrence, believing that such contact would suffice to make them lose their senses. They sometimes amuse themselves with chasing it on horseback, and allow their harriers to worry it to death without doing it the honour to fire a shot. The gun would be contaminated.

One fine August morning M. Gérard, riding in search of nobler prey, whilst meditating his plans, observed the approach of a bristling, repulsive-looking, limping animal, — a hyena which, surprised by daylight, ashamed of himself and out of countenance — was regaining his fortress or burrow with a hobbling step. The lion-killer had left his gun in the hands of his Arab attendant; and, having no other weapon than his sabre, he drew it from its scabbard and charged the brute, which darted away and disappeared amidst the wayside bushes, at the foot of a rock. M. Gérard dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and soon found a hole which he was delighted to recognise as an ancient quarry, high enough and broad enough to admit his passing along it upright and with his arms at liberty. In two minutes, the two new acquaintances were face to face, and so close that the party most



anxious for the introduction could feel the end of his sabre bitten by teeth; but he could see nothing, the hole was so dark. He knelt down, closed his eyes for an instant, and, on opening them, could distinguish the animal sufficiently to know where to strike. The great difficulty was to draw from its mouth the point of the sabre, which it continued to hold fast; then, as soon as it let it go, he plunged the blade into its chest up to the handle. A sort of muffled grunt was the only response; and when the blade was drawn from its body, the animal was dead. Just as M. Gérard was about to seize the carcase by the foot, to drag it into the open air, he heard a confused sound of voices at the quarry's mouth, proceeding from his guide and a group of reapers, who had seen him charge the hyena and dismount at the foot of the rock. When the Arab beheld the blade of the sabre red with the blood of the animal, he said,

"Thank heaven, for causing me to remain behind with your gun, and never again make use of your sabre in warfare; it would betray you." As the Frenchman did not appear to understand the meaning of the speech, the guide added,

"An Arab, when he finds a hyena in his hold, takes a handful of cow-dung and holds it out to the brute, saying, 'Come; let me make you pretty with some henna on the tips of your charm-

ing fingers.' The hyena offers its paw, the Arab seizes it, drags it out, gags it, and gives it to the women and children of the douar to stone to death, as a cowardly and unclean animal."

M. Gérard, without literally believing every syllable told by his guide, easily comprehended that he had made a mistake which would require a brilliant reparation in order to put a stop to scandal and ill-natured remarks amongst the tribes; but he actually witnessed an occurrence which proved that his follower had not spoken altogether falsely. Having met one day with a troop of porcupine-hunters laying siege to a burrow, he dismounted to watch the catastrophe. After several hours of terrible labour, a hyena was caught and dragged out by a child only twelve years of age, who had plunged his lance two feet deep in the animal's body. European sportsmen would have been proud of such a feat. Squire Pettisesshuns, on receiving a letter from his son, with the news that the cadet of the family had slain a hyena in the Algerian wilderness, would take care to publish the glorious bulletin at all the dinner-tables for two unions round. The hatcheichia were annoyed and humiliated: annoyed, because the omen was bad, in their eyes; and humiliated, because the Arabs of the neighbourhood, whom curiosity had drawn together to witness the sport, overwhelmed them



with scornful, and sarcastic jokes. It is needless to add that the animal was left on the spot, to be devoured by his fellows, and that the sportsmen shifted their quarters to get out of the way of the invectives of the Arabs, as well as to look out for better game elsewhere.

The hyena never walks out alone; you always meet with them two together. When their mouths begin to water for a morsel of dog, they go and prowl about some douar which happens to be located in a wooded country. The female posts herself behind a bush, and the male purposely shows himself to the dogs, who charge him gallantly as he makes his retreat to the ambuscade occupied by his better half. Madame makes her appearance at the nick of time, and catches, strangles, and devours on the spot the dog whose ardour has led him the nearest to her spouse. It sometimes happens that the Arabs interfere, and cudgel to death these dog-loving ogresses; who, however, seldom indulge in such amusements, except after a fast of several days.

As there is sport which every Arab will not, so are there modes of the chace which every Arab may not indulge in. Falconry in Algeria is the privilege of the great and powerful. The persons who passionately follow it, are the descendants of noble and military families who have rallied round the standard of France, in order to preserve, or obtain,

command. Whatever may be the influence or the fortune of a native, he cannot, unless he be in some degree noble or of well-established courage, devote himself to the art of falconry without running the risk of being turned into ridicule, and sometimes of being molested by his own people. A falconer, named Abdallah, one of the bravest cavaliers of the tribe of the Mahatla — which is saying a good deal — related to M. Gérard an anecdote in point.

“In the course of the same year,” he said, “in which Algeria fell into the power of the Christians, my cousin Lakdar and myself took it into our heads to mystify a cheik of the Ouled-Bou-Ghanem, our neighbour, who, although a mere nobody, presumed to train falcons. For this purpose, we took a couple of eaglets which we knew of in their eyrie, and trained them to fly at the young falcons which our shepherds brought us every day. When we judged the education of our birds to be sufficiently advanced, we sent one of our trusty people to discover from the cheik’s followers when he was likely to begin hawking. Having learned the appointed place and day, Lakdar and myself set off before the dawn, driving in front of us the ass which carried our hooded eagles, and a few falcons to lure them back when required. We were at the rendezvous long before the cheik and his people arrived, close by the Oued-Mel-lègh, where they meant to hunt



the bustard. As the tamarind-trees which fringe the stream allowed us to follow the chace without being observed, we regulated our march by that of the sportsmen. A flock of bustards soon took to wing before the horsemen, who were beating the plain. Four falcons were successively let fly, and a bustard was instantly singled out and vigorously attacked.

"It was not long before our eagles, unhooded, caught sight of the chace, and directed their flight towards it, at first heavily and in a direct line, afterwards more rapidly and in circling sweeps, which gradually brought them together as they rose in the air. After fastening our ass to a tamarind-tree, we directed our course up the stream, in order to keep the scene of action better in view. The bustard, separated from the flock, and, vigorously attacked by the four falcons in concert, had no other means of safety except to keep above them. It rose, therefore, vertically, to such an altitude that it looked no bigger than a pigeon, while the birds who pursued it so furiously sometimes looked like grasshoppers, and sometimes were altogether lost to view. The two eagles once arrived in these lofty regions, became so completely confounded in the chace, that it was impossible to distinguish them from the other birds. The cheik and his cavalcade were waiting in the plain, with their eyes directed towards the

sky, watching like us the issue of the aërial combat. Suddenly we thought we heard distant piercing and repeated cries; soon afterwards we could see a black body, which increased in size as it approached nearer to us, sometimes struggling violently, and then descending vertically to the lower regions. We were then able to distinguish our two eagles with expanded wings suffering themselves to be dragged downward by the weight of the bustard, which, with drooping legs and closed wings, fell towards the earth, without giving the slightest sign of life. In vain we gazed in search of the cheik's falcons; they had disappeared. Our whole attention was then directed towards the cavaliers. The instant when the bustard and the eagles fell whistling into the midst of the wide circle formed by the cheik and his train, a long shout of 'treason!' froze us with terror. We remembered, but too late, that in the hurry of letting loose our birds, the leash had been left on the foot of one of them. Several men had dismounted, and were folding their burnous in such a way that they could catch the eagles without being hurt by them.

"Our only hope of escape was by flight, which we took to as fast as our legs could carry us, without bestowing a thought on the ass, which nevertheless, was destined to save my life that eventful day. We had been running for nearly an hour, always



up stream, and without quitting the trees which skirt the river, when we perceived four horsemen a couple of hundred paces behind us, and further off, the cheik's whole cavalcade. They had followed our track at full trot and gallop. Further flight was impossible; we endeavoured to hide ourselves. Lakdar chose a tuft of tamarinds and brambles; as for me, I slipped down to the river's bed. I walked in till I was up to my neck in water, and could stand with my head hidden beneath the aquatic plants which overhung the bank. I was scarcely installed in my snugger, before I heard the footsteps of horses and the voice of a sportsman shouting to the cheik's people, 'Come this way; we are on their track! Their footsteps are as plain as daylight. They are two sons of dogs together!' A sharp galloping and the neighing of the horses heated by a long run, announced the arrival of the cheik and of every one belonging to him.

"'Let ten men,' he said, 'instantly go forward till they lose the track. Then, and not before, they will halt, and keep military guard on both banks of the river. You, my children, will dismount; follow the steps of these wretches, pistol in hand, and bring them to me alive if you possibly can.'

"At this order, I felt sure that it was all over with Lakdar. My position was better than his, and I retained the hope of surviving and avenging him. Then only I

became aware that my feet were sinking in the mud, and that the water, which at first scarcely covered my shoulders, began to moisten my lips. They say that he who knows not fear, is not a man. Well; that day, I was afraid, not so much on account of the threats of the enemy who were pursuing us so furiously, as of dying by the death of drowning. My personal meditations were interrupted by a shot, followed by imprecations and several other shots. My cousin, finding that he was discovered, had fired his pistol at the group which surrounded him, and which, in spite of the cheik's prohibition, could not restrain itself from returning the fire. The few words I was able to catch, amidst the disturbance which took place around me, gave me to understand that Lakdar was not killed, and that they were dragging him to the cheik's presence. Unable to contain myself, and anxious, even at the risk of being caught, to know what they were going to do to him, I was on the point of quitting my place of refuge, when a couple of men leapt into the river's bed.

"'He came down this way,' said the first, pointing to my footsteps on the sand.

"'He entered the water here,' said the other, advancing towards the edge of the stream, in which I remained motionless only ten paces off, peeping at him through the foliage which covered my head. 'It is singular,' he con-



tinued, 'there are no more footsteps visible in the river's bed. Can he have crept in, and hidden himself?'

"At that moment I heard some one walking on the bank above my head, and saying to the fellow who was searching after me, 'Mohammed, the cheik has sent me to fetch you, because there is not one of the cavaliers in company who has so good a knife as yours.'

"What for?' rejoined the other.

"To decapitate the dog whom we have just caught,' replied the envoy.

"The prospect of cutting off a man's head got the upper-hand of the ardour with which these wretches were ferreting me out, and lured them away instantly; thus delivering me from the most frightful position in which I ever happened to be in my life. According to what I had just heard, my cousin was on the point of losing his head, and I was unable to succour him in the least. Fully persuaded that the men who had departed a minute ago would return after the execution was over, and conscious of the impossibility of finding any other retreat without leaving traces of having shifted my quarters, I determined to stop where I was. A root which I had observed beneath the bank, and over my head, rendered me the service of hanging by it, and of taking a position less dangerous than my former one. After the uproarious

shouts and laughter caused by the triple execution which took place behind me, I thought I could hear the horses' footsteps travelling away from the brook, and then all was silent.

"Time fled, and with it the sun, who set and disappeared. Then came the twilight, and soon a few stars were twinkling in the sky. I crept softly out of my retreat, and cautiously stole up the river's bank. I listened — I looked in every direction — nothing. Not a sound, except the croaking of the frogs; not a living creature, except a few jackals prowling around poor Lakdar's body, which I found horribly mutilated, and flanked on each side by one of our eagles, also decapitated like himself. Having first made sure that I was quite alone, I wrapped up my cousin's body and head in my burnous, took it on my shoulders, and directed my steps towards the spot where we had fastened our ass in the morning. I found it in the same place, browsing the grass at the foot of the tamarind-tree. I made use of the rope which was twisted round my head to fasten my precious burthen more securely. I then marched straight across the plain in order to gain a pathway which ought to lead me to our douar before daybreak. I had continued my journey for about four hours without meeting with anything, but always followed by a small party of jackals, whom the smell of blood kept on my track, when the ass stopped short,



pricking its ears, and trembling at every limb.

"I instantly perceived, not far before me, and on the path, a pair of shining eyes, as bright as burning coals. Accustomed to these sort of encounters, I made haste to cut the cords which held Lakdar's body on the ass's back. I hoisted it on my shoulders, as before, and struck across country, leaving the poor brute chained to the spot, by the effect of terror. When I was about a hundred paces off, I heard a noise which sounded like the fall of a heavy body violently dashed to the ground; then a sort of rattling in the throat; and then, nothing. The lion had accepted the sacrifice which I offered him. I was re-assured on my own account, and after making a considerable circuit, I regained the path which I had left."

The story ends with the vengeance which Abdallah and his friends took on the murderers. This was as ample and complete as the most merciless barbarian could desire.

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## TWELVE MILES FROM THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

WE are no Cockneys down here. For miles between us and the first tokens of the great city cattle find pasture, and the plough is driven a-field. There is a story of a soldier who once heard the great clock of St. Paul's strike thirteen times, from his

post some twenty miles off, and, being accused of sleeping at midnight, was enabled entirely to clear himself by proving that the clock of St. Paul's did actually, in some eccentric fit, strike thirteen times upon the night in question. But however this may have been, no one ever heard the clock of Saint Paul's in our village, let the air be ever so humid, or the wind from that quarter ever so gusty; and we are quite sure that Bow bells are out of the question. There is not a boy in all Rutstead parish who would not take off his jacket upon this question, and the old people have a horror of metropolitan habits, which no man out of Rutstead could rightly understand. We have a figurative expression that the Londoners live by cutting one another's throats, which principally refers to their commercial rivalries; but Miss Bunbury, for one, does literally believe it. At the Guy Earl of Warwick, which we call familiarly the Guy, you may generally hear some one in the parlour discoursing of our intercourse with the metropolis in pre-railwayite-days, when as many as thirty coaches, besides vehicles of other kinds, used to pass our doors within the twenty-four hours, startling the inhabitants with noisy horns, or the cheers of school-boys going home. But they have dwindled down into a single carrier's cart—a creaking, dawdling, bony-horsed thing, which rings a cracked bell as it



passes through the place, evidently on its last wheels. Our last stage-coach only ceased running a few winters ago. It was a remarkably comfortable conveyance, when it did not turn over upon the brink of the chalk-pits (which the parish, by large majorities, declines to rail in); and if the railway had come near us, instead of stealing all our traffic, and leaving us at last in the lurch, it would have had no chance against it. I am quite sure of that; and why? Because we all knew the coachman, and would never have dreamed of withdrawing our support (we never regard any of our dealings but in the light of a support to somebody or something;) while the man was civil; and he was invariably civil, and, moreover, had a large family. He was a thin man, with a wrinkled face, and short, grey hair, who did duty sometimes as a post-boy, in a blue jacket and white cords, and drove people at weddings; but was as unlike my idea of a jolly old coachman as any one I ever saw; though he was not out of keeping with the faded and contracted aspect of coaching in those latter days. He was related to two well-known jockeys, and would have gone into that line himself if he had been a trifle lighter, or had been capable of any reduction in flesh by the usual process of sweating down. But he was a real coachman, full of the traditions of the road, and as ignorant of what time of day

you might mean by eight forty-five, as if you had spoken of a decimal fraction. His time for starting was a quarter before nine; but if any passenger happened to be shaving at that moment, what gentleman could reasonably refuse to wait about a little? John Jarvis was his name upon that road which knoweth him no more; for he is dead, and Mrs. Jarvis has got into an almshouse; and the large family have gone out to service; and even the coach, after a struggle with the heavy roads and high prices of one winter, now lies abandoned in a wheelwright's yard, cracked, paintless, broken-windowed, and with a rich crop of moss and houseleek upon its mouldering roof.

When the railway proposed to come near us, we passed resolutions at the Guy, and instructed a lawyer to oppose. The coaching interest, which comprised one-half of the inhabitants, said, of course, that there was abundant accommodation already; and the rector said that the railway would bring down all the loose characters in London on Sundays, and take all the respectable people in the village up to town; and Mr. Grinstone, the great landed proprietor, declared that scarcely any sum of money could compensate him for the injury and annoyance he would have to suffer if the hateful scheme were carried out. We raised such a cry, that I verily believe our village was the cause of the railway



engineer suddenly striking out a new course through the marshes, on the other side of a ridge of hills. Nobody repents of that opposition, except Mr. Grinstone, who is now known to have been willing all along to capitulate on advantageous terms. But the country itself is staunch and true. Gentlemen in the House of Commons, in whom we were once proud to recognise an exalted embodiment of our opinions, have deserted our cause again and again; but we are unchanged. What those opinions are, no man who is skilled in the interpretation of hints and signs could fail to know, after remaining an hour among us. Ask old Nelby, the job-master, and proprietor of the solitary fly that stands for hire in these parts, and who has the gouty and lame completely at his mercy. He is not saucy (nobody in our village is), but he knows what is usual, and consequently what is right. Four shillings has been the fare from the corner of Guttlebury Lane to the Black Lion in Swillstead, ever since he can remember; and he has repeatedly said, in the parlour of the Guy, and in the presence of a strongly sympathising audience, that he would not take his own father for a sixpence less. No more he would; for I have seen him, even when driving back empty, and without the hope of another offer, refuse to take up a dusty Londoner, who ignorantly tendered him three-and-six as an ultimatum. A chit! chit! to his

highly respectable old grey horse was the only answer which he deigned to make to that ill-advised proposal.

If this does not give you an idea of our opinions, you can ask Chaffers, who had the folly and impudence to come over from Buffborough (a good three miles), on purpose to set up a branch grocery-store in our village, where he was neither born nor reared, and had no influence nor connections whatever. He tried to wean us from dealing with Pidden (as kind-hearted a creature as ever breathed, and worth money), by writing up Town Prices in his window, and putting up a sunblind, and having the footway in front of his door watered every day. He had the meanness to offer to undersell Pidden in everything. He put in his window pinker ham than Pidden's — having found out that ham was Pidden's weak point — and showed loaf-sugar at sixpence, of a dazzling purity. He offered new-laid eggs at a shilling a-dozen (Pidden, who keeps fowls, has let many a dozen get musty, rather than do it); and pretended to grind his coffee fresh every day, because he had heard that Pidden, who knew there was a time for all things, always ground his for the week, on Monday mornings. He tried to outdo poor Pidden in everything, and has had as many as four candles all burning at once in his shop. But a universal sympathy grew up for Pidden. We could not



tamely see him crushed by a stranger, who had no business there. It was cruel, scandalous; it was mean, despicable, untradesmanlike; it was anything and everything but staunch and true. We found out Chaffers' paltry little handbills stuck up on the sides of barns, and on fences and posts all along the highway, and we daubed them out, or wrote offensive remarks beneath them. We taunted him with wanting to take the bread out of Pidden's mouth, and would be glad to know (and we felt it to be our business to inquire, and Chaffers' to explain) how Pidden was to keep his two unmarried daughters in respectability, and pay rent and taxes upon town prices? Chaffers only came over from Buffborough three times a-week; some said he was ashamed to show his face there. People made observations upon his personal defects, and that he looked a sneak, and that you could generally tell. We found out that his wife had an income of her own (Pidden's late wife had not a farthing, and cost him a fortune in doctors); so we said it was plain that he did not do it from necessity, but evidently from downright greediness. I am sure we were much more concerned about it than Pidden himself, who disdained to employ the arts of his opponent, but left himself confidently in the hands of his neighbours and customers; and no wonder; for he flourished under it amazingly. Everyone

grew extravagant in grocery, to give Pidden a turn. Even old Miss Bunbury, who had learnt frugality in the days of the East India Company and convoys, would shake a third spoonful into the teapot, with a remark that trade would be the better for it, meaning, of course, Pidden's trade. Chaffers' representative was a silly-looking, florid young man, who wetted his red hair, and brushed it all off his forehead. Our boys used to look through the window, and make faces at him, and he always laughed, in a weak, sheepish manner, which showed that he was ashamed of his position there. We did not dislike the young man at all; but when we heard he was miserably underpaid we pitied him, and learned to distinguish between him and Chaffers. He told us frankly that he did not like the place, and Chaffers was no better than a negro-driver; though he was always so afraid that the tyrant would drop in upon him from Buffborough, that it was quite painful to talk to him. But it did not last long. One day, Chaffers suddenly discharged the florid young man; and Pidden, with a calm dignity, unalloyed with the smallest atom of vindictiveness, saw, from his shop-window, all the unsold stock go back to Buffborough, in a van.

After this, I need scarcely say that we have the strongest dislike to meanness or shabby dealings of any kind. Nobody likes Spokes,



the wheelwright, for example, who employs a number of boys, while men with families continually ask him for employment; and who is always taking in people who never served their time to the trade. And what do you suppose we thought of Mr. Simmer, the new curate, who actually (it was when the bread was so dear) told John Hitchman, a poor labouring man, down the lane, with nine children, to let his wife know that stinging nettles boiled down with a little dripping, made a very wholesome and palatable dish? John Hitchman told them all about it at the beer-shop, and it came to the ears of everybody, and we said it was infamous. It was telling a Christian man, who had brought up nine children for his country's benefit, to betake himself to the food of brutes. Nay, the very donkeys on the common shrank from contact with the odious weed which a Christian minister had not hesitated to recommend as a fit nourishment for the bodies of his poor parishioners. Was the fleshy tenement of an immortal spirit to be kept up upon stinging nettles? We asked how the Reverend Mr. Simmer would like to have his tongue, and palate, and throat irritated to inflammation by stinging nettles? and did not care a pin for his answer, that he had tried and found them very good. We know how grandes, like the Reverend Mr. Simmer, having made an appointment to taste the workhouse

soup, always found it excellent, and talk lightly of the labours of bricklaying, after setting first stones with a silver trowel. We made observations on his conduct in a loud voice when he happened to be near. We stared so hard at him, when he accidentally alluded to Nebuchadnezzar in his sermon, that he drew out his delicate white cambric handkerchief, and made such a long pause, that everybody thought the sermon was done. John Hitchman happened to be there that day (he attended church regularly during the excitement), sitting in one of the free seats, wiping his forehead with a tattered, blue, cotton rag; and everybody was struck with the contrast, and made his own reflections. Public opinion chalked itself upon the walls of Mr. Simmer's house; till one day the rector told him, that without any reference whatever to the merits of the case, it was unfortunately evident that he was not popular in the parish, and that he must therefore see the necessity of resigning. So he went away; and his true character came out afterwards, when he published a book on population, which competent judges residing in the parish have pronounced to be a disgrace to him as a minister and a man.

Spry, the policeman, who lives up stairs, at the shoemaker's, is equally the object of our contempt and detestation. It is nothing to us that the mere presence of Spry makes our property as



safe as if it were under guard in the Tower of London. We will grant you that, under the protection of old Cumpton, the late constable of the parish, the very doors of our houses, and the gates of our gardens, have been unhinged and carried away for firewood; and nobody dared to go down Guttlebury Lane after dark; for selfinterest does not blind us to what is mean and unmanly. We all hate Spry, and never miss an opportunity of reviling him as a pitiful fellow and a sneak. He never looks you in the face, like an honest man; and has a nasty, shuffling, sidelong walk, which particularly annoys Miss Bunbury, who always speaks of him as that reptile Spry, and who, though she did reluctantly call him in one night, turned him out again the moment she had discovered that there were no thieves in her back kitchen, but only a stray bantam from the next garden. We have seen him in plain clothes peeping through the crevice of the tap-room door of the Guy; and have watched him standing in the sun, with his back to a wall, lazily cutting a whistle out of a bit of reed, and everybody knew that the artful fellow had some business in hand. We have come upon him in out-of-the-way places, and have suddenly found him walking beside us, in a manner that makes your blood run cold. There is not a boy in our part that would associate with Spry; but he does not care

for that. Since he managed to get noted for promotion as an active and intelligent officer, he calls us all civilians, and seems to enjoy his own isolation.

But we have another quarrel with Spry, which I will just mention, in further illustration of our opinions. Spry was originally no more a policeman than you are. He is by trade (as we always express it) a cooper. His father was a cooper; his grandfather was a cooper; and the Sprys have all been coopers (except one, who went to sea), ever since they came into the village. But this Spry actually deserted the calling of his ancestors, and, on the shabby excuse that coopering wasn't what it used to be, entered the police force, and lost caste among us for ever. Now, if Spry's father had been a policeman — if he had been the son of Cumpton, the late constable, who died childless, at an advanced age; or if he could have shown the slightest relationship with any person whose business it had been to prowl about, and take his neighbours into custody, we might have endured it, and come to look upon him as a necessary institution in a corrupt state of society. But Spry had no such excuse, or did not care to mention it, if he had. He does not care a fig for the example of the coaching interest, who are true to their calling, to a boy. They hang about the steps of the Guy, and loiter round its moss-grown, broken-windowed outbuildings,



still clinging with a fanatical faith to the hope of the final disappearance of railways, and triumphant restoration of four-in-hands. Their linen jackets are in tatters, and their shoes are soleless; but there they lie, on sunny days, basking under the red-brick wall, or fast asleep in shady corners. But see them if a cart or chaise should stop there! Only a fortnight ago, there drove up to that door a dusty four-wheeled vehicle, containing one lean gentleman, who, to the wonderment of all, desired to stay there for the night. Then the coaching people sprang upon their feet, and came about him; and four of them unharnessed his rough, shaggy pony, and led him tenderly in; and two held the traveller's carpet-bag, and one his whip; while the traveller himself went in, and was swallowed up in the gloomy vastness of that ancient hostelry. He must have been a strange man, for he decided to stay there a whole week, giving, by his single presence, an unwonted stimulus to the trade of our village. Great, therefore, was the grief of all when he went away. The coaching interest looked after him till the diminished forms of pony, chaise, and man, disappeared over the hill-top, and the sound of his wheels died away. Will he ever come again? Some think he will; but others shake their heads, and say it may be many a day first. But they will wait patiently, and so will the Guy. Its bar has con-

tracted, and its whole life shrunk into one dismal corner of the building. But its fifteen beds are still made up, and, we are proud to say, that its extensive accommodation for man and beast has never been reduced.

I do not know whether it be a natural consequence of our steady adherence to those principles, which I have faintly indicated; but it appears to me that all the inhabitants of Rutstead, either make money and die well off, or else live in great poverty and dependence, till after going into the union and coming out again, and hovering about that splendid building, like dazzled moths, they are finally drawn into it, and slowly consumed. Our chemist, who sells human-medicine and horse-medicine, besides tobacco, pepper, and other articles of domestic use, is publicly known to have made money in that dusty and deserted shop of his. He is not an active man; he spends more time in picking pimples on his face, than in anything else; and he has a wife who gets dirty, dog's-eared Minerva Press novels from a sweet-stuff shop across the road, and reads them again and again; and, addressing the unknown author of *A Year and a Day*, in four volumes, writes in pencil, at the foot of his most eloquent chapters, "Oh, why wert thou not a poet!" She is no help to him in the business, and he mildly observes that some people like a shop, while others never take



to it! How he made money with such notions, I know not, but everybody knows he has. So has Grimshaw, the butcher, though I never saw four joints hanging up at once in his clean-swept shop, which, with the tree before the door, and its footway paved with pebbles, is as pretty a place as you will find in our neighbourhood. He never ventures to expel the vital spark — which he professionally regards as a something which keeps sweet the flesh of sheep or beeves — until he has gone round on horseback to all his customers, and satisfied himself that their united orders amount to a whole animal. Again, there is Groyn, the builder, who owns half the houses within five miles round, and who is a staunch upholder of our principles, — as sturdy a defender of his right to build for every one within that distance as the heart of our village could desire. He smokes, and plays at bowls and skittles, at the Guy, and boasts in his cups that he can buy and sell Grinstone, the landed proprietor, and shouts it out loud enough to be heard by Grinstone, in his pillared mansion over the way; and I have no doubt he could, though he never cared a pin for poor Richard's maxims, and, as far as I can see, ought to have been bankrupt long ago. He is a notorious gormandiser, though only for the public benefit. Live and let live, he says, is his notion; and, when he is stuffing more than usual, he will keep

repeating that noble-spirited maxim, and will give it you on every occasion with such an air of being then struck with the idea for the first time in his life, that if any one at the same table hurled one of the dishes at his head in a moment of rage, I could understand it. There is such a disagreeable self-possession about him, when he is not eating — such an embarrassing air of knowing what you are going to say, and smiling deprecatingly before you say it, that I abhor him from my soul. Why should that man flourish, and have the gout for weeks together, when Spokes, the wheelwright, works early and late, and cannot make both ends meet; and poor, old Mrs. Weeks has forty-three direct descendants, all living, who could not, altogether, prevent her selling her old walnut chest of drawers, and antique piece of needlework, and going into the union at eighty-five?

But if I were in the mood for asking peevish questions about what I see and know in our village, this paper would never come to an end. I might desire to know why beggars enjoy so sacred a character among us, and know it so well, that we dare not say our gardens are our own. They open our gates, and come round and bully us at our back doors, and even quote Scripture at us, until we tremble in our shoes. Why does a tyrannical public opinion compel us to bear this meekly, and forbid us to send them up



the lane to Mr. Colewort, the market gardener, who is generally in want of hands. I might ask why we have four chapels and a Mormonite cobbler's, where the elect meet nightly, and whence, in long processions, singing merry hymns to vulgar tunes, they go forth to publicly baptise grown men and women in a horse-pond by the roadside, and not a solitary school within two miles. And if I did not know this last fact to be true, I might ask why we are so prejudiced and ignorant — so proud of being out of the sound of Bow bells, and so united to resist all projects of improvement — why, within twelve miles from the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, London, we nail horseshoes over doors, and have a public excitement about a ghost now and then — or why poor widowed Mrs. Cottle, when the Mormon elders met together and formally cursed her for some trifling disobedience, went melancholy, and tried to hang herself, and failed at first; until, after moping about for months, she hung herself effectually; whereon, the wrathful elders met again, and were much edified but unappeased.

### HOBBIES.

HOBBIES are, in the intellectual and moral world, what horses are supposed to be in the material: you may judge of a man's (intellectual or moral) wealth by the

number he affords to keep. I myself keep a stable-full of fifty; and this definition is the apple of the eye of one. It does not by any means express a commonly-received opinion. Why is that, when everybody, commonly, is so much in the right? It happens in this way: one man's hobby bores all those among his neighbours who are not so lucky as to have its match. When people are bored, they are unable to keep their judgments well in hand; they form opinions without patience, and at random; in fact, they misjudge. Thus it is that, in this matter, except when a man pronounces an opinion upon himself, there is no getting at truth and justice.

It so happens that Mrs. Stickleback — Mrs. Honor Stickleback, lady of Jehoiachim Z. Stickleback, Esq., myself, much at your service — Mrs. S. happens to have cherished, for the last two years, the noblest pair of piebald ponies; call them hobbies if you will. There is nobody upon earth by whom those ponies are understood and appreciated so completely as by Mrs. Stickleback; and they are maintained, let me add, wholly at her own expense, out of her private jointure. Let any feeling person judge how out of patience my dear lady was, when, some months ago, the house opposite ours, in Crotchet Place, was taken by a foreign person, Mrs. Inderella, who drives four cream-coloured — I was going to say



mice. Since the turn-out first stood before our window, I have had, every day, mice for breakfast, mice for dinner, mice for tea. Were Mrs. Stickleback the owner of the creams, and Mrs. Inderella mistress of the piebalds, I know who would drive four-in-hand with passing state, and dash by the piebalds if she overtook them on the road, with the pride of a woman who is mistress of their betters. Now, when the ladies meet, each with her team in front of her, as it has been well said by the bard —

O gracious Muse!

What kindling motions in their breasts  
do fry!

And yet the ponies are good ponies, the whole six of them.

Even so are the hobbies of our neighbours good hobbies; a great many, no doubt, are blind, and some are lame; none are short-winded. But, after allowing an extreme percentage for disease (and the diseases of hobbies are worth studying), there remains enough to stock the country with a sound and wholesome breed.

Now, let me drop the material side of the argument, which is mere figure of speech, to become intellectual and moral. I maintain that a man's hobbies are his spiritual vertebræ, that they compose the back-bone and the marrow of his character. A man with a hobby or two, sleek and well kept, is well to do in his mind; is to that extent, although it may be in no other respect, mentally respectable. A man's

hobby is the point upon which he is strong, and we respect strength. But it is more than that. Mrs. Stickleback, who derives her information from the lady's maid, knows the private affairs of most people living in our street. Let me then, profiting by her knowledge, put my case in the form of three or four examples.

As the attic windows and part of the roof at number seven Crotchet Place, were blown out into the road, only last Wednesday, that house is at present open to the dropping of a good deal of remark. Its master, Mr. Priestly Bomb, is stock-jobber; and, as we opine, from the number of anxious men, most of them young, who communicate their agitation to his knocker, he lends money at interest, and is much less warm in his heart than in his pocket. His whole manner of life is mean, and he looks mean: he is fat and bald-headed, the bald expanse being all roof, none of it wall; his skull above his eyes slopes up to a high point in the bump of veneration (which is large in him), so that I should be disposed, if I might, to call him gable-headed. He has pillows of fat under his sly little eyes, very large ears, a massive jaw, and dewlaps. This man is very warlike in his conversation. Russian acquisitiveness sandalises him. The Russian seizure of material guarantees he regards as infamous. As X. Y. Z., he has sent to the Chancellor of the Ex-



chequer, calling it conscience-money, a large balance of income-tax, for property that had not been accounted for in former years. He pays up now to the uttermost mite, and his hobby is to bring the powers of chemistry to bear, in some terrific way, against the public enemy. I have heard him, at a dinner-party, argue very well to prove that if we can send messages by lightning from one part of the world to another, there is no reason why we should not be able, in a few years, by a new arrangement of electric wires, to send a complete thunderstorm to any part of Europe. Already he is sure that if he had wire enough provided him by government, to reach from Crotchet Place to St. Petersburg, that if the Czar would only stand on a glass stool, at the other end, and put his head near to a jar provided for the purpose, he could sit in his own parlour and destroy the tyrant. He believes that a Powder Plot could easily be organised by the secret addition of a few branches to the existing wires of the electric telegraph, which he would have carried by some conspirators residing in the Russian capital, by secret passages, into a barrel of gunpowder, placed under the imperial throne. The Czar might then at any time be blown up in the presence of his court and people. Our neighbour grants us, however, that these are crotchets upon which — as there are difficulties in the way of their satis-

faction — he is not so unpractical as to dwell. What he thinks can be done, and what he is endeavouring to find out the right way of doing, is one of those simple things about which everybody when he hears of it wonders that it had not long since occurred to himself. It is the scuttling of Cronstadt and destruction of St. Petersburg, by means of an artificial earthquake. He is always trying to make earthquakes, and that is his hobby. Before poor Cocking fell a victim to his hobby, that parachutes ought to be built bottom upwards, he satisfied his mind by witnessing the descent of a model of his model — something smaller than a lady's bonnet — from the top of the Monument. P. B. produces model earthquakes on a larger scale. He has removed his servants' beds into the back drawing-room and parlour, and has filled the whole range of his attics with a bed of earth. Earthquakes on the ground-floor, still more at the basement, would be liable to bring the house about his ears. Up-stairs, he can make them in comparative security. His design is, when the recipe is found, to send out the ingredients for a large earthquake by the Baltic fleet. He means to present his secret to the country, and charge only cost price for his chemicals.

But, it will be asked, what do I make of this man Bomb for the advantage of my theory? A despicable fellow, who preys on the



ruin of his neighbours, and whose hobby is to discover how he may achieve a ruin on the largest scale. So far as he goes, I say, my case is proved by him. He has no sign of a moral nature, and his intellectual employments, apart from the chemical researches, are all of the very basest. His hobby alone, though utterly absurd in itself, saves him from contempt. In obedience to that, he has laboured to cultivate his stupid brain; has read volumes of physical geography and experimental science; has dipped for earthquakes into books of travel. If he knows anything worth knowing, it is to his hobby that he owes his information. This is the real source of what little respect he earns for himself fairly in society.

Now let me take a much less extreme case. At number eleven Crotchet Place—the large centre house—the tenant is a wealthy city merchant. He is a man of the kindest disposition, but hopelessly obstinate, and full of prejudices of all sorts. He is quick at wrath, and though the passion is soon over, he punctually does, when of his usual mind, whatever he may have threatened to do when beside himself. He disinherited, upon a point of prejudice, his only son in favour of a young nephew Tom, who, as a favourite of Mrs. Stickleback's, has spent many a week with us. "I hate going to Uncle Timothy's," Tom used to say, "though he expects

me every other Sunday, and gives famous dinners, and don't mind my liking three glasses of wine. I hate his garden, and I hate his pigs, and I hate his rabbits, and I wish he had been black-balled when he was put up for master by the Dollmakers' Company." The fact is, that the hobby of Mr. Timothy Branbody—he is a wholesale toymaker—is his garden. I believe it to be a fact—and if a fact, it is a very curious one—that, as every man's hobby stands in some relation to his temper, the hobby of an obstinate man, who is, at the same time, amiably disposed, is gardening; and that if he be also passionate, the said hobby commonly includes poultry, rabbits, or some such domesticated creatures. Let the caviller against this theory take notice for himself. I am an old man now, and I have devoted myself to the investigation of this subject from my childhood up. Let me have an opinion. The phenomenon is to be accounted for in this way. To be obstinate, is to be determined to do as one likes; now, in a man's garden, he has only submissive material to work upon. If he object to weeds, they come out at his pull; if he must say to a tree, You shall not have that branch, he has only to take a saw or pruning-knife, and cut it away. Nothing resists: everywhere he has his will, and (what especially makes gardens dear to obstinate men who are kind-hearted) he can fill his day with acts of despotism, and yet



go to bed knowing that he has inflicted upon nothing hurt or pain with the reproach of which there comes a wound upon his feelings or his conscience. As to the other part of the case, if it be a truth, as I take it to be, that the passionate but amiable man is apt to include some domesticated animals among his hobbies, it may be that the temper which so constantly provokes the hot blood of other people into conflict takes pleasure in encountering such living things as never use the little power of retort they have; and knowing, or appearing to know, nothing of the passion, half suggest to the faulty that he has no fault. I do not mean in any way to affirm that gardeners and fowl-keepers are a good sort of folk given to stubbornness and wrath. But folk of that sort, I believe, are apt to take for hobbies gardening and the cherishing of fowls, rabbits, ducks, or pigs. All green is colour, but all colour is not green.

If there be truth in this hypothesis, it was quite natural in Mr. Branbody to fill up his nephew's time between morning service and a four o'clock dinner with a grand tour of the garden, including detours to the rabbits, cows, and pigs, which, for a hungry boy, was cold work on a grey, damp winter's day. When dinner-time arrived, there was, said Tom, hobby the rabbit to be eaten in pie, hobby the pig in loin or ham, — that he did not so much mind. Uncle Timothy eat-

ing his own hobbies is simple bliss; and, when their bones are picked and the dessert arrived, there is an after-dinner hobby to assist the happy host's digestion: — The past-mastership of the Dollmakers' Company. But what is that dear conversational hobby, more than an expression of the natural delight of an upright and simple-hearted man, in the esteem and confidence of worthy fellow-citizens?

Now, I affirm, that with all the social respect due to Mr. Branbody, the back-bone of his intellectual and moral nature consists of his hobbies. In his garden, telling his friends of his azaleas and tulips, he is his best self, amiable, happy, clever. No doubt, he is master of the toy-business, but out of that — and into that none of his friends follow him; out of that, he knows little or nothing, beyond what he has learnt for his hobbies' sake. But he is an intellectual giant upon the subject of horticulture, and upon the natural history of both rabbits and cochin-china fowls. If he had not had a hobby to sustain him, his son might have died unforgiven. The boy was cast out, and took to the sea. Abroad, he collected strange seeds; and, when he came home, sent them to his father, with a rabbit from Patagonia, Kamtchatka, or I know not what far place; it had a surprising tail. This did not brush away the quarrel. The old man was obstinate, though he, perhaps, did



in his heart relent a little; but, after a time, the strange rabbit became a father. Three rabbitlings, all with surprising tails — an unique breed — were a peace-offering to move the stubbornest of hearts. Branbody, junior, now is, what he ought to be, his father's right hand man. He understands perfectly the management of foreign animals of all sorts. Nephew Tom is no longer required to offer himself up for martyrdom before the hutches. Who will deny, then, that if Branbody is a good fellow to the back-bone, and a clever fellow, in some respects, he owes it to his hobbies. May he live long to enjoy them!

Now, let us take number nineteen — Well, I won't. Though I am on a hobby of my own, and ought not to be taken off abruptly, and, indeed, have not said my say, or taken up all threads of my discourse, I won't say a word more. There are peremptory orders given from the headquarters of this journal that no reader is to be bored. The fault would be in the reader, if I bored him; but we will not discuss that. Except, indeed, to sum the matter up, by putting it in this way. Unless a man can be choice in the selection of his company, must he not want strength of character, if nobody can ever say of him, "Now, he is off upon one of his peculiar hobbies, and becomes a bore?" Ought we to trust a man who does not keep a hobby? Ought we to like a man

who never is a bore? My answer is, No. Many a thing ruthless to hear is good to speak; and, it is not seldom the best part of a man, that, in the utterance, he most sorely tries his neighbour's patience.

## SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

### IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE excitement and disappointment of the last few days, added to the craziness of a constitution broken by dissipation, struck Andrew with a terrible fit of delirium tremens, from which it was thought he would never recover. He could not, therefore, make any opposition; and Magdalen proved the will, and took possession of the property undisturbed, wondering why he never answered her letters nor acknowledged the remittances she sent him. In her own mind she determined that her brother should share equally with herself in her inheritance; only she would not bind herself to this by any written deed or agreement, as she wished to reserve the right of distribution according to her own judgment and the circumstances of his family. She was uneasy at his silence, however, and more than once spoke of going herself to London, to see what was the matter. But Paul, who had a horror of scenes, and who dreaded anything like contest infinitely more than he hated



oppression and wrong, persuaded her to remain quiet; telling her that if there was ill in store for her, it would come soon enough, without her meeting it half-way, and that silence was the best thing that could happen between them. And, as Magdalen felt he was right, she remained in the country: calmer and happier as the sharpness of her sorrow wore away by time.

"A letter, miss!" said the servant, one day, bringing in a coarse-looking epistle sealed with a wafer and marked with a sprawling blot of ink. It was wet, too, with rain, and had been suffered to fall into the mud. Magdalen took it carelessly, thinking it was a circular or a begging-letter; not at first recognising the writing. But she soon changed when she opened it and read the name at the end. It was written by Andrew, in a trembling straggling hand, as if he had indeed been very ill; but written with all the force and bitterness of his nature — as if death had never been near enough to teach him gentleness or reformation. It began by accusing her broadly of having "forged that pretended codicil." It made no kind of hesitation in the matter. "For you know," it said, "how well you can imitate my father's handwriting. I have now in my possession letters — more than one — written by you, which any one would swear were more like his writing than that trumpety codicil you have attempted

to palm off. I little thought, when I used to laugh at your innocent forgeries, that I should ever have to shudder at a forgery so vile and guilty as this. However, to spare you the inevitable ruin that must fall on you, I make you an offer, though an illegal one — compounding a felony — which would, if known, bring me into almost as bad a place as yourself. Yet, because you are my sister, I will run the risk, and commit this legal offence. I have some compassion still left for you, base, treacherous, and false as you have proved yourself to be. If, then, you will quietly give up possession of everything you hold now under your forged codicil, and content yourself with the fifty pounds a-year left you by the true will — and which, I must say, I think a very handsome provision for you — I will let the matter drop, and you shall never hear me allude to it again. I will even give you an asylum in my house, if you could bear to see the family you had so wickedly tried to ruin. If you do not accept this most generous offer on my part (by which I shall lose the fifty pounds a-year that would be mine on the detection of your guilt) I will at once put the matter into the hands of my friends, and you may defend yourself as you can. Your concealment of my father's illness — telling me only when he was dead — your letters, written to me in imitation of his handwriting, will condemn you without a moment's hesitation,



or the hope of appeal. Beware! and think well before you refuse your only chance of salvation. If you reject my offer, be prepared to brave infamy and transportation; for you will find me inexorable. Take my advice as your brother and friend — still your friend, in spite of your evil conduct — and give up possession quietly. You will find that I am right. ANDREW TREVELYAN."

Magdalen sat stupified. She could not at the first analyse her own feelings nor reason out her position. It was as if she had been suddenly branded with hot iron, the pain of which suddenly took away thought and power. But the numbness of that sudden terror soon passed. A strong nature like hers could not long remain prostrate beneath any shock. Indeed, the fiercer the blow the fiercer would be the resistance. Her brother Andrew had not calculated well when he thought she would be conquered by the mere force of an accusation. Some of the nature of the father had passed into her also, and submission without a struggle was as impossible to her as the bending of a strong rod of iron by a child. But — what was she to do? for, after all, there was much to be considered beside her own temper. What was her position, and how should she act for her own honour and for the best in point of morals? She knew, of course, that the codicil had been written by her father's own hand; that it was his express and deli-

berate will. She could not, therefore, give up her right without transgressing that will, which of itself — whether for her own advantage or against it — was a thing she would always hold sacred above everything else in the world. It was her father's will that she was resolute to maintain, more than her own fortune. Then another, and this time a more selfish, side of the question: — This fortune enabled her to marry Paul. Without it she knew that their marriage was hopeless; at least, for many years to come. Unpractical to the last degree, visionary, poetic, generous, unreal, his love even for her would never make him practical and rational; never make him capable of earning a livelihood by an art which he asserted lost all its divinity so soon as it became venal. Had she then the right, waiving all other principles, to destroy the future of her betrothed by yielding to the false assumption of her brother? Was it not, on the contrary, her duty to take thought of him, if none of herself; and was she not justified in maintaining for him what, for very weariness, she might have been driven into relinquishing for herself alone? Again, a third consideration, and not a trifling one. If she gave up her rights without a struggle, would not the whole world say it was because she knew herself to be guilty, and was frightened at the thought of exposure? And how would she feel, even though in-



nocent, when it was said of her that she had violated the will, betrayed the trust, and dishonoured the grave of the being she most honoured! No! The girl's heart swelled and her eye flashed. No! She would defend herself, cost what it might. Innocent, she would maintain her innocence; and, justified in her inheritance, she would preserve it against all assaults. Let who could deprive her of it!

She crushed the letter in her hand with a strong and passionate gesture, and then sat down to write to her brother. The pen was long in her hand before the tumult within her subsided. When she did write her expressions were emphatic but calm. She distinctly refused to give up her rights: she denied the charge of forgery in two words; not deigning to discuss the charge; but she expressed her determination to defend her innocence to the last farthing of her estate, and to the uttermost verge of her strength, body and mind.

While Magdalen was still quivering with excitement, like a young war-horse at the first sound of the trumpet, Paul came to her to pay her his evening visit. Ever loving, ever gentle and even feminine in his ways, he was more so to-day than usual. He wore an expression of thought and love so earnest, so unearthly, that he might have been a spirit or an angel come down to teach godliness and purity. But there was nothing which could teach

them management or strength. His brown hair parted in the middle and falling quite to his shoulders in rich undulating tresses, his small, slender figure, his white hands, with those taper fingers and pink nails which speak the idealist, were all so womanly, that he might have been a woman dressed in man's clothes for all there was of masculine or powerful in his mind or person. Magdalen, on the contrary, tall, well-formed, perfectly organised, with well-shaped but rather large hands — the hand of a useful and practical person — resolute though quiet, and with that calm steady manner, different from coldness, which is usually the expression of strength, — standing there, nerved for a deadly combat, her nostrils dilated, her chest heaving, her hair pushed back from her broad full forehead, and the eyes flashing beneath their straight dark brows, — Magdalen, full of the passion and power of actual life, looked like a beautiful Amazon by the side of a young shepherd-boy. Certainly she did not look like the weak woman needing the protection of his arm, as is the received fable respecting men and women, whatsoever their characteristics.

"Magdalen, how glorious you look to-day!" said Paul, with fervour, taking her hand.

She looked at him quietly enough; but with a certain distraction, a certain indifference, which could not be reduced to



words, but was easy to be felt by one who loved; and her hand lay passively in his.

"Come and sit by the window," he said, "we have so few days of sunshine left us now, so few moments of beauty before the winter, that we ought to make the most of them while they are here."

For it was the late autumn now, when the sunsets are so grand and the cloud scenery so glorious.

"You know, Magdalen, how I love to watch the sunset with you," Paul went on to say, "how I love to see the clouds pass through the sky, to read their vague words of promise, to shape from them bright auguries of the future, to feel that they are words passing between us, speaking to each of our love more beautifully than even loving words falling on the ear. And, when I turn and see your face lighted up with the same thoughts as have been burning in my heart; when I feel the glory of your great love round me, then, Magdalen, I feel that I have been prophetic in my hope; an enthusiast but a seer as well. And you, Magdalen, do you not also dream of our future — of that beautiful future, once far off like a faint star on the horizon, but now a glorious temple, on the threshold of which our feet are already set? Do you never think of the time when sacred words shall add their sanctity also to our sacred love? — when the grand name of wife

shall enclose and crown your life? Do no great loving thoughts burn through your heart as through mine, Magdalen, and seem to lift you up from earth to heaven?"

"Yes, Paul," said Magdalen, dreamily. "Oh, yes! I often think of it." She spoke as if she thought of other things.

Paul looked at her wistfully for a moment; then, drawing the low stool on which he sat nearer — for it was his fancy always to sit at her feet — and pressing that unanswering hand yet more tenderly, caressing it as a child, with whom caresses cure all ills. Yet the fingers coldly fell on his, which throbbed in every nerve. He flung back the hair from his eyes, and with a visible effort looked up joyously as before.

"O, Magdalen!" he continued, "I cannot tell, even to myself, and still less to you, how much I love you; how my whole life and heart and soul are bound up in you, and how my virtue and inspiration own you also for their source! If you were taken from me, Magdalen, I should die as flowers die when they are cut from the stalk. I seem to draw my very being from you; and to have no strength and no joy but that which you give me. Are you glad, Magdalen, that I love you so much?"

"Yes, Paul," said Magdalen wearily, "I am very glad."

"I feel, Magdalen, that we shall do such great things in life together! — that by your in-



spiration I shall be, in art, what no man of my time or generation has been, and what I could not have been without you. You are so beautiful, so glorious! O, what a great and solemn joy it is to me that you have brightened across my path — that I have had the grand task of leading and directing your mind, and that I have brought you out into the light from the mental shadow in which you formerly lived! What glorious lessons we shall give the world together! What an example we shall offer, for all men to follow and walk by!”

“What are we to do, Paul?” said Magdalen, not knowing exactly what to say; but seeing that her lover waited for an answer.

“Can you ask what we are to do? can you now, after all that I have said, be doubtful of our mission?” cried Paul.

“Why you know, Paul, you are never very definite,” said Magdalen; who, having dashed into the middle of the truth un-awares, was obliged to make the best of it now. She did not know where she got the courage to speak as she did; but it seemed to her an easier thing to-day — she did not know why — to tell Paul that he was an enthusiast, than it had ever been before.

“My Magdalen! — but I must not chide you, love; I know that you have not reached my place of faith, from whose heights the world looks so small, and insuperable difficulties seem so

easy. What is our mission? Is it not that I am to be the artist, the great artist of my day? — embodying thoughts which the world is too sceptical and material, too irreligious and God-forgetting to keep in daily view; giving back its true religion to my art; giving back its forgotten glory, and raising it from the dust where the iron heels of trade and scepticism have crushed it for so long? — is it not that I am to be the Raphael, the Michael Angelo of England? And you, — O, what will you not be in my glorious life! You will be its star, its love, its glory! When I am dead it will be written on my tomb, that this great artist was made great by love; that Magdalen, his queenly wife, had sat by his side as his inspiration, and his interpreter of the divine. Oh, Magdalen! Magdalen! do not doubt our mission, nor of the glorious manner in which we shall fulfil it; for we shall regenerate the art-world together! Apart we should be nothing; no, Magdalen, without me your strength would crumble into ashes, as mine would without you. We were made to be the leaders of our age, the founders of a new race, and of a higher generation. We were made to be the restorers of faith and love to art. Magdalen, we shall be all that man and wife can be together, and our lives shall be a deathless lesson of good and beauty to mankind. Is it not so?”



"Yes, Paul, I hope," said Magdalen; "but will you please let go my hand," for, in her present state of excitement, she could not bear the nervous irritation produced by his restless touch. It was as much as she could do to listen to his dreamy voice and vague visions, with composure. Those restless burning fingers passing perpetually over her hand, irritated her beyond her self-command.

"Do you not love me, Magdalen?" he said, letting her hand fall mournfully. His eyes filled with tears.

"Yes. I love you very much, and you know that I do; but it disconcerts me to have my hand held. And then yours is so unquiet."

"No expression of your love could annoy *me*, whatever it might be," said Paul, very sadly.

"Don't be vexed with me, dear Paul; we are more nervous on some days than on others, and to-day I am not very well."

"And does your love depend on your health, Magdalen? If I were dying, your caresses would be just as precious as in my best moments!" His eyes turned to the sky where the sun was sinking into darkness, and his lip quivered.

With a strange gesture, sudden and abrupt, feeling for the first time annoyed at being obliged to soothe him so like a child, Magdalen passed her hand across his hair with a caressing gesture — that still was hardly loving.

His tears grew larger, though now for joy, and fell fast and heavy on her lap. He took her hand, and kissed it eagerly.

Magdalen turned away. "I wish he were more manly, and did not cry so soon," she said to herself; "and O! how I wish that he was more of a man of the world, and understood the realities of life better than he does!"

In the terrible conflicts of real passion — in her first outstep into actual life — the vague and dreamy hopes of Paul; his impracticable assertions, his unreal romance, and the sufficiency to him of mere words — of the mere visions they called up, rose through the tumult in her own heart like the notes of an *Æolian* harp through the clang of martial music. They were very beautiful, but meaningless; without purpose or design; vague sounds, struck mournfully and at hazard by the passing wind. What she wanted then was some powerful manly practical adviser, on whom she could rely for real assistance. Paul's poetry was very lovely, but very unstable; and, in spite of all his assertions respecting the strength that he bestowed, Magdalen felt that a child would have been as useful in her present pass as he. He wearied her, too. Like a hungry man, she wanted substance, and he gave her only dreams and visions. She began to be conscious of his weakness; not confessedly conscious, but none the less really so; sensitive, tender as he was;



easily wounded, easily soothed again by caresses; so living on words, and so satisfied with them; so certain that in the future — that future which never comes to the idealist — he would be touching pencil or brush, and spending his days in dreams and love-making; a power in art, yet seldom child-like in actual experience, but child-like in his vain belief that he had received all the teaching life could give him, and that he did not require further experience.

"No, no," Magdalen used to say to herself, "he is no guide nor strength to me."

Paul saw something of this feeling. He knew that his words often fell coldly on her ear, and that not a pulse of her calm, strong heart beat in unison with his, throbbing wildly at the future of fame and influence he was picturing. And soon he knew, too, that her character was developing itself in a direction away from him, and that her soul was disengaging itself from his. But he shut his eyes to that, and only suffered instead of acknowledging.

#### CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE proceeding to extremities, Andrew wrote again and again to Magdalen. Altering his tone with every letter; sometimes sending threats, sometimes entreaties; now endeavouring to terrify her into submission, and now to cajole her into complaisance. For a week this went on,

not a day passing without a letter of one or the other character. When he did not insult her by evil names and foul suspicions; when he did not wound her in every nerve of her woman's heart, and wring her pride till the sense of degradation became real torture, he appealed to her generosity in the most heart-rending terms, for the sake of his wife and family and the influence that his disinheritance would have on his world when known. It would be his death-blow. It was from death that he asked her to save him. Though perhaps that letter wound up with a fierce attack, and an intimation that to-morrow, without fail, he would send down a policeman and handcuffs.

Magdalen was peculiarly frank by nature; yet she was not able to speak to Paul of the news which troubled her. She knew that he could not go through with it bravely, and she did not want the additional embarrassment of his weakness. If he sunk, as she was quite sure he would, under the first approach of such a gigantic trouble, she would have to support him as well as herself. That would complicate her troubles. So she said nothing, and bore her own burden in silence. But this was the beginning of sorrow between them. Pre-occupied, excited, and consequently irritable, her whole mind and soul bent on one thing only, and that of such fearful import as to overshadow every



other portion of her life, Magda-  
len grew hourly more and more  
impatient of Paul's girlish ten-  
derness and poetic reveries; of  
his gentle bewailings, worse than  
impatient. He never complained,  
but he perpetually bewailed — in  
a dove-like fashion, without any  
expressed cause. He spoke al-  
ways in a melancholy voice and  
on melancholy subjects: he wrote  
sad verses, and wept much;  
under any kind of emotion, whe-  
ther joy or grief, tears were al-  
ways in his eyes. He followed  
her about the house with a kind  
of mournful watching, as if he  
was afraid of something carrying  
her off bodily from before his  
eyes. He was for ever creeping  
close to her, nestling in, if she  
had left space on the sofa large  
enough for a sparrow to perch  
on. Then she would move farther  
away, with perhaps an apology.  
Then he would look hurt; per-  
haps have a fit of mournful sulki-  
ness, which it was inexpressibly  
painful to witness. When that  
was passed, he would go to her  
with an air tenderly forgiving,  
and attempt some gentle caress;  
and, when she repulsed him, as  
she generally did now — although  
she did not know why, his ca-  
resses annoyed her — he would  
either droop suddenly like a  
stricken bird, or stand like the  
lover in a melodrama who opens  
his vest and cries "Tyrant! strike  
your victim!" — with that pro-  
voking kind of resignation which  
infers meek virtue on the one  
side and hard barbarity on the

other! Or, with the temporary  
combateness which belongs to  
weak natures, he would press  
any particular manifestation of  
love on her until he made her ac-  
cept it, unless she had under-  
taken to discuss the matter open-  
ly, which was not desirable for  
either. So she would submit to  
his offered kiss, or suffer him to  
take her hand, or hold her waist  
and press him to her (they were  
just the same height, and she  
was much the stronger), with her  
teeth set hard and her nerves  
strung like cords. She felt some-  
times as if she could have killed  
him when he touched her.

He came oftener than ever to  
the house; and he had always  
haunted it like a spectre or an  
unlaid ghost. But now he was  
never absent; she was never  
alone, never free from him. She  
began to weary of him fearfully,  
and to feel that solitude was an  
unspeakable luxury. She was  
brought to the pass of feeling  
that, to escape from Paul Le-  
fevre, her affianced lover, was  
one of the things most to be de-  
sired and attained in her daily  
life. He tried to lead her to talk  
of their marriage, and she turned  
pale instead. He spoke of the  
great things they would do in life  
together: and her lip curled con-  
temptuously. He repeated again  
and again his own high hopes;  
and she answered, "Dreamer!  
to believe in a future of fame  
without endeavour; content to  
say that you will be famous, while  
taking no means to become so;



dreaming away the hours which should be employed in action, and thinking that the will can do all things, even without translating that will into deeds: enthusiast! who of ideas makes realities, and of hopes certainties." This was but a sorry answer, however true, to the burning thoughts that did verily stand the young artist in place of deeds. They were finding out how little moral harmony there was between their natures, and how unfit they were for the real union of life.

Paul came one day, as usual, early in the morning. He used to run all the way from his lodgings to Oakfield, so that he always came in a terribly excited, heated, panting condition, which of itself irritated Magdalen. To-day he came, flushed and eager; pouring out a volume of love as he entered, and for his greeting flinging himself at Magdalen's feet, embracing her knees, and calling her his morning star and his life. Magdalen had not slept all the previous night; she too was excited, but in a different way — irritable and nervous. She would have given the world to be alone, but how could she send Paul away? However, being there, she must make him reasonable. He spoke to her passionately and tenderly; she answered him in monosyllables, her head turned away or her eyes on the ground. He took her hand, and she withdrew it, saying, "Dear Paul, leave me alone to-

day, and do not touch me." He asked her if she had chosen the plain silk or the flowered, for her wedding-dress? And she said "Neither," very coldly. "We have plenty of time before it comes to that," she added, with an accent that said of itself "I am happy to be able to say so."

Paul had long been choking with sobs, kept back with a wonderful amount of self-command, for him. But now, he suddenly gave way. A violent flood of tears burst from him as he exclaimed, "Magdalen! Magdalen! we are drifting fearfully apart. Tell me what you disapprove of in me; and trust me, my beloved, I will alter it, whatever it may be — were it to cut my very heart out — to please you!"

He sobbed so bitterly, that Magdalen was almost overcome too. For she had a real affection for him, if not quite the strength of love desirable between persons who are betrothed.

"Dear Paul," she said, gently, "I dare say I have been very much changed lately; but I have been suffering a great deal of misery, which I have not liked to tell you of. That is the only reason of my coldness. I know that I have been cold and changed, but then I have been harassed. Will you forgive me?" And she looked and spoke gently and lovingly.

"But why have you not told me, Magdalen?" cried Paul, still sobbing. "Why have you concealed anything of your life from



me? Does not all belong to me now, Magdalen; and have I not the right to share your burdens with you? You have not done well to conceal anything from me."

"Perhaps I have not," answered Magdalen, kindly; "but I did it for the best, Paul."

"I know you did! I know you did! You *could* not do wrong. If ever you make a mistake, it is from a nobler motive than others have. But now, open your heart to me, Magdalen; it will do you good; and I will help you and support you!"

Magdalen glanced down at the upturned face, still flushed and suffused with tears; nervous, quivering, full of passion, but so weak; and a smile stole over her own calm, grand features — like the features of a Greek goddess — as she said to herself, "Support! from *him*!"

"My brother disputes the will," she said, suddenly. "He says that the codicil which you witnessed is a forgery; that I forged my father's handwriting, and that you were privy to it, of course. I can write like poor papa, as you know; and as I have often written letters to Andrew in jest, pretending that they came from poor papa, he has a strong case. On this fact, as the principal evidence against me — on the fact, also, of the codicil being written in a trembling hand, very unlike my father's firm distinct writing, he has

founded his charge of forgery. Is it not painful?"

"But what are you going to do, Magdalen?" said Paul, who had become deadly pale, and was trembling.

"Dispute the point to the last inch of ground," she answered firmly.

He covered his face in his hands. "Are you obliged to do this?" he asked.

"No; I had a letter again to-day from my brother, offering, as he has done before, to withdraw his charge, and not proceed with the affair at all, if I will give up possession, and destroy the codicil. If I do not, he will have me arrested for felony."

"Magdalen!" That tremendous word, felony, had an overpowering effect on Paul; and he asked wildly, "You will not surely let it come to this?"

"What else can I do, Paul?"

"Give it all up to your brother — to the last farthing — your portion — all — rather than begin this unholy and most unfeminine strife."

"And what are we to do then, Paul, when I am a beggar?"

"What? — can you ask me, love? Hand in hand we will wander through the world; my art our aid, our love our consolation and protection. We shall not be deserted, Magdalen."

"What! give it up, Paul, and allow him and the world to believe me guilty? — be myself my executioner? I could not do that."



"Let them believe what they like, Magdalen. Does belief make truth? Are you not innocent? Who judges you but God? What is the opinion of the world, compared to the truth of your innocence, and the reality of Heaven's favour? Magdalen, take my advice — do not enter into this contest. Give it all up without a struggle. Come to me! — my arm shall uphold you, my heart shall shelter you."

"That is very well in words," said Magdalen, a little coldly; "but you know that in reality it means nothing. If I give up this property, we give up all hope of our union. We have nothing for our support but this; what would you do, then?"

"My art," said Paul. "Have I not said so already?"

"Your art? how can you rely on that? Have you not always said that you could not paint for money, and that so soon as you began anything like a commission, you lost all power and inspiration? Have you not again and again congratulated yourself on this good fortune, as giving you the power of painting for fame, and the regeneration of mankind?" And Magdalen's lip slightly curled.

"But if necessary, and if I could not support you, I would postpone our marriage to an indefinite time, Magdalen, rather than that you should do wrong to your nature."

"And you think a manful de-

fence of my just rights a wrong act, Paul?"

"Against a brother — yes."

"Then must we submit to any oppression and tyranny whatsoever, rather than defend ourselves? Is this a man's creed?" Magdalen was speaking now with somewhat undisguised contempt.

"Yes!" said Paul, his lips quivering, "I would rather you submitted patiently and woman-like to any wrong than that you came out into the open day to defend yourself. The publicity! The disgrace! You — you, my queenly Magdalen, in the criminal's place; gazed at by the coarse rabble; spoken of by the licentious press; your beauty commented on; your innocence made the theme of arguments and doubt, bandied about from counsel to counsel; tormented, insulted; looked at by bold eyes — never! never! Magdalen, it would break my heart! It would be such degradation to you, as I could never bear. For I am jealous of you for your own sake!"

"Is not this rather childish?" said Magdalen. "Have you no more sense of justice — of justice to one's self — of innate dignity, and the worth which cannot be lessened by any outward act? Are you not frightening yourself with words as much as you sometimes flatter yourself with words, when you say that you will protect and support me, and live by your art? I know what the future



would be, better than you know, Paul. I am neither so good nor so enthusiastic as you, but I am more rational, and I think I understand real life better than you."

"Magdalen! I am losing you!" was all that Paul could say, as he sunk upon the sofa, nearly suffocated with tears.

"Dear Paul, be reasonable," said Magdalen, more tenderly; "what can you expect from me, a woman of strong will, and holding my father's wishes as the most sacred things on earth, but the determination to uphold my right and fulfil his intentions? If every time in our lives I differ from you in opinion, and even in action, it would never do ever for me to yield to such a terrible fit of despair as this, Paul," and she tried to smile. "This will never do!"

"Magdalen — darling wife — do with me as you will! Only love me, be gentle with me, stay near me, and do then as you will, even with my conscience! Arrange my life as you like. I am passive in your hands."

"Your conscience?" said Magdalen. "I am not dealing with your conscience, nor your life, excepting in so far as it relates to my own. What I do is in my own affairs, and the responsibility, both social and moral, is on my own head only. I do not associate you in any way with it, nor lay a feather's weight upon you!" She did not mean to speak proudly, and yet she did.

He raised his head. "Do as you will," he repeated. "Only love me, and let the rest go!"

"This is my protector," thought Magdalen, standing a little apart and looking at him mournfully. "A weak, poetic boy of intellect, but of no power; of thought, but of no real force of action. And I —" she laid her hand on her bosom heaving with emotion, "and I must be strong enough for both, and never let him nor the world know that I regard him but as a petted child, whom I must soothe by caresses, and from whom I must guard the truth."

This discussion had no good effect on either of them. Magdalen could not overcome the impression left by Paul's tears on her. She never thought of him now without associating him with an hysterical fit; which is neither a pleasant nor a dignified association of ideas with any man, more especially the man who is to be the lord and master. Her manners grew colder; and, with her coldness came, a certain shadowy assumption of superiority; a certain vague expression of contempt, which cut Paul to the soul. Yet he felt that he deserved both. But his unhappiness did not add to his strength. He daily became more unhappy, daily more hysterical. His health suffered, his finely chiselled features became like the beauty of a heart-broken angel; his lips were painfully contracted, and so were his brows; and his eyes —



those large, tender, liquid blue orbs — were never wholly free from tears, even while he forced himself to smile, in such a ghastly fashion as imposed on none but himself. When Magdalen scolded him for being miserable, he smiled in this awful way, and asked her what more she wanted? — and didn't she see how happy and joyous he was?

In the midst of this painful state of things, Andrew, seeing that nothing could be done either by menace or entreaty, suddenly resolved on extreme measures. In one of his drunken fits of fury, when he was more like a demon than a man, he procured a warrant for the apprehension of his sister on a charge of forgery; and ten minutes after it was granted by the magistrate, a police officer was despatched to that still quiet country house where he, the prosecutor, was born, to bring to a felon's trial the playmate of his early years, and the friend of his manhood — his only and defenceless sister.

It was in the grim autumn twilight when Magdalen and Paul heard a carriage pass through the lawn gates and drive up to the house. Paul had been unusually doleful all the day, for Magdalen had been unusually absent in her manners. She had expected a letter from her brother as usual; and, not receiving one, anticipated some evil, and was thinking how she should best meet it. Paul, who referred all things to love, wondered why

she was not soothed by his caresses. He thought it unkind in her to refuse them, and unloving to doubt their power. He had been troublesome, and tearful; and Magdalen had been provoked into more than one harsh speech, and more than one look of intense weariness, which had not mended matters, even as they stood. When she heard the carriage-wheels, for a moment her heart sank within her: she felt what they brought, she knew what they foreboded. And, when a strange voice was heard in the passage, asking for her, and a tall, resolute-looking man was ushered into the drawing-room — which he seemed instantly to take possession of by the first glance of his eye — she knew without a word passing between them that he was an officer, and had come to arrest her.

"I am very sorry, miss," he said, in an off-hand kind of way, but with great kindness of manner, too — as much kindness, that is, as an officer with a warrant against you in his pocket can show. "It is a painful office I have been obliged to undertake; but I am compelled to fulfil my duty."

"Yes," said Magdalen, quietly; she had risen as the man entered. "Of course you must do your duty."

The officer pulled out a piece of paper. "Here is a warrant for your arrest," he said, "on a charge of forgery; at the suit of your brother, Mr. Andrew Tre-



velyan. I am afraid, miss, I must ask you to trouble yourself to come along with me."

"Where?" said Magdalen, not moving a muscle of her countenance — only placing her hand on her heart by a simply instinctive action.

"Before a magistrate first, miss, and then, perhaps, to prison," said the officer, respectfully. "You may be able to find bail, and I hope you will."

"I will ring the bell," answered the girl, still calm, and yet resolute, "and order my maid to prepare what will be necessary for me. Will you not sit down? And may I not offer you some refreshment?"

Paul had sunk back in a stupor when he heard what errand that muffled stranger had come upon. But, when Magdalen, having given her orders, turned to him and spoke to him as quietly as if nothing had happened, he started up and flung himself on his knees, beseeching her to give up everything, to sign anything, confess to anything, rather than submit to this terrible trial. Oh, that she would listen to him! Oh, that she had but listened to him when he had first spoken! that she had had courage to prefer a life like the brave old troubadours of a better time — the heroic artists of the day when art was heroism — to this fearful scepticism of to-day; and had trusted to Providence and him! Oh, that his life could buy her safety! that he could deliver her

by some heroic deed that should not only free her, but stir men's hearts to bravery and nobleness to the latest time! And then he sobbed afresh; and the nerveless arms, which were to stir the world, fell weaker than a weak girl's round her.

"Hush," said Magdalen, gravely; "do not distress yourself so painfully! You know that I am guiltless; be sure then that I shall be proved so. Do not fret; do not agitate yourself. You, who trust so in truth and God, will he not defend the innocent, and will not my truth be of itself sufficient to protect me?"

"No, no, Magdalen! they are going to murder you!" cried Paul, clinging to her. "Magdalen! I shall never see you more!"

"Not so bad as that, young gentleman," said the officer, mildly, taking him up from the ground as if he had been a child; unloosing his nervous clutch on Magdalen's gown, and seating him on the sofa. "I assure you we are going to do your aunt no kind of harm. Let go her dress, my dear young sir, — she has need of all her fortitude, and you are only knocking it down by carrying on so. She will come out well enough. I know too much of these things not to know the truth when I see it staring before my eyes."

"Will she be proved innocent?" cried Paul, appealing to the officer, as if he were a Rhadamanthus. "Shall I ever see her



again? Magdalen! Magdalen! are we to meet only in the grave? Is the tomb to be the altar of our marriage vow?"

"Dear Paul, for heaven's sake a little courage; a little fortitude!" said Magdalen, laying her hand on his shoulder. "Where is your manhood? I, a woman on whose head all this misery is accumulated, I should blush to bear myself as you do! Cheer up! I am not sent to the colonies yet!" and she smiled, sadly enough.

He tried to rise, but his agitation was so extreme that he could not stand. Half-fainting, he sunk into a chair, while the maid brought in a carpet-bag in great wonder and grief, and some suspicion of the truth. The officer drank a glass of wine, with an unusual feeling of oppression at his heart. Magdalen, in her black dress, her face as pale and as composed as marble, looking as if she had concentrated all her strength and courage within her heart and held a grasp of iron over her nerves, leant over Paul; who, trembling and faint, seemed to be dying. She stooped down and kissed his forehead, murmuring softly some love names which he preferred to all others. He revived, only to catch convulsively at her hands and waist, and try to hold her near to him by force.

The calm grand air with which she gently undid that feverish clasp, while he still cried, "Nothing, not even your own will,

shall part us!" — the quiet majesty with which she forced him to be calm and to listen to her — "If, indeed, he wished to do her any good, rather than merely to indulge the selfish weakness of his own sorrow," — Paul felt that she was the strongest now, if never before in their whole lives together; and, while her influence was on him, he controlled himself sufficiently to understand what she said.

"Listen," she said, in a deeper and more monotonous voice than usual, "do you wish me to feel that I have left behind me a child, to weep at my departure, or a man to care for my interests? If a man, rouse yourself; if a child, can you ask me to yoke my life to a child's feebleness? Listen to me well, Paul, for much depends now on you."

"Oh, Magdalen, you know I would give my life for you!" cried the poor boy, passionately.

"I know that, but I want only your self-command. Write to that friend you have spoken of to me, the barrister, Horace Rutherford. Tell him to come to me; if you send a special messenger, he can be with me by nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and he can perhaps arrange for my release. Be calm, be courageous, and useful, and remember your own faith in truth. Good-bye! you can do me good only by your courage and self-control."

She stooped down and again kissed his forehead; and he, awed rather than calmed, let her go



from the room quietly, without making any effort further to keep her. But, when the carriage rolled away from the door and bore to infamy all that he loved on earth — while the servants clustered round him terrified and weeping, and asked what it all meant — his strength gave way again; and for long hours he was alternating between fainting and hysterics. In this way, much precious time, of inestimable value, was lost before he remembered Magdalen's request, or was able to write to his friend and only hope, Horace Rutherford.

### THE SANTALS.

LOCATED, as I am, in the heart of our Indian empire, at a station guarded by several regiments of Queen's and Company's troops, it seems strange to hear of people around me becoming anxious on account of their too close proximity with a peaceful and primitive people, who are only about five hundred miles off. Yet it is true that the Santals, or Sontals, or Santhals, or Sonthals (nobody agrees in orthography of Indian names), who are now ravaging the country in the neighbourhood of Râj-mahal, and thereabouts, are described as a peaceful and primitive people; and it cannot be denied that they have a number of savage virtues which should render them the most formidable friends, and which certainly make them extremely inconvenient

foes. These peaceful and primitive people have lately been moving about in large masses, numbering from three thousand to eight thousand each, to destroy, or loot, occasional villages, indigo factories, private houses, anything that came first to hand; murder defenceless travellers; and carry off everything of value that they had reason to suppose was honestly obtained. Among the exploits of this peaceful and primitive people may be noted, as a model to mere civilisation, the slaughter of two European ladies, whose hands and feet they cut off; and the killing of an European baby, some of whose blood they compelled its mother to drink — they themselves partaking of the refreshment in a friendly manner.

It is true that, up to the present time, the Santals have kept their peaceful and primitive peculiarities to themselves; and travellers for many years have been in the habit of passing through their neighbourhood without molestation — even English ladies, alone, or accompanied only by a native Ayah. In the very rare cases where such travellers have been molested, the Santals have not been the aggressors, and the murder or robbery has been merely an act of individual speculation, and has had no political import whatever. Indeed, so secure has European life and property seemed to be, even in the wildest parts of India, that an admiring French-



man is recorded to have exclaimed, with an irreverence only pardonable for its Gallic and graphic force, that the government was *comme le bon Dieu*; *on ne le voyait pas, mais il était partout* (like the good Creator; one never saw it, but it was everywhere). It is therefore supposed that some provocation must have been offered by somebody, to cause the present departure from all precedent and primitiveness. It has been alleged that the people employed on the railway, with whom the Santals had pecuniary dealings, paid too much attention to the ladies of the tribe, and too little money to their husbands. Next, it is the exactions of the collectors of revenue to which the outbreak is attributed. Presently, we find that some holy places have been violated, and that the effigy of some sable goddess has been treated as if she were an improper character; then, it is made manifest that the whole proceedings are the result of a blind belief that the Santal deities have decreed the end of the British rule, and mysterious accounts are sent forth of the Santal chief who is to effect the object — who is said to be of divine origin, and to have been born and to have arrived at manhood in a single night, just like the mango-trees which the magicians at Madras raise with such marvellous rapidity for the delectation of overland griffs.

The whole affair is mysterious; and while waiting to see how it

will end, the reader might do worse than learn, what few persons in India really know, who the Santals are, and how far they are the peaceful and primitive people, which they have clearly shown themselves not to be.

An interesting account of the Santals is to be found in the "Asiatic Researches," volume four of the quarto edition, reprinted in London in seventeen hundred and ninety-nine; and the latest description we have seen is by the Rev. J. Phillips, an industrious missionary, published in the "Oriental Baptist" in July, eighteen hundred and fifty-four. Both of these accounts furnish us with what may be relied upon as authentic information; and the extent to which they agree with one another shows that the Santals, though revolutionary as regards British rule, are a strictly conservative people among themselves. They are said to have entered Orissa from the north — at what period is unknown — and to have dispersed themselves through the tributary mehals lying west of Balasore, Jellassore, Midnapore, Baukura, Suri, and Râj-mahal; thence westward, through Bhaugulpore and Monghyr, in Behar — the whole including a territory of some four hundred miles in extent. They seem to be of one race, and it is certain that they speak one language. In Orissa they are described as a hardy and industrious people; generally short, stout, robust, of broad



features, with very dark complexion, and hair somewhat curly. Those who had held intercourse with them found them to be mild and placable, and of a particularly social turn. They are more dignified and proud than the Hindus, whom we now find them massacring without mercy, and are at the same time more hospitable and courteous to strangers. Women, too, exercise considerable influence over their manners and habits, and in this respect they afford a striking contrast to most other Indian nations. Santal wives are of course not allowed to eat with their husbands; but they may order the dinner, and take a considerable interest in domestic arrangements; and their freedom and frankness to strangers is so agreeable, that it would be held in horror in polite Hindu or Mahomedan society. It is probably this characteristic which has caused the railway people, who are generally wifeless to a hopeless extent, to be guilty of the domestic depredations alluded to. Polygamy, it seems, is allowed; but is little practised, except when the younger brother takes the widow of the elder, to whom, according to law, he has a right. The Santals are generally believed to be aborigines of the country; but there can be no doubt that they are a distinct race from the Hindus, with whom they have little in common. Their religion has small resemblance to that of the Hindu; their castes are not

so binding, and a Santal may lose his caste altogether without incurring much disgrace, as far as the men are concerned. Then they are great drunkards, which the Hindus never are; for—with the exception of the pariahs or outcasts, who are employed only in the most menial offices—the Hindu, however ignorant and brutal, will very rarely deviate from the rule of total abstinence, which your Mussulman very often regards no more, than the majority of Christians keep the commandments of their own church.

According to the Santal traditions, the first man and woman came from ducks' eggs, and were married in due form under the auspices of Sita, or Marang Buru, one of their gods; whom it is conjectured may be identical with the Siva of the Hindus. Such points as the original nakedness of our first parents, and the dispersion of mankind, with some allusions to a deluge, show traces of Mosaic history. The Santals are also divided into tribes, something like the Israelites, but they all live together upon terms of perfect equality; and the only restriction seems to be, that a man must not marry in his own tribe, but must go elsewhere,—a wise provision having, no doubt for its object, the prevention of alliances with near kindred.

The love of strong drink, which I have noticed, is a part of their religion. Their god, they say, was under its influence when he



brought together the original Santals from the ducks' eggs; and its use is declared to be enjoined by divine authority. The spirit seems to be of only one kind, it is called Handia, and is a fermented preparation of rice. It is not intoxicating taken in small quantities, but that objection is provided for by taking it in large quantities — a gallon or two at a time — and they will sit over it half the day, or all the day. At all religious, and other solemn ceremonies, it is a *sine quâ non*. But the Santals are not prejudiced, and will drink the strong waters of the Giaur whenever they can beg, borrow, or steal them; but they generally find them too high in price to pay for, and debt is an institution which civilisation has not yet introduced among them.

From intoxication to religion is but one step, according to the Santals. Their creed is described by Mr. Phillips as a strange mixture of Hindu superstition, demon-worship, and a belief in, and dread of, demons, ghosts, and hobgoblins. Hinduism is making some inroads into it, as is proved by the introduction of the Charak-puja, or swinging festival, which has been among the phenomena of late years; backs scarred by iron hooks are now frequently to be seen among this primitive people. For the rest, the sun is said to be their supreme god; but they have smaller gods whose light is less dazzling, and who are invoked

with offerings of meat, rice, and similar refreshments. A sanguinary Hindu goddess, it is alleged, is also worshipped by the Santals in some localities. To her, human sacrifices are made; and it is possible that the mutilation of the two European ladies, already alluded to, had for its object the propitiation of this deity. The Santals swear by the skin of the tiger, or by a tiger's head, sketched on a mango leaf; and they believe that a false oath will be punished by the living animal. They also swear by their gods, and by the heads of their children.

The Santals are agricultural in their pursuits, and would be prosperous, but for the exactions of their petty Hindu rulers. They are industrious at their work, unlike the Hindus, and set about it in a blithe and cheerful spirit, which the Hindus never do. They are indeed generally a cheerful people; fond of music and dancing, and less elegant recreations; in which the civilised amusement of cock-fighting has a share. Here, again, the Santals are distinguished from other eastern nations. Dancers, among both Hindus and Mahomedans, are always hired; and are generally infamous in other respects. But the Santals cultivate dancing themselves, for the fun of the thing, and their jattras, when the young men are clad in plumes taken from every description of bird, and the girls (respectable females) have their



heads uncovered, are described by those who have witnessed them, to be highly exhilarating and impressive.

The account of the Santals in the Asiatic Researches (seventeen hundred and ninety-nine), describes both men and women as remarkably bashful, but more recent writers give to them the good qualities of truth and cheerfulness. There seems also to be a sentiment of honour among them; for it is said that they use poisoned arrows in hunting, but never against their foes. If this be the case — and we hear nothing of poisoned arrows in the recent conflicts, — they are infinitely more respectable than our civilised enemy, the Russians, who would most likely consider such forbearance as foolish, and declare that it is not war.

So much for the virtues of these people. These qualities are interesting as matters of speculation; but most persons in India think they have received too much consideration from the government, since a more savage and ferocious enemy than the Santal our arms have seldom had to contend with. Entrenched in their jungles, they are nearly impregnable; and, from their jungles they never emerge, except to take us at a disadvantage. The sepoy regiments are not always trustworthy; and nobody doubts that the Bhaugulpore Rangers, the other day, behaved disgracefully, — so disgracefully, indeed, that the conduct of their

commanding officer is being made the subject of a court of inquiry. But not only did we have bad troops on the spot, but through hundreds of miles of wild country we had no troops at all. There is no station on the grand trunk roads between Burdwan and Benares; and travellers passing through that desolate and beautiful tract never fail to be struck with the facility with which they might be robbed and murdered. To crown all, notwithstanding the loss of life and property which has taken place, the insult to our power, and the injury to our prestige, martial law has not been proclaimed, and even those troops which are on the spot cannot act without the civil authority. The consequence has been a state of alarm throughout the empire, which is most dreaded by those who have the best experience of the peculiarities of the European position, and the character of the native population.

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### ASLEEP.

AN hour before, she spoke of things  
That memory to the dying brings,  
And kiss'd me all the while;  
Then, after some sweet parting words,  
She seem'd among her flowers and birds,  
Until she fell asleep.

'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now,  
The crimson leaves fall off the bough,  
And strew the gravel sweep.  
I wander down the garden-walk,  
And muse on all the happy talk  
We had beneath the limes;  
And, resting on the garden-seat,  
Her old Newfoundland at my feet,  
I think of other times:



Of golden eves, when she and I  
 Sat watching here the flushing sky,  
     The sunset and the sea;  
 Or heard the children in the lanes,  
 Following home the harvest wains,  
     And shouting in their glee.

But when the daylight dies away,  
 And ships grow dusky in the bay,  
     These recollections cease;  
 And in the stillness of the night,  
 Bright thoughts that end in dreams as  
     bright,  
     Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star,  
 And hear the breakers on the bar,  
     The voices on the shore;  
 And then, with tears, I long to be  
 Across a dim unsounded sea,  
     With her for evermore.

### DECIMAL MONEY.

THE word decimal is an English noun and adjective derived from the Latin decem, ten, which has made, and is likely still to make, considerable stir in the commercial world; for it so happens that, although we have the liberty of choosing from all the numbers lying between simple unity, or number one, and the billions and trillions which are the milestones that mark the way to infinite multitude, ten has been the favourite selected as the foundation on which to build the established system of decimal arithmetic; or, as it might with equal propriety be called, Arabic arithmetic. It is, therefore, agreed, that all the large collective numerals employed, either for record or calculation, shall be multiples of ten; that ten times ten shall make a hundred, that ten times a hundred shall constitute a thousand,

and that a thousand times a thousand shall be called a million. It is true, there are a few exceptions in popular usage — such as the long hundred, of a hundred and twelve, of many of the English counties, for the sale of the minor produce of the garden and the farm; the French quarteron, or quarter of a hundred, consisting of twenty-six, in the case of eggs and fruit; the gross of twelve dozen, by which certain small manufactured articles are counted; and the various local tales employed in counting herring, oysters, mackarel, and other results of the fisherman's labours. Most of these customs of the country, which have the force of law in the districts where they prevail, may be accounted for as bonuses to the general purchaser, as compensations offered by the wholesale dealer to the retailer for the loss he is likely to sustain on perishable articles, and as profits to remunerate him for the trouble of retailing; it being all the while supposed that his transactions with his customers will be measured by tens in the ordinary way.

There is no absolutely imperative reason why ten should have thus been fixed upon, in preference to any other number, as the measure of every calculation. The probable cause is, that all primitive counting is performed by the aid of the fingers and toes. Shepherds are especially attached to scores — the aggregate amount of the human extremities. But



eight might have served the purpose even better in some respects; as it is more divisible than ten, and is theoretically a more perfect number, being the cube of two; that is, twice two are four, and twice four are eight. We might have had a sort of octonarian hundred of eight times eight, and an octave thousand of eight times sixty-four, and so on. The number twelve has also had zealous partisans, who have urged weighty reasons in its favour; such as, that it contains the greatest possible number of factors in the smallest compass, and that its hold on ancient prejudice is evidenced by the twelve months of the year, the twelve hours of day and night, and the twelve signs of the zodiac. The carrying out of duodecimal arithmetic (from the Latin duodecim, twelve), would require, besides other difficulties, the invention and adoption of two new figures to stand for ten and eleven; since a unit followed by a cipher would then have to stand for twelve, and a one followed by two ciphers would in future represent the square of twelve (that is, twelve multiplied by twelve), exactly as it now represents the square of ten. But, all things considered, ten may be received and acknowledged as the best possible basis for a system of arithmetic. Eight would prove inconveniently scanty and limited; and twelve, in its multiples especially, cumbrously burdensome.

The value of the accepted Ara-

bic decimal notation will be appreciated, if you endeavour to work, in imagination or reality, a complicated sum with Roman numerals. Please try and tell me, by those means, the price of LV. tons, XVII. cwts., III. quarters, and XII. lb. of rough brimstone, at V. pounds, II. shillings, and VI. pence per ton — the price at which a parcel was actually bought and sold. Did the Romans ever work sums? Could they do even the rule of three with their abacus, or counting-machine? Or, did they jump at their "tottles of the whole," like George Bidder, making a few mental somersets, and lighting on their feet at the exact spot required, by marvellous good luck, as it would seem to ordinary mortals?

Another great merit of our numerals is not thought of so often as it ought to be. Attempts, be it known, have several times been made to construct and spread the use of a universal language, which should be legible and intelligible to all the nations of the world. One of these days we may, perhaps, arrive at that convenient result; at present, the nearest approach to it is the adoption by the civilised world of the Arabic numerals, which, though differently named in different tongues, are alike comprehensible to the eye of French, Greek, Spanish, and American. The symbols 10 are instantly translated into ten, dix, dieci, zehn, δεκα, or Десять as the case may be. Modern arithmetic is a uni-



versal language as far as it goes.

Instead, therefore, of giving you a long sum of compound addition, in pounds, shillings, and pence, consisting, suppose, of fifty items, to cast up in Roman numerals, I will allow you to do it in the current mode in which bankers' clerks perform it at this hour. You feel the boon a great relief. Your mental labour is infinitely less. But is it not possible still to reduce that labour, by some simpler mode of counting money? You stare and doubt. But I know that it is possible; because, every time I pay my baker's and my butcher's bill, the labour comes ready reduced to my hand. How, I will endeavour clearly to state.

In adding up your pounds, shillings, and pence, — supposing that you are not plagued with farthings, halfpence, and three-farthings to boot, — you begin with the pence column, and run it up. It comes to so many. Then you have to say to yourself, "Twelve pence make one shilling;" — have patience, reader, you will understand me all the better by listening to a little childish talk; — "twelve in so many is so much and so much over." You put down the odd pence in their place in your total, and carry the shillings forward to the benefit of the next column, which you add up as before. But then you have to change the current of your thoughts, and to check yourself with the remark

that, in the present column, twenty shillings make one pound; and that twenty in so many gives so much and so much over. You then put down the shillings superabundant over some given multiple of twenty, and carry the resulting pounds to the column of pounds, which you are at last allowed, taking breath at the thought, to add and put down in their natural state, without having to say that so many pounds (of course, an awkward number — eleven perhaps, or seventeen) make something else. It is nothing to the purpose to object that, by constant practice and by being well up in your tables, the mental process here described is performed almost unconsciously. It still has to be performed; otherwise, pence, shillings and pounds could not be added together to form one amount.

Now suppose, — though this is not the system I am going to propound for your approbation, — suppose that ten, instead of twelve pence, made one shilling; and that ten, instead of twenty, shillings made one pound; how incomparably easier compound addition would be! That is, it would cease to be compound and would become simple addition. There could not be two figures in the column either of the pence or shillings, because nothing higher than nine could stand there; and there would be no mental arithmetic to do of turning pence into shillings and shillings into pounds (the cause of troublesome mis-



takes, as everybody's experience can testify); because decimal notation would do that of itself. In short, the pence and shilling tables would be abolished utterly, to the tumultuous joy of schoolboys and schoolgirls, without any allusion to the private sentiments of the masters and mistresses of schools. There would be no putting on of dunce's caps, no perching on high stools, book in hand, no sticking in corners with the face to the wall, no boxes on the ears, no smittings elsewhere with birchen rods, no "impositions" to learn by heart, no shuttings-up at play hours; none of these horrors would have to be endured on account of tables incorrectly said; because tables would be sunk, heavier than lead, five fathom deep, in the waters of oblivion. I call upon all instructors and instructees to give me three hearty British cheers in honour of the anticipated deliverance. And then the accountants — the accountants would simply have to cast up columns of figures, untormented by the division by twelves and twenties, which are the curse and incubus of £ s. d. There would even be no occasion, unless from choice, to put those mystic letters at the top of a bill.

"What does the little d. mean?" a foreigner once asked me.

Any three naked plain figures, without any point or comma between them, 4 5 6 suppose, would

necessarily mean, and could mean nothing else than, four pounds, five shillings, and sixpence. Take, for experiment's sake, the larger sum of 1234 5 6. The six being, of necessity, pence, and the five, by the law of nature, shillings, the sum total must amount to one thousand two hundred and thirty-four pounds, five shillings, and sixpence. And with ever so many of such items to add together, the operation and the result would be equally clear and simple. Try and comprehend this perfectly, before reading any further; and meditate upon the system calmly and fairly the next time you take up your Ready-reckoner, or glance at your tables of farthings, pence and shillings. I will not, on the present occasion, harass you with troy or apothecaries' weight, nor with harmonious measures, liquid and dry, — with Winchester bushels, combs, quarters, gallons, gills, pottles, and Scotch pints.

A system analogous to the above might be adopted without greatly disturbing the current coin of the realm; although some modification must, of course, be made. There may be a great variety of coins existing, for the convenience of change as well as for compendiousness (to serve, in short, as small bank-notes), which are not required to make their appearance in written accounts. We have no separate column for half-sovereigns and



half-crowns. French accounts are kept in francs and centimes only, — a plan I shall explain immediately; — and yet, in addition to franc and centime coins, they have the Napoléon or twenty-franc piece (corresponding to, though not of equivalent value with our sovereign), besides pieces of one, two, and four sous, and of two, five, and ten francs.

In planning a decimal coinage and a decimal system of book-keeping, the first point to settle is, to determine the unit, or rather the starting-point, which is to be divided into tens and hundreds. The French when they made the change from the old system to the new, fixed upon the franc, value tenpence, as their unit. This they divided into tenth parts, *décimes*, value one penny; and hundredth parts, centimes, value one-tenth of a penny English. Practically, *décimes* are rarely spoken of; it would help our compatriots if it were not so, because the *décime* is exactly a penny. But still *décimes* have a material existence in the shape of two-sous pieces, and a moral existence in the figure which occupies the place of tens in the column of centimes. The franc being divided into a hundred centimes, a franc and a half is expressed in numerals by 1.50, or one franc fifty centimes; a franc and a quarter by 1.25; and a franc and three-quarters by 1.75. A franc and one sou, or one franc five centimes, is written

thus, 1.05; a sou only, in the centime column, thus, 05. The cipher is put before the five, not only because such is the correct notation in decimal fractions, but also for the sake of preventing mistakes, by keeping the five in its proper place in a column which, thus, always consists of two figures, and two figures only, side by side. I have heard English travellers complain of the difficulty of reckoning by centimes; sous they manage easily enough, by thinking about our own half-penny pieces. But nothing is easier, when you once have the clue, than to convert centimes into sous, and vice-versâ. Five centimes make a sou; therefore, a simple division by five gives you the value in sous or halfpence. Thus, sixty-five centimes are thirteen sous, or six *décimes* five centimes, or in plain English sixpence halfpenny.

Even large sums of money are always mentioned as well as written in francs. In such cases, you have the inconvenience of noting down long lines of figures. But there is something superb and grandiose in the custom, when you come to apply it to your private affairs. It sounds pleasantly, and rings in the ear like a peal of bells, to say that your income is so many thousands (of francs) a-year. You begin to consider philosophically whether people who have as many thousands sterling, enjoy life more in the same proportion — namely, twenty-five times as much as yourself.



I remember the look of wishfulness and disappointment which overspread a young Frenchman's face, when I said to him, "If you could only speak English, I could at once get you a place of twelve hundred francs a-year, with almost sure increase by-and-by." A millionaire, in France, is the fortunate possessor of a million of francs — a nice little sum, take it as you will, and more within the reach of possibility to amass than a million of pounds sterling. These colossal French fortunes are easily reduced to more modest proportions by the consideration that twenty-five francs make a pound, barring the fractional fluctuations of more or less, which depend on the everchanging rate of exchange. Divide by twenty-five by mental arithmetic, and a hundred francs sinks to four pounds, a thousand francs to forty pounds. Cinderella's gilt carriage is reconverted to a humble pumpkin, and her fine laced footmen to full-grown rats. Preferable, however, is the pumpkin to the carriage, if we can thereby learn economy and content. I do think that the French, as a nation, have more nearly attained to this conclusion than the English have. Can decimal money have had anything to do with it?

The centime, or tenth-part of a penny, being acknowledged as legitimate by law and custom, must of course have a copper representative. "Of what use is so small a coin?" it may be asked.

"What can you buy with it? What could we do with anything of the kind in England?" To the first questions, I answer that, in the south of France and in Italy (where there are also centesimi) you can buy with it something — a few figs, nuts, plums, or hot roast chesnuts, or a cooling draught. To the last query, I reply that a very small coin, if it occupied its place in a decimal coinage, would be found to play its part in Great Britain and Ireland. County rates are often assessed in fractions, say three-eighths, of a penny in the pound. Here at once is an instance in which much plaguy calculation would be avoided. Again, it would be useful, as furnishing an easy mode of registration, and also for maintaining established rights, by the payment, as it were, of a pepper-corn rent. For example, over the Seine at Rouen there hangs a handsome suspension-bridge. The passage is not free, but as nearly so as possible. I took a lady and a little girl over that bridge; and, laying down a sou to pay the toll, received out of it the change of two centimes. The charge was only a centime per head; and the little girl made me cross the bridge two or three times afterwards, solely for the fun of getting change out of a sou. It was infinitely more amusing, in her opinion, than an hour's study of the pence table. It struck me that it could hardly be for profit's sake that so low a toll was charged, but to preserve



some right of the builders of the bridge, or to ascertain how many people went over it every day. Now, considerable pains and trouble are taken to give an account of how many people annually visit our great public establishments, such as Kew Gardens and the British Museum. But no reasonable person would object to pay a centime for admission to the instructive sights which he now inspects gratuitously; and it would be less trouble to the door-keepers to take a centime from each visitor, as a sort of counter, than to mark down the numbers of various groups as they arrive, sometimes in bustling crowds. When the numbers amount to thousands and hundreds of thousands, the sum received would tell in the end. The government, which now bears the whole expense, might continue to do so as heretofore. The centime-tax might be allowed to be appropriated to some useful purpose required by the exigences of the time, such as, just now, an orphan asylum for the children of soldiers slain in the war. No one would find fault with the Deans of St. Paul's and Westminster if they asserted their rights, when the Cathedral and the Abbey are not open for divine service, by the imposition of a centime-tax on curious strangers. To demonstrate at once the charitable resource thus opened, and the convenience of reckoning decimal coins, we may instance that in 'fifty-one the an-

nual number of visitors to Kew was roughly estimated at two hundred thousand. Put the figures on paper, and you will instantly see that in centimes they amount to two thousand francs or eighty pounds sterling. Suppose Hampton Court, the National Gallery, and other like places, to contribute their mites, and you have at least the beginnings of something good. The hint once given, its development is easy.

And now, to show the possibility of naturalising decimal money in the United Kingdom, I will briefly state a portion of the mode proposed in a pamphlet called *Decimalism*, by a Commercial Traveller — not advocating that in preference to any other scheme of decimalism, but simply taking it, with all reserve, as a specimen whereby the general topic may be stated to those to whom it is almost or entirely new. Every man of business who has been abroad, or who has had dealings with foreign countries, may be considered to think well of the proposed reform in our national coinage. Foreign countries have been adduced as having, some of them a long time since, adopted the decimal system in their currency, whilst none of them ever thought of returning again to the old clumsy confusion worse confounded. One slight exception, however, may be mentioned for the sake of truth. In eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, the Duke of Baden at-



tempted to introduce decimal coinage, and began introducing, from his ducal mint, thalers of a hundred kreuzers each, whilst all the rest of South Germany had thalers (of account) of ninety, and gulden or florins (coin) of sixty kreuzers each. In the land of the hunchbacked a straight man is sneered at. After patiently bearing for three years sneers of this kind, the Duke of Baden gave up his attempts at decimalisation; and, with a vengeance, coined thalers of a hundred and sixty-two kreuzers each — something like cutting off his nose to spite his face.

Without undertaking to count the millions of the human race who have tested the merits of decimal coinage, and are now enjoying its advantages, it will suffice to say that nearly all the civilised nations of Europe, America, and Asia, are decimalists; even China and Japan are of the number. In fact, the only exceptions are Great Britain and her dependencies, Turkey, Denmark, Germany, and part of Switzerland. It is, however, to be observed, that in Egypt, where the division of the piastre is the same as in Turkey Proper, into forty paras, foreign merchants keep accounts in piastres of hundredths. In certain places in Germany, as on the Rhine, some banking and commission houses keep their accounts, also, in thalers divided into hundredth parts.

There are three ways in which

it is possible to reform our weights, measures, and moneys: First, to abandon the old system entirely, and invent a new one in its stead; secondly, to adopt that of another country, in which case the old system will also have to be given up; and thirdly, to remodel the old system, rejecting of it what has become useless or unsuited to the ideas and wants of the times, and combining new with the useful part of the old material.

To follow the first of the above propositions, would be identical with a sudden change. Several writers have recommended, others have strongly insisted upon it. They assert that more confusion and error would be likely to arise from a gradual than a sudden change. That an entire change, and a sudden change, does create inconvenience, is, however, confirmed by the historical experience of France. It is well known that a radical change was made there at the time of the first revolution. In many respects the change was more sudden than radical. In coin, for instance, the difference chiefly consisted only in the decimal division; yet, the tradespeople and the poorer classes, not having been properly prepared for the abrupt change, much confusion ensued, partly owing to the ignorance of the people, and partly through the bad faith of shopkeepers, who preferred selling by the old and lighter, instead of by the new



and heavier weights. Repeated decrees became necessary to enforce the adoption of the new weights and measures; and, at length, in eighteen hundred and twelve, the French government, in order to avoid these inconveniences, was obliged to make a composition with the people, allowing the use of old names, with binary, instead of decimal division, of the new weights and measures. Thus, the half-kilogramme, called the new pound, is still divided into halves, quarters, and eighths. The division of the sou into four liards still lingers even in the coinage. Often, you cannot buy a loaf without taking a two-liard piece in change. Often, a fishwoman or a fruiterer will ask you six liards a-piece for her herrings or her peaches. In short, certain classes of a nation will and must have a binary division, although they may not entirely object to a decimal system. This should not discourage, but it ought to make us wise.

As to the second mode of effecting a change; would it be prudent and expedient to adopt the French, or American, or some other system? The Commercial Traveller opines, and I quite agree with him, that apart from the great inconvenience and confusion which would be sure to arise in consequence, such a measure would sooner or later end in disappointment, whilst its alleged advantages are for the greater part imaginary. The

members of the international jury of the exposition and of the statistical congress who are at present in Paris, are meeting, at the moment this sentence is written, at the Palace of Industry, to consider the means of organising an International Association for the adoption of a uniform system of weights, measures, and moneys, by the two allied nations at least; but we may be permitted to entertain the fear that such a union as that — between two foreign countries — especially such as have different standards (as is the case with this country and France), will only end in disappointment. In spite of treaties and engagements, circumstances must be expected to arise that would lead to a change in the standard.

Supposing, however, that a treaty of the sort had been concluded, its alleged advantages, we may apprehend, would be found illusory in practice. The Hispano-American republics, for instance, all coin Spanish dollars; yet the coinage of the one is not readily received in the other, except at a discount; and the exchange between Mexico, Chili, and Peru, must be regulated by a per-centage, just as it is between Cuba, Porto-Rico, and Spain. The same happens between Paris, Turin, Switzerland, and Belgium, though all four have now the franc. There are better means of cementing the union of two friendly nations than by such forced assimilations



as that now under discussion. It is too much after the fashion of Procrustes's bed; stretching out the short man and cutting down the long man to one uniform standard of height.

Fraternalisation, beyond a certain point, may at present be a day-dream, and a waste of time. Neither country would gain anything by denationalising its coin. Suppose the franc to be adopted in England; it would alter our gold coin, and most of our silver coin, and would cause a bewilderment in the masses of our population. Besides, the merchant would not be better off; for he would have to distinguish in his books English from French francs, although identically the same in coinage, but different in value, on account of the daily fluctuating rate of premium or discount between the two countries.

There remains, then, only to be considered how the desired change can be best effected, by our preserving whatever is worth preserving, of our old national materials, combining it, upon the principle of decimal numeration, with suitable new material. In the construction of a new system, such as is at present called for, the masses of the nation will have to learn how to live, as it were, in a new house, better arranged than, but, at the same time, so differently arranged from, their old dwelling, that they will have to give up certain comforts, till they become used

to the new ones. To render, therefore, the change acceptable, and at the same time really useful, the new system should not alter the old one, more than will be necessary to establish the new principle soundly and firmly. It should, for all practical purposes, be more simple and easy than the old one. It should consult the wants and customs of the people in general, and those of the several classes in particular. It should be constructed with a view to durability and permanence, which will be best attained by consulting strict regularity and simplicity. And finally, it should be as national, in name as well as in spirit, as circumstances will allow; old absurdities, such as, for example, duplicate terms (pound in money and in weight, quarter in measure and in weight, &c.), being absolutely rejected.

At first sight, the temptation is very strong to make the half-penny enter into the new system of coinage; because it is identical with the sou, which works so well in the composition of the franc; but in the first place, that would reduce us to a copper, or a silver, instead of a gold standard; and secondly, would involve the rejection of the sovereign, being no decimal fraction thereof. Now, the best authorities are agreed that the present sovereign is the best basis that lies within reach for the proposed new coinage. A people that has to reckon with a debt of some hun-



dred millions of pounds, should preserve as high a coin, and money of account, as our present sovereign, because they cannot find time to play with so many figures as would be required to express that sum, and others of daily and hourly occurrence, in shillings, or half-crowns. The recent happy introduction of the florin, a decimal of the sovereign, has decided the question by anticipation.

Our mint laws are open to reform, quite independently of decimalisation; such as they are, they have given us the SOVEREIGN in GOLD, by which all payments of a certain magnitude are to be made, and in which, or FRACTIONS OF WHICH, all values and contracts whatsoever, exceeding forty shillings, are expressed or understood, if they are to have legal value. Silver, in coin or bars, is not available according to law, if rejected by the creditor, nor is copper, beyond forty shillings of the former, and twelve pence of the latter. Our silver and copper coin are only small change, auxiliary coin, that serve to balance debts below the respective amounts stated. Hence it follows, that government might alter, raise, or lower, the fineness and weight of the shilling and of the penny, without interfering with the value of our property, or the import of our contracts, even if these were expressed, as indeed they are in numerous instances, in pence or in shillings; for when, for ex-

ample, an Act of Parliament authorised the payment of railway fare at the rate of a half-penny per mile, the meaning of the Act, to be in harmony with previous laws relating to the legal tender of copper and silver coin as before-mentioned, could be no other than that the fare should be reckoned and paid at the rate of one four-hundred and eightieth of a gold sovereign in all cases where the amount exceeded twelve-pence. In like manner, if I sell a cargo of wheat at the rate of fifty shillings per quarter, I mean to be paid for it, not in so many shillings in silver, but at the rate of two and a half sovereigns in gold. But a change in the weight or fineness of the sovereign would have very different consequences; not only because it is made of gold, but chiefly because legal enactments and our mint regulations have combined to make it the legal basis, or unit, of our moneys of coinage, determining implicitly, at the same time, that our standard should not be one of silver or copper.

From all this, it follows, that we have already the unit, or basis, in gold, of a decimal coinage; and that it only remains to complete the system by the addition of intermediates and sub-divisions; at all events, no plan has been proposed that could present equal, or greater convenience and correctness. And it also follows, that the proposed withdrawal of the penny,



and its being replaced by a decimal copper coin, cannot affect laws, or contracts, stipulating rates, or taxes, in pence or shillings; because the enactments relating to the legal tender would not admit of any other interpretation of such laws and contracts than this, — that these rates, or taxes, in pence or shillings, signified so many fractions of the unit (sovereign) in gold.

For the purpose of reckoning and keeping accounts, we ought to have as few sorts of money as possible; but, for payment of small debts, there should be no lack of various coins. According to the plan of the Parliamentary Committee, we should have two moneys of account, as other countries have; with this difference, however, that most of these have only hundredths, that is, two places after the unit, or integer, whilst we should have thousandths, that is, three places after the pounds. This is as it should be, and arises from the simple fact that France, for example, has only hundredths, because their integer, the franc, is only of the value of about ten pence sterling; and, as we find the pound more convenient in accounts, than the franc or the shilling, hundredths would not complete our system, as the hundredth of a pound is two pence three-farthings, whilst the thousandth part of a pound is as near as possible our present farthing. In whole numbers, twenty-four farthings are equal to twenty-five

thousandths. Thus our accounts in decimals will have the advantage over our present ones in point of exactness, as halfpence and farthings will in no case be lost.

The Committee's plan is, to adopt the existing pound as basis, with three decimal places; that is, dividing it into a thousand parts, millesimals, or, by abbreviation, mils. The Commercial Traveller suggests that the term pound be abandoned, as obsolete and absurd. Others advise that "sovereign" should be abolished and "pound" retained; but what's in a name? The coined gold sovereign, and the proposed money of account of a thousand mils being identically one and the same, common sense, as well as our convenience, urge that both moneys should have but one name.

A sum in sovereigns and mils requires after the whole numbers the decimal point, comma, or some other distinctive mark. The point as well as the comma are objectionable; in their stead are proposed the mark „, or as the Portuguese have it, //, viz., two strokes prolonged above and below the line. This mark is undoubtedly the most convenient in practice; it serves also very well if placed before mils where these do not amount to a thousand, that is, a full sovereign. We might then dispense with putting a mark for mils, and also with placing a cipher to the left of the point, to signify the ab-



sence of sovereigns. Thus, what is now printed, for example, S.3.825m., S.0.037m., we should in future express by 3//825, and //037, which is as brief as it is perspicuous.

It is very desirable that people should be impressed with the rule in decimals, that when we mean to express thousandths, which we shall do whenever we speak or write of mils as thousandths of a sovereign, the obviating of mistakes requires that three places should ALWAYS be expressed, especially where only units or tens of mils occur, in which case we place the cipher after the mark. Thus, writing //037, or //007, we shall make it appear for certain that the tenth of a sovereign, or the tenth and the hundredth in the second example are wanting.

To write and cast sums in merchants' books, the best plan the Commercial Traveller can suggest is, to leave the columns exactly as they are usually ruled at present. The sovereigns will continue to be distinguished as they now are. The tenth of a sovereign, or florin, is, as a money of account, the decimal multiple of (ten times) a cent, and, together with the unit of the cent, would occupy the column which now serves for the unit and ten of the shilling. The unit of a mil would then alone appear in the third column, which is now that of the pence. We should, therefore, write in our books as follows:

|  |      |  |    |  |    |  |
|--|------|--|----|--|----|--|
|  | Sov. |  | C. |  | M. |  |
|  | 100  |  | 23 |  | 5  |  |

which would be read, One hundred sovereigns, twenty-three cents, and five mils. In coin, it would be 100 sovereigns, 2 florins, 3 cents, and 5 mils.

And now, with regard to the various coins by means of which a decimal system is to be practically carried out. The evidence given by some gentlemen, before the Committee, was to the effect, that the smaller the number of coins with which it is practicable to effect purchases, the better. This is undoubtedly beautiful theory; but in practice it would be dangerous to disregard too strictly the convenience of the public. When we come to treat of the moneys of coinage, we ought to consider that the public have a right to ask for accommodation. All decimally-reckoning countries have found it necessary to afford facilities for small change in purchases, by coining a variety of subdivisions.

Upon these grounds it will be quite safe to retain — at least for a time — the half-florin (shilling). The quarter-florin (sixpence) would do very well, discarding only the term sixpence; but, unfortunately, the sixpence stamped on its face renders the coin highly objectionable, when it becomes of the utmost importance, for the lower classes especially, to efface old recollections, as Sir J. Herschell said, of everything that reminds them of pence. The



sixpence ought, therefore, to be condemned as absolutely as the three and fourpenny bits, and the copper pennies. Besides, the sixpence, taken as the fourth part of the florin, will become entirely superfluous by the introduction of the double cent, the fifth of the florin. In the same manner the half-crown, rendered supernumerary by the florin, should be withdrawn; as also the crown, an inconveniently heavy silver coin, which might be replaced by a new gold coin, of the value of five or four shillings, as small change in gold, for home circulation. The half-sovereign is supposed to be altogether relinquished, for reasons which there is not room to state. More regular proportions of the decimal scale would certainly be observed, if the proposed new coin were made of the value of four, instead of five shillings, that is to say, equal to a double florin. As to its title, the name of prince appears to be the most appropriate for a coin that stands nearest to the sovereign. A double florin, in silver, although perfectly right in a decimal system, would be too heavy a piece for general use.

To fill other vacancies, the committee proposes that a double cent, and a cent, should be made of silver, and a half-cent of copper. It should be remembered that the cent forms an essential link in the decimal change of moneys. To omit it in the coinage would deprive the masses

of the most material help to comprehend the new proportions, for which purpose no fair means should be omitted, by which the cent may become the poor man's unit, in the sense in which the penny is at present.

The present copper coins — the time-honoured penny, half-penny, farthing, and half-farthing — being all of them incompatible with the decimal division of the sovereign, which is an essential part of the proposed reform, they will have to be withdrawn before the issue of the new copper coin. In their case, old recollections must certainly be given up, and reckoned with the things of the class of pig-tails. A compromise would be a hinderance to the nation's readily adopting decimal proportions, and convincing themselves of the advantages of a purely decimal system. But even if that hinderance did not exist, a compromise would be uncalled for; as three out of the four former copper coins will have their representatives in the new series. Of these, the half-cent has already been under notice; those of the half-penny and the farthing will be presently described. The half-farthing alone will be entirely dropped, simply because it will not be wanted.

The word mil has turned up as the most fit and proper for its signification, of a thousandth of a sovereign. In virtue of its brevity, the language will not be a loser by exchanging it for the



farthing. A punster might be tempted to call the introduction of the mil, the millenium of coinage reform; while a counter-punster might endeavour to confound mil with nil. Although a necessary part of the moneys of account, the mil, in coin, will like the farthing at present, probably be rarely used. Still, it is the last and not the least link in the chain of decimal coins, and part of a system pregnant with advantages and improvements, the importance of which, for all classes, it would be difficult to overrate. It will, however, be expedient to coin a two-mil piece, which will take the place of the half-penny, than which it will be less by one twenty-fifth, the proportions being the same as between the mil and the farthing. The name of a double-mil would probably best be a cash. Farthing belongs to the old series, and implies a fourth, which is inapplicable to the mil. New-farthing would therefore be equally objectionable.

Upon the plan above suggested, our new moneys of coin would therefore stand thus, in the order of precedence: sovereign, prince, florin, double-cent, cent, half-cent, cash or two-mil, and mil. And the pence! What is to become of the dear old brown penny-pieces? Are they to vanish like unclean ghosts? There are people who will resist a decimal coinage as obstinately as their forefathers did the change from old style to

new, when they absolutely believed that their lives were to be shortened, by Act of Parliament, eleven whole days. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. But the pence will be gone; argal, there will be no possible pounds to take care of, and a national bankruptcy must inevitably follow. Do what you please with the rest of the coinage, but leave — O! leave us — our beloved pennies. Very well; let them be left to you. And then, as far as a decimal system goes, you will be penny wise and pound foolish.

## LODGINGS.

I HAVE lived all my life, both when I was my own master and since I have been married, in furnished lodgings; and I think I ought to know something about them and the people who let them. Lodging-house keepers, however different in degree and phase, are but of two kinds; — the shiny unctuous party that has a husband just enough to swear by, and who never appears save at the last extremity; and the stormy, arm-a-kimbo individual, who is a lone and desolate widow, but is by no means to be trodden upon on that account, neither.

There is a story told of a learned Cambridge professor, which has always filled me with the highest respect for his courage and conduct. Finding that his



college bedmaker — which is, however, a very mitigated species of landlady — was continually abstracting his teas, and being, sagacious philosopher, aware of what weight of evidence some females can resist, he determined to let her know he had found her peccadilloes out, without the chance of contradiction; he bought two pounds of tea, one of which he placed as usual in his caddy, and secreted the other in a drawer; he drew from the latter store so much as was necessary for his use, but never touched the former; the contents of the caddy nevertheless decreased daily, and in greater proportion, and at last, while the Professor had still a little left, Mrs. Brown, the bedmaker, declared his tea to be out, and offered to get him some more. “Well,” exclaimed her master, producing his remnant in great triumph, “I declare, Mrs. Brown, that your pound has not lasted so long as mine has.” But though this may have been permitted to a great man to do, backed by the opinion of the whole of Europe and with five hundred bachelors within call, I affirm for myself to have ventured on such a scheme would have been madness. From the first designing woman who hooked me as a lodger, to the last, nothing of mine was safe from them; nothing untouched, unrummaged, unpilfered, except a case of horse-pistols, which they were all afraid to meddle with, and wherein I was consequently

wont to keep a few wax matches and my biggest lumps of sugar. I have known rash young men to inquire after missing articles more than once, but I have also overheard their abject apologies. If the mistress of the house has been a small woman, she has insisted upon their being taken instantly up to the maid’s room, in order to examine her boxes, as such a thing never occurred before under a roof of hers; if a large person, she has had the most violent hysterics, and screamed incessantly for her husband.

My sufferings and humiliations during the period of my being done-for as a single gentleman, were, indeed, of a nature too painful to be recalled, and I will confine myself to the relation of my experience of lodging-house keepers since my marriage; for it is unquestionable that in the case of these persons, the wife is the natural protector of the husband — the living shield which is ever thrusting itself betwixt the spear of the enemy, her tongue, and our saved ears; or rather, the buffer by which the shocks of that terrible engine are broken and weakened before they reach ourselves. She inspires courage, too, even in us, who have been defeated in many conflicts, so that we descend, upon occasion, into the very stronghold of the foe.

We spent our honeymoon, and half our yearly income with it, in lodgings in one of the best streets



out of Piccadilly; a very dark, dirty, and aristocratic one, and the very quietest retreat (said the landlady) that could possibly have been selected for a young couple. She took quite a motherly interest in my little wife from the first, and, unfortunately, a mother-in-law's in me. By excessive apparent kindness she got my poor Ada to leave everything in her hands, and, when I ventured to remonstrate, I was asked, whether I wished to see my bride consigned, through over-work, to an early grave. At night, this fashionable quarter was the noisiest in London; there seemed to be an eternal roll of wheels from ten P.M. to four in the morning, and our total want of rest was little compensated for by our landlady's assurance that there was scarcely one commoner's carriage amongst them, and that eleven noblemen lived opposite, all of a row. She did not mind our going out to operas or theatres a bit, but sat up for us herself quite cheerfully, and finished our oyster-suppers afterwards without a murmur. She never made any difficulty about our having anything we wanted (although she thought my wife's ordering dinner, as a general rule, a decided interference), and never suffered her smile to get out of type, nor one of her false ringlets to be ruffled, through anger, during our stay; as a sporting man would say, she never turned a hair, in the way of temper; but she did lay it on

to that extent on the butcher's and on the bakers's, and on the beer bills, that I do believe it would have been cheaper for us to have lived at the Clarendon. She had the first read of our newspaper (for which we should have paid a shilling a-week) and charged us one shilling and sixpence for partaking of that little enjoyment after her. She was the completest conductor of the systems of direct and indirect taxation possible, and I don't believe we smuggled so much as a biscuit, upon which, sooner or later, her duty was not levied. She had two sleek maidservants without much to do and with plenty to eat — for she did not stoop to petty economies and was liberal enough with our provisions — who were devoted to her interests, and regularly trained to act under every circumstance against the lodger. Mrs. Rubens was the greatest brigand housekeeper I ever met with, and infinitely superior to those guerilla chieftains who have harassed my life in lodgings from my youth. I think my wife has even still a sort of sneaking affection for her, and she shook hands with us, on her part, with tears in her eyes, as we drove away with diminished purse from her aristocratic tenement. I never disputed the bill from not knowing which exorbitant item to make my stand upon; but, to each of her confederates who stood at the door with outstretched hands and an expres-



sion such as might have been worn by the daughters of the horse-leech, I gave a fourpenny-piece, neatly wrapped up in many folds of silver-paper.

We were rather sick of London, where beef seemed to be sixteen pence a-pound and everything else in proportion, and travelled northward, taking up our abode in the lake country. The cottage that we lodged in was the most charming in the world, it was half smothered in roses and honeysuckles, with diamond panes to the casements, and a stone porch over the door. The garden shone like a little rainbow; so gorgeously was it decked with bud and blossom, and sloped down to a gravel-walk which ran for a score of yards by the brink of a rock-stemmed river. At the end of the walk was an arbour; from it a beautiful view up the stream of closing woods in the foreground, and, beyond, of purple mountains. What a bower that was to dream in, with half-shut eyes and a cigar just balanced on lip! The pie-crust was not very good at the Dove-cot, to be sure, and the rooms were a little draughty; but I could have been happy there for summer after summer. The Nemesis of my existence, however—the landlady—rudely dispelled this illusion.

My wife, one morning, wished to speak with me a moment, as I was writing in my study. I put away my books and shut up my desk at once (for I had begun to

know by that time what my dear Ada meant by that form of expression), and courageously awaited her communication.

“James,” she said, “we must leave this place at once, and for ever!”

I said, “My love, it is impossible: I have taken it for three months, and like it exceedingly. The accommodation is excellent, and Mrs. Danae is all that can be expected of her — worth ten thousand of such people as Mrs. Rubens, and half as cheap again.”

“James,” whispered Ada, in a voice trembling with emotion, and a tear gathering in each of her hazel eyes, “if you do not wish to see me live disgraced and die broken-hearted, you must give notice of our leaving this house immediately. Three times — not once, nor twice, but three several times — when I have gone to order dinner in the kitchen, that abominable woman has called me ‘Miss!’ — me, your wife, James! — she has called me ‘Miss!’”

“Perhaps, dear Ada,” I murmured, but very hopelessly — “perhaps it was a mistake.”

“No, it was not a mistake; and if you imagine by a heartless pun to — to — to —”

Here sobs choked her utterance, and her victory, of course, was secure.

The Dove-cot, it seems, was such a desirable abode as to have been bidden for over our heads; and Mrs. Danae, although in



other respects a model-lodging letter, was not proof against a guinea a-week extra rent. She took, therefore, this decided method of getting us out of her cottage, and succeeded on the third day's trial. What she might have turned out without this temptation—how obliging, how just, how good-tempered—is a question that cannot now be solved. She may have been smooth and courteous to the end, and have cut both our throats on the very last night of our sojourn immediately after I had settled her account; or she may have never got into bad ways, but have proved the perfectability of her species. Who can tell?

I know that Mrs. Williams, of Belle Vue Villa, whom we next lodged with, had no intention of proving anything of the sort. She was the dirtiest woman and the most talkative I ever knew, with the sole exception, that is to say, of her eldest daughter; and the former cooked for us and the latter waited at table. I never could keep my eyes off that young lady's thumb, as it appeared served up in company with my food upon those willow-pattern plates. It reached to about where the bridge comes with the people fishing on it, and always, if possible, took its way through the mustard and salt. Then, the partitions were so thin that, except for the look of the thing, the kitchen might have been in the parlour, and we heard the most horrible secrets concerning

our dinners. "Drat the cat, he's been at the weal again, Mary; do cut it round with the knife, or we shall have Mr. Jones a-swear-ing away like anythink;" or, "Pick it up with your hands if it have dropped, Mary, and nobody need be none the wiser, except ourselves."

We were the wiser, and the sadder for all this. It was rather cheap living at Belle Vue, certainly, but it was uncommonly nasty, and we were obliged to take the precautions of the most hated tyrants of ancient times with respect to our food—we lived upon eggs and bottled beer, and afterwards, when we grew more systematic, upon potted meats and fish and prepared chocolate. At last, Ada appeared at a grand ball with her white silk bridal dress decorated with numberless human finger-prints, where Mary had set her mark while dressing her; and we suddenly left Belle Vue and the north for the seaside.

There was a good view of the sea from Mrs. Spidaweb's drawing-room floor on the Marine Parade; but the rent, for the first time, forbade our taking the whole house. We had the pas of the other lodgers, and were permitted to fix our own dinner hour; but, that once fixed, we were not permitted to change it. If we rang the bell between one o'clock, when the dining-room began to feed, and three o'clock, when the second-floor had about finished, it was not answered.



By this time our private establishment included a maid-servant — because we had a baby — and the miseries of life in lodgings were increased about threefold. Jemima Ann was frightfully exclusive, and refused to associate with the maids-of-all-work. I believe Ada went down upon her knees to persuade her to take her meals in the kitchen; and even then she would sometimes knock at our door in a peculiar manner, and be found standing outside it with a specimen of the table d'hôte of Mrs. Spidaweb for us to sympathise with her upon. There was a pitched battle one day between this young female and the mistress of the house, which resulted in the latter lady's signal discomfiture. I heard a cry from our faithful retainer of, "Hould the baby, will you, somebody? — hould the baby while I destroy her," and arrived on the landing of the stairs just in time to see Mrs. Spidaweb's eyes — her spectacles were already lying in small particles in different directions.

The baby, however, was a great favourite with Mrs. S., and when not petitioned for by the dining-room, or second-floors — who were all females, and passionately addicted to infants — it would be found in her sanctum, the back parlour, admiring the parrot, and sucking (until the practice was forbidden), coloured sticks of liquorice, or peppermint. The baby, indeed, was apparently the sole link between

her and the humanities; she did not even charge for the little crib it slept in, as an extra bed; and presented it with a perforated penny, to hang round its neck like a medal, and to be employed in bringing forward the teeth. Otherwise our landlady was not lavish, nor even liberal; I believe she never got one single article of housekeeping for herself, or for her servants throughout the bathing season; but abstracted from the joints, and pies, and teas of her lodgers, according to a regular scale, which, of course, punished most severely the drawing-room floor. After a certain period, Mrs. Spidaweb's account suddenly came out with a supplement, a regular double number in fact, because of the season having commenced; the upper floor took flight at this extortion, and we ascended to that elevation, and played second fiddle for a few weeks in the house where we had led the orchestra. From that moment, we found the airs of the drawing-room lodgers insupportable; they wanted more waiting on than the Nepaulese princes, especially at the times when we were dining; and they never (as my wife justly observed), "ever so much as sent for our dear, darling baby." Mrs. Spidaweb soon, therefore, lost again her second second-floor. The score for our concluding week at number twenty Marine Parade, I shall not easily forget; indeed, I preserve it as a curiosity to this day, with her autograph



at the bottom of it, written in an easy and flowing hand, as though she had nothing on her mind, in the way of thieving, or extracting money under false pretences, whatever. This bill was just three times the length of any previous week's, the proportion being accurately maintained in every item.

"Have we, then, drank three times the usual quantity of milk this week, Mrs. Spidaweb!" said I.

"No, sir; but the fact is, that the bills from the thirteenth to the twenty-seventh, when you lodged in the drawing-room flat, sir," (with asperity and contempt), "were not sent in at all."

"And the beer? Was the beer bill also not delivered?"

"No, sir, but Jemima Ann has got to drink of it to that extent, that I only wonder she doesn't burst herself."

"And the meat, Mrs. Spidaweb," said I, languidly, for I saw it was no good. "The butcher's bill?"

"The extra quantity of meat, sir, has been got, according to the doctor's orders, for the sake of gravy for the baby."

I was, for my part, thunder-struck; but, as I gave a last look up at the top floor, as we drove off I perceived that wonderful woman pinning Apartments to Let in the window, with an expression of beaming philanthropy, as though it were the prospectus of a religious and charitable foundation, started by

herself, gratuitously, for the homeless.

A pious widow, with a family of pious sons and pious daughters, next admitted us to the privileges of Zion Cottage for a moderate remuneration; her dear departed, she told me, had died after many trials — I afterwards discovered that one in particular, connected with a bill of exchange, and the playful imitation of another gentleman's handwriting, had been almost the immediate cause of his decease — and left little behind him, except his blessing and a few African tracts. He had been once the alderman of his native town, and his bereaved relatives could never quite forget that state of carnal dignity; the young ladies, indeed, dressed to that extent, that Ada did not dare to ask them to do anything; and the young gentlemen, to a boy, all gave one the idea of fashionable preachers. Their mamma confessed that she thought we should like our dinner better, if cooked at the baker's, and she never suffered the mere ringing of the sitting-room bells to interrupt the singing of a psalm in the kitchen; not that her poor drudge, the maid, ever partook of that refreshment, for that earthen vessel was always employed up-stairs in arranging the back hair of one or other of her young mistresses; but whenever the family got tired of looking out of window, and walking in the back garden, they set up a



hymn. The Ebenezers were all teetotallists, and strove to make a convert of our Jemima Ann; one of their young men was accustomed, while she disposed of her modest half-pint of beer, to read her a short homily upon the sin of drunkenness, illustrated with many awful instances of sudden death; and the females would beg her to taste their delicate toast and water, if it was only for once. But she merely expressed herself in reply as being happy in drinking their very good healths.

I cannot say that Mrs. Ebenezer's spiritual enlightenment interfered much with her worldly wisdom and financial acuteness. Now and then, through inattention to such secular concerns, perhaps, a little item in the account would make its appearance twice; but, on the other hand, she never forgot even the most insignificant matter on the creditor side; along with each weekly bill would appear a little parcel of gay but useless ornaments, elaborate book-markers, and highly-decorated pen-wipers, which in the first instant I took to be tributes of affection at the hands of the young ladies to my wife; but which I afterwards discovered were to be purchased from seven shillings and sixpence a-piece and upwards, for the benefit of a native congregation in the Tonga Island.

What was wanting, indeed, in our temporal comforts at Zion Cottage was well made up to us

in attentions to our moral welfare. Twenty-five copies of Good Resolutions, or the Broken Pipe, were presented to me by Miss Miriam alone, on the occasion of a smell of tobacco being apparent in my dressing-room. We received the Infidel's Warning in return for our notice to quit, and were pointed out to Jemima Ann during the last few days by the Reverend Benjamin as having been typified, in a most satisfactory, though not in a pleasing manner, several thousand years ago.

Besides these awful specimens of the genus lodging-letter, we have experienced nearly a score of others: each, I believe, enough to have driven a philosopher (regardless of mere appearances) to live on wheels, or under canvas, rather than in furnished apartments. Let it suffice, however, to paint one more likeness, the original of which is unhappily close to my hand. I allude to Mrs. Peachbloom, at whose lodgings, number eleven, Garden of Eden Terrace, Saint Heliers, Jersey, we now are. She is a widow lady of that extreme delicacy and invalidism, that when the wind is in the north she retires to her couch; and when a door bangs she has a series of hysterical fits. At our first arrival she seemed pleased enough to see us; but on the second day (on which we went out to dinner) she thought we should be too much for her. "My health is such, you see, madam," she told my wife, "as



to make all exertion dangerous, and standing in the front of a fire perfect madness; you must, at all events, dine early, and require as little of everything as possible."

During that same night we were awakened by screams, which we supposed to proceed from Mrs. P.'s hysteria, but turned out to be from the maid, whom she was beating with a gravy-ladle with much enthusiasm and vigour. In a voice, too, singularly different from her accustomed whisper, she was responding to her threats of departure, that she might go whenever she liked, but it would be without a character. One day she gave us notice to leave, because she could not bear to see us any longer occupying the very rooms which had once been Lord and Lady Millefleurs, the best and kindest friend she had ever had; she thought she could have borne it, she said in apology, but her feelings were stronger than she had reckoned upon. It appeared afterwards that she had in reality heard news of a more eligible tenant from the West Indies, which did not turn out to be true; but in reply to our inquiries a few days after, as to why Lodgings was again in her window, she said that she had managed to conquer her feelings once more, and that we might still remain. After a week of tranquillity, she again informed us that the Earl of Millefleurs had written to her the most friendly of letters, ad-

vising her to let the house for a term of years. I was disturbed, indeed, on the ensuing morning by the following dialogue between her and a bill-sticker at the front door. He had just been putting up House to Let over the porch:

"So you have done it, Williams, have you?" whimpered Mrs. Peachbloom.

"Done what, marm? I don't know what you mean?"

"Put up the—the—the notice, Williams—put it up in the sight of the world."

"Well you told me, marm, didn't you? It's easy taken down else, and no trouble."

"Ah, you don't understand me, Williams—you don't sympathise with me—and, indeed, how should you? For we must all come to this, or something of the sort, at last. This house to let unfurnished. Well, well, God bless you, Williams!—God bless you!"

She affirms, indeed, that with the exception of his Lordship, nobody does understand her; nothing under a member of the aristocracy can do this; and we are not that, nor (as she is pleased to add, we hear through Jemima Ann) anything of the sort. There will be an auction, therefore, in the house to-morrow, and we must go. "All is to be sold," she says, "even to the very piano"—which I do not think will come to pass, for want of a buyer, as it has no keys to speak of, and half the wires have



snapped; — “singular, is it not, that not even her piano is to be saved — bought-in, she believes they call it — but all is to be sold?”

Yesterday, however, upon some people calling to see the house in consequence of the placard, she took it down before their very eyes, having mounted upon a ladder for that purpose; declared that it was all a mistake, and that they could not so much as look at the apartments, occupied, as they had so lately been, by Lord and Lady Millefleurs. So there is to be no auction, and we are not To Let after all.

Except, however, that we think it right to be unpleasantly careful in locking our own and the nursery doors at night, I think we like this poor out-of-her-mind little Peachbloom as well as any; but Jemima Ann and the maid have lost all patience with her tantrums, and are eagerly desirous (“character or no character,” says the latter) to give her a precious good shaking before they have done with her. I confess, if it could be effected without legal risk, I should very much like to see them putting that design into execution.

## PARIS IMPROVED.

THE citizens of London and the citizens of Paris can be compared and contrasted in almost the same terms as the cities themselves: the one sombre,

heavy, large, continually expanding, seldom changing; the other bright, compact, open, lively, and ever improving. The pace of London improvement is that of the overgrown alderman, or of his own beloved turtle. It takes a lustre to pull down and rebuild a house or two in Chancery Lane, a decade to reconstruct Cannon Street, and a lifetime to open out an entirely new thoroughfare. In our youth, a nest of rookeries was demolished on the Clerkenwell side of Holborn Bridge, under pretence of continuing Farringdon Street to be an open route for the Northern and Western Railways: we are now more than middle-aged, our second son has attained his majority, and Farringdon Street still stands where it did. It is neither longer nor broader than it was when Fleet Ditch ceased to be navigable for merchant ships, and when Fleet Market afterwards flourished above that covered estuary. It is not a foot nearer to Bath, nor Liverpool, nor Berwick-upon-Tweed. The loose bricks; the unconsidered tiles; the rusty, dented fragments of pots and kettles; the rugged mounds of filth; the slimy holes and puddles; the jagged profiles of tenements half torn down, half standing; the arches of empty coal-cellars; the carcasses of dead domestic animals; the bones of others whose death and skeletonhood dates three reigns back; the “temporary” posts and barriers now decayed with age; and



the stench from Cow Cross; all continue to seethe and breed pestilence in the hideous gap dug out of the centre of this metropolis nearly a quarter of a century ago. Yet, during that time, there has been activity of another kind close by. Hundreds of dinners have been eaten; thousands of turtle have been slain and washed down with oceans of cold punch; millions of money in coal-dues and corn-dues have been squandered, and diverted from their legal purposes, into ever-running channels of gormandising and jobbery. Further off in the world a vast amount of work has been done, of precisely the same sort as that which our citizens have wretchedly shirked. Within the territories of the United States, whole cities have been built, peopled, and organised, of not much smaller extent than the city of London proper. Miles and miles of ground have been covered with habitations in other parts of the globe, and called St. Francisco, Melbourne, Port Philip, what you will. Even while the wise men of the East have been haggling about one little piece of open ground at the base of St. Paul's Cathedral, a considerable portion of the capital of the great French empire has been not only razed, but rebuilt; rebuilt with a degree of solidity not easily conceivable in this our city of bricks and stucco; and in a style of splendour which would have startled the late Mr. John Martin,

notably the most extreme idealist of gorgeous architecture ever known.

Indeed, since the tradition of Cadmus and the magical realities of the gold districts, we know of no instance of rapid building to equal the recent transformations in Paris. In the three years during which this short work has been mainly in action, there have been swept away a great many narrow crooked streets, which reeked with open streams of foetid refuse; which were without side-pavements — foot-passengers, horses, vehicles and filth, all mixing there in continual confusion; — which were seldom lighted by the sun by day, in consequence of the height and close proximity of the opposite houses, and which were but dimly lighted by night, with miserable lamps slung across the road; which were densely thronged from the cellars to the roofs, by a variety of inmates whose salient characteristic was wicked squalor; into which prudent people never ventured after sunset, and where imprudent people were frequently robbed and sometimes qualified by the *coup de clef*, or some other sudden passport, for the Morgue; nests, in short, of disquiet, disease, and iniquity. Not only have entire neighbourhoods such as these, been swept away wholesale, but every part of the city has been more or less improved in detail. Streets of moderate width have had their narrow entrances en-



larged; sharp turns have been squared, and corner houses made to form double, instead of single angles — so that these widened cross-roads are never crowded, and seldom obstructed; projecting houses have been forced back into line with the rest; convenient thoroughfares have been opened through blind blocks of buildings which separated one quarter from another. Yet, utility was not the sole motive power which has executed these improvements. The love of ornament and a passion for display, always attributed to the French, have been brilliantly and beautifully exhibited; especially in the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard de Sebastopol. But above these, common-sense (the most uncommon sense known), proclaims itself from every improved street and altered house. An English architect, or a member of the City Improvements Committee with any conscience or any observation, cannot walk through Paris without feeling ashamed and humiliated.

“But, sir, we live in a free country: in a country where private property is respected and private right a palladium. France, sir, is a despotic country. There, your house is not your castle: you can have it pulled down about your ears at a moment’s notice, merely to promote public convenience. Our government cannot, with one stroke of a pen or after a one-sided discussion with civic authorities, depopulate

a neighbourhood to have it built up again. We must wait until capital has accumulated from the proper sources; until leases have fallen in, and ground-landlords fallen out; until paving-boards have been conciliated, and commissioners of sewers are agreed; until acts of parliament are, at an incredible cost and waste, fought through both houses, surveyors consulted, fees guaranteed to high-minded architects, building contracts — wickedly paraphrased by the vulgar as ‘jobs’ — solemnly sealed and legalised. Sir, the boasted Parisian improvements have been made, I will venture to say, at the single will of the Emperor, and against the several wills of thousands of ousted tenants and ruined landlords; for despotism can do in ten minutes, what sober, constitutional legality is obliged to be busy ten years about.”

So says the honourable Deputy for the ward of St. Vitus’s Backlane; but that eminent and respected public nuisance is in error. He will perhaps be surprised to hear, that not a jot of private right was invaded; that every stone in Paris which formerly stood on the area of improvement was paid full value for, before a slate was removed or a pickaxe lifted; that every owner and occupier was fairly compensated, not only for loss and removal of property, but for damage done to his business — compensated too, not with the off-hand



tyranny of "take that or none;" but, in case of dispute, by juries selected from his own class. If the worthy St. Vitus's Deputy could divest himself of his London Corporation prejudices, and could inquire into the subject, he would perceive that nearly every expedient, every administrative arrangement, every mode of negotiation and adjustment between the authorities of the city of Paris and the imperial government, is applicable to the speedy improvement of his own or any other pent-up, ill-planned, ill-governed city in these liberally governed dominions.

The nucleus of the Paris improvements is the Hôtel de Ville. Around it, the first great shattering and shocking of vile streets took place; and, in it, are performed the administrative and financial operations by which the wholesale changes are set in motion. The chief municipal authorities do all their work in this gorgeous Guildhall, partly of their own free inspirations and will, and partly under the direction of government. There, the plans for changing some of the worst parts of the capital into palatial habitations, are devised, deliberated on, and adopted; thence, come out the loans for carrying on the work, which capitalists eagerly "take up;" and there the work is paid for when it is finished. As, however, it is thought possible that a body of gentlemen of equal status to the aldermen and common-council-

men of London, are not solely sufficient for deciding upon works of such magnitude, their proceedings have to be ratified by the *conseil des bâtiments civils*, an imperial committee, composed of five of the most eminent French architects and eight non-professional colleagues, whose business it is to report upon all plans respecting public structures. The sanction and co-operation of the minister of finance is also necessary to the monetary operations; because, as the construction of several public offices and other public works is included, a certain quota of expense is paid out of the imperial treasury. It must not be supposed that these and other excellent regulations were framed to direct this single outburst of architectural renovation; they are the law of the land, made and provided for all such cases, by the astonishingly far-seeing and comprehensive Code Napoléon — a code which Britain, though she *did* rise out of the azure main to the singing of Guardian Angels, has some cause to envy.

It was originally intended that the vast alterations to be made in the map of Paris should occupy fifteen years; but the present emperor had his reasons for ordering that they should be finished in five years; so that a considerable amount of capital had to be raised in a very short time. Fortunately the task was not difficult; for, as municipal tomfoolery and gluttony are not the



business of the Hôtel de Ville, a fund, applicable to the work, already existed in its coffers amounting to about sixty millions of francs. The credit of a corporation so flushed with ready money, is in itself a bank; and, when more money was wanted, an additional sum of fifty millions of francs was eagerly lent by capitalists. No sooner are proposals for a loan announced, than the scrip rises to a high premium, and the competition for it is so strong, that ten millions more francs have been raised, by lottery, upon the excess in premiums alone. Five millions of pounds sterling have therefore been raised since the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, for buying up property to improve Paris, besides vast sums realised by old building materials and fittings. Two years more of well-spent and costly activity have yet to elapse, before the contemplated regeneration will be complete.

The doomed quarters having been marked out, notices to quit are served upon the occupiers. The bargain with each proprietor differs little, in the first instance, from that entered into between an ordinary buyer and seller. The municipality is willing to give so much; the vendor demands so much; if terms cannot at once be arranged, the dispute is referred to a compensation jury, composed of members of the council-general of the department of the Seine. Upon the

whole, our inquiries led to the belief that the sums awarded are fair. Some cases of underpayment and hardship could, of course, be adduced on the one side, as well as instances of exorbitant demand on the other. There are, indeed, whispers, of tradesmen living in the line of projected improvement, making out before-hand on their books, enormous transactions which only existed *in* their books, to mystify the jurors into extravagant payment for loss of trade by forced removal. Even lodgers are compensated by *indemnités locatives* according to the value of their holdings. Where one family in London is put to the rout by the demolition of a house, from four to five families are ejected in Paris, where the inhabitants are nearly all lodgers; each house being separated into tenements; and each floor containing a complete and distinct household.\* The consequence of the sudden sweeping away of habitations, caused shelter to become uncommonly scarce. Enormous rents were, for a time demanded, even for the meanest garrets and the dampest cellars; and the poorer and industrious classes suffered intensely. Ejected families, in a most piteous plight, were seen in the streets, following the tumbrils or the

\* In eighteen hundred and fifty-one, according to the Census, the average number of individuals living in each house in Paris was twenty-six. In eighteen hundred and seventeen the average was twenty-four inmates per house.



hand-carts in which their household appliances were piled, unable to find a roof to cover them. Many were obliged to remain out of doors in the midst of frost and snow, until the government caused certain waste places to be hutted, in which they gave the houseless shelter, free of charge. After a time, new houses were ready, and these inconveniences disappeared.

There are, it must be remarked, some circumstances which render these sudden changes in Paris much more easy than in London. House-building must always be a more rapid operation in most parts of France than in England. Hitherto, underground works have not cost much time there; and — although the ancient fosses surrounding the garrison were converted at an early period into main sewers, and a great straight sewer, running east and west under the city, was constructed in thirteen hundred and seventy — yet few of the houses are drained into them to this day. But, by a decree of the sixth of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, a system of tubular drainage into them, and into a new sewer running parallel to the Seine, on the south side, was established; ten years being allowed to the proprietors of house-property to cause the necessary connection to be made. The main sewers will be eventually discharged into the Seine a few miles below Paris; but, so far above tidal influence, that

the sewerage will be carried away. Not all the grand new streets and beautiful houses, nor the noble monuments and public buildings, will improve Paris so thoroughly and fundamentally as this measure. The abolition of cesspools centuries old, with which its foundations are honey-combed, and of the pestiferous *voiries* of Montfaucon and Bondy into which they have for ages been emptied, will increase the hygienic condition of the city beyond all calculation.

The ground cleared, at the expense already indicated, had to be covered; and the four thousand master-builders who habitually find business in Paris — though taking upon themselves a fair share of such work as adding some half mile to the arcaded Rue de Rivoli (already one of the grandest streets in Europe) — were not able to provide capital for realising all the gigantic projects demonstrated in the plans laid out on paper. The universal remedy in such a case, a joint-stock company, instantly sprang into existence; and the covering of those acres of rugged waste known as the Place de Carrousel — with its noble triumphal arch and its tall, grim coffee-shop that stood for many years a solitary and shaky spectre of the past; with its second-hand book, curiosity, and stuffed-bird stalls; with its clamorous shoe-cleaners and politely importunate dealers in second-hand umbrellas, canes, and catalogues of the picture



gallery — has been gorgeously accomplished by the Société des Immeubles de Rivoli assisted by the funds of the Société de Crédit Mobilier. The palace of the Louvre and the palace of the Tuileries — recently not much less than a quarter of a mile apart — are now joined by galleries and arcades of great architectural beauty set with gateways and pavilions adorned with caryatides and allegorical groups of the most elaborate design and execution. The new edifices thus enclosing the Place de Carrousel, comprise two inner squares, immense barracks, public offices, an extensive riding-school, stables, and great additions to the Tuileries palace itself. The same company have also built, close by, the largest hotel in Europe. The Hôtel du Louvre, standing opposite to the north face of these structures, in the Rue de Rivoli, covers more than an English acre and a half of ground. It has eight hundred rooms; and presents as splendid a specimen of interior decoration and furnishing as is known to exist. Four years ago, when the Place de Carrousel was a void, this magnificent traveller's rest was the site of several back streets.

It is needless to detail all that the Société des Immeubles de Rivoli has effected; and, to those readers not thoroughly acquainted with Paris as it stood in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, a description of the other improve-

ments would be tedious. What has already been said will give a faint idea of the power of capital and skill when energetically directed. What capital, without well-directed skill, can effect they know pretty well from experience at home. The architectural and structural achievements of Paris are on a much larger scale than those of our Houses of Parliament, for instance, yet have taken not a hundredth — perhaps (for we do not yet see the end of Westminster palace looming in the distance) not a thousandth, part of the time.

We must repeat, however, that building of the first class is naturally an easier operation in France than in England. The neighbourhood of Paris, the banks of the Loire, and other large districts abound with a soft, tractable stone of dazzling whiteness, which cuts with little more difficulty than wood; hardening with age and exposure. Squared into cubes, and moved with ease, on account of its comparatively light specific gravity, this material enables the French mason to pile up his walls in half the time, and with three times the solidity, that an English bricklayer can his; the neatness and beauty of the work being necessarily very much greater. Even rough walls, built with small unhewn stone, (*limousinage*) are more rapidly raised than brick walls, and are often faced and dressed with the softer hewn



stone. The new streets abound with the richest sculptured ornament; and this is chiefly executed after the shell has been run up: not delayed piece-meal in the sculptor's shed before being set in.

But, evil was foreseen in this rapid building performances themselves. Philosophers of the St. Vitus's Backlane school shrugged their shoulders, and predicted that the concentration of a prodigious number of workmen whose employment could last for only a certain time, would be a huge foundation for disturbance, when the work was done and the workmen discharged. But, the prophets knew nothing about the character and circumstances of the French mason and stone-cutter; necessarily the largest body of operatives massed together in the capital. They had not read about him in an article on the French Workman, which appeared in this miscellany,\* nor M. le Play's account of him in his prodigious (but not quite trustworthy), Monography of the Workmen of Europe. This author declares that the masons are, or have been — for they are deteriorating, he says, — models of prudence and sobriety. They travel up from La Creuse or La Haute Vienne — as the Irish haymaker visits England in summer — during la belle saison, and return to their homes when frost forbids work. There are at pre-

sent about a hundred and fifty thousand stone-cutters and stone-setters in Paris, working with unflagging zeal, to earn from two francs and a half to five francs a-day; to live after so much only of the communist principle as promotes economy; and to turn their faces finally homeward with light hearts and heavy purses, after they have converted Paris into a stone and sculptured paradise. The masons never marry a Parisienne, and seldom contract unlawful unions. They live in large parties of twenty or thirty, called *chambrées*, in one room, for about thirty-eight francs each a-month for board and lodging; and soon save enough money to marry a woman of their own country: and to buy a house, land, and cows. They then stay at home, and send their sons as emigrant masons to Paris in their stead. The stone-cutters are in two factions, or societies; one called the Children of Solomon; the other, the Children of Maître Jacques. These work together well enough, but do not live in anything like harmony. Whether the four hundred thousand persons now engaged in the remaining branches of building and decorating, will devote their attention to barricades by-and-by, becomes very doubtful when we know, that the ordinary absorption of labour in all the various building trades, including masonry, usually keeps forty thousand operatives out of mischief in Paris alone.

\* Vol. XXIII. p. 136.



We have said and seen that the best kind of building is rapidly accomplished in France; and only the best kind of building is, as a rule, tolerated. There, a house is not a lath and plaster, or a brick-thick, shell. The self-contained pride of being a respectable housekeeper (that is, very often, of inhabiting an expensive kennel "without lodgers," where every sound in the kennels right and left is distinctly audible) does not exist. The French, like Scotch, live one above another, under the same roof, in the separate floors of large houses; thus economising space and money. In the principal streets, the ground floor consists of a shop; then comes a mezzanine floor, or entresol; then a suite of rooms, on the same level, which includes every convenience for a family; and so up and up, to the highest floor. This is usually divided into two sets of apartments, for residents of humble means. At the end of a pretty tessellated passage beside the shop, there is, at the foot of the stairs, a snug little glass case or lodge. Looking in, you will usually see a woman in a clean cap knitting a stocking; a gilt pendule is certain to be ticking on the chimney-piece; and a clean bed ensconced in an alcove. This woman's husband — always dressed, in the morning, in a cap and a coarse green apron — is one of the trustworthy and serviceable class of domestic hall-keepers, or porters, for which Paris is remarkable. He polishes the stairs, polishes the banisters, polishes everything he can lay his hands upon, and has generally polished his own manners too. He is shrewd, steady, observant, and can keep his own counsel withal. Every floor pays him a small, fixed, monthly stipend; and he is the guardian genius of the whole house. You ask his wife on which floor your friend lives, and she, the portress on duty, takes all sorts of pains to make you understand her directions, if she sees there be any dulness in your foreign apprehension. You ascend a flight of oak stairs (carefully, for the porter-husband is polishing his way down from the top, vigorously) by the help of a banister supported by bronzed and gilt rails. Your friend's door opened, admits you to a little hall, in which, when it is shut after you, you feel as much isolated from the world as if you were standing on the mat of the private residence of the honourable Deputy of St. Vitus's Backlane, near Camberwell Green. Little drawing-rooms, dining-room, study, nursery, bed-rooms, kitchen (and a back-stair leading to it, for servants and tradesmen), all furnished with an amount of sensible taste highly suggestive to all the Deputies in all Camberwell. And all — horrid idea! — over a shop. Yet your friend may be an English baronet or a foreign count, with thousands a-year,



and with some capital horses in a stable close by. Does Monsieur Viteplume, chef de bureau at the office of the Minister of the Interior, who lives in the floor above, or Madame Bonnebonnet, the court milliner, who lives over him, or M. Burin, the engraver, who resides nearer heaven by the altitude of one story, or Jules Cordon the journeyman boot-maker, or Mademoiselle Fleurs-château, who each inhabit the attic apartments — ever interfere with the rich baronet, or with one another? Never. When the cobbler meets the baronet or the government official, or madame or mademoiselle, on the stairs, he claims them as neighbours only by a polite bow, and “bon jour.”

Even in the more private streets, few people occupy a whole house. There is generally a court-yard surrounded by apartments, with one common entrance. Sometimes, houses are clustered together round a larger court-yard, and called a cité. In the poorer quarters, some of these cités — which have fallen in the general sweep, swarmed to a degree prejudicial to health; but their populations are now distributed.

This plan of residence of course necessitates large houses. There are no Prospect Places, Adeliza Terraces, or Paradise Rows in Paris: no small, mean, slightly-built streets; but every house is of sufficient dimensions to admit of architectural display. Even in

the humblest parts of the town the houses are lofty and substantial.

When the stipulated five years shall have elapsed, and the contemplated improvements shall be completed, Paris will be a marvel of improvement. And London? London will go on talking for and against improvement, for another half-century or so, and will remain, as to its general ugliness, pretty much what it has been for the last ten or a dozen years. The Hôtel de Ville in Paris and the Guildhall in London, are mightily expressive, in their vast differences, of the intelligence and spirit of the public bodies they represent. But then the corporation of Paris really expresses Paris itself, while the corporation of London expresses nothing but obsolete pretences and abuses.

## DECIMAL MEASURES.

WEIGHT is a measure of density — of the amount of ponderable material elements contained within a given bulk of substance. The above heading, therefore, intends to include decimal weights and measures: which we must also adopt if we are determined to enjoy the full benefit of decimal moneys of account, and of a decimal coinage.

In the case of weights and measures, there arises, for us, a difficulty in fixing on the unities, or starting-points, of our system, which does not occur in the case



of money. Value is an arbitrary and conventional thing; an article is worth what it will fetch in the market, and no more. And, what is of still more importance, values are always fluctuating. Money is nothing but a set of signs contrived to represent certain values of merchandise. But, in more than the popular sense, there is nothing fixed or stable about money. The very gold and silver of which we make our money-counters, change their value, often considerably, from week to week. Consequently, the French have selected the franc as the unit of their accounts and circulation, and we are likely to take the sovereign as ours, simply because it happens to suit them, and ourselves, respectively best. Nature will help us to no standard for the regulations of our stock-exchange and bourse transactions. She gives, takes, transmutes, restores, decomposes and reproduces; but her capital in hand remains always the same; not a particle of matter disappears from her surface or her kernel; not a single elementary atom is annihilated, or created in addition. In short, Nature does not buy and sell, and never, that we know of, gains or loses.

On the contrary, Nature is as precise and fixed as the ratio of the force of gravity to the distance, or as the proportions in chemical combinations — such as, for instance, of the primitive ingredients which, together, make up common salt. Weights

and measures are therefore, byelaws of nature; and it is of the utmost importance to fix upon a unit whose invariable representative is to be found in the material world in which we dwell. What have we done in that respect? We have a measure, the assumed length of the human foot; and another, the inch, the imagined breadth of the human thumb; as if all men were cast, like rifle-bullets or leaden idols, in the same iron mould, and had feet and thumbs of uniform dimensions. The old French foot and inch are longer than the English ones; but if ethnical differences had been taken as a guide, they ought, I think, to have been somewhat shorter. We have a liquid gallon, which might perhaps have passed as a factor of the contents of the human stomach during the age when ale-and-beer-drinkers measured their powers by the number of gallons they were able to swallow, but which, happily, is either obsolete or voted low now, as such. And our dry measures! We have dry measures with no better natural standard than existed in the times when a cat suspended by the tail with her nose touching the ground, had to be covered by a heap of wheat.

The French reformers made their lineal measure, or long measure, as we call it, the foundation of all the rest; and, as the terrestrial globe on which we dwell shows no symptoms either of increasing in obesity, or



of wasting away in a galloping consumption, they took their measurements from the earth herself. They ascertained how many yards it would require to put an exact-fitting girdle round, not her waist or abdomen, for that would vary from the equator upwards—but from head to foot, passing through the poles both north and south. Such a girdle as this, from top to toe, is invariable, to whichever part of the earth we apply it; and it is called a meridian, from the Latin meridianes, because every such girdle strapped round the world is fully exposed to the noon-tide sun once in every twenty-four hours. An infinite number of meridians may thus be supposed to be twisted round the globe, exactly as the threads lie closely side by side on a ball of twine. Every inch of ground, as we proceed from east to west, has its own meridian of precisely equal length to that of its next door neighbour. If you trace anywhere a sun-dial on the ground, the line where the shadow of the upright gnomon falls exactly at the moment of noon, corresponds to the meridian line of that special spot, and might be continued, of course, perfectly straight both north and south till it reached the poles.

For convenience, the quarter only of the entire meridian was taken; namely, from the north pole to the equator, for the reason that it subtends a right angle exactly, which, as a fixed and in-

variable term, must be the unit of angular measure. But when the exact length of the quadrant of the terrestrial meridian was known, although it possessed the great advantage of being a natural and invariable standard, it also proved of rather inconvenient length for the measurement of tapes, ribbons, and even roads. It was, therefore, judged proper to cut it up into a stated number of equal bits, and to take one of those bits as the unit to start from. A mode of division was fixed upon which should give portions successively ten times less than the parts divided. Accordingly, the quadrant was first divided into ten equal portions, and then each portion into ten others, and so on; or, what comes to the same thing, the quadrant of the meridian was successively divided into tenths, hundredths, thousandths, and so on. The first sub-divisions being evidently too long to furnish a measure convenient for practical purposes, and quite incapable of serving as the unit of ordinary measurement, the division by ten was continued till the quadrant was divided into ten million parts, and it was found that each ten-millionth part, which was about three feet and an inch of the old French measure, fulfilled the conditions requisite for everyday usefulness. This length was adopted as the unit of measurement, from which all others were to be deduced; and it was called MÈTRE, a word which means nei-



ther more nor less than a measure. Thus, mètres fulfil in French measurement, the office performed by English yards, than which they are more than a trifle longer.

The value of the mètre, and of its subdivisions and multiples, arises from the circumstance, that such measures have a real basis, always existing and invariable; since the definite length, from which they derive their origin, is taken from a natural standard. The only human agency applied is, the way in which this stated length is divided, and the choice of certain special divisions, which appeared the most suitable for national convenience. This standard length may therefore be compared to the lengths of the day, or of the year, both which are natural lengths, measured by the revolution of the earth on its axis, or round the sun. All that remained for men to do, was to divide the length of the year into twelve months, that of the day into twenty-four hours, and that of the hour into sixty minutes; but they were equally at liberty, as has been attempted, to establish a decimal division of time. Although measurement by mètres is a French invention, it has the same claim to be adopted by the whole family of the human race. If all the mètre-measures in the world (whether made of wood, ribbon, ivory, or metal) were utterly destroyed and made to disappear, the mètre itself could still be found again, to

half a hair's breadth, by repeating the same calculations and processes by which it was originally determined. But better than that; if it were required to recover immediately the lost unit of measurement, it would not be necessary to recommence so laborious an operation as the measurement of a notable portion of the quadrant of the meridian, which occupied several years to complete perfectly; because, after once that unit has been determined, it is possible, with the aid of natural physics, to reproduce it as often as you want by a prompt and easy method, which will furnish you with an exact copy of the original. Space allows me to say no more than, that the oscillations of a pendulum supply the means. By a law of nature, every pendulum of a given length oscillates, at the same latitude and elevation from the sea, in the same given time; consequently, knowing that a mètre pendulum completes its oscillation in such a time (very nearly a second), supposing the mètre to be unfortunately lost, or utterly falsified, you have only to make a pendulum oscillate in that exact time (or to make a given number of oscillations in twenty-four hours), to regain your missing mètre, and to compel the absentee M. T. R. (as per Times' advertisement), to return without delay to his sorrowing friends, when all will be arranged for the best, and no reproaches or scoldings given.



For these reasons, I humbly state my opinion, that more good is likely to arise to neighbouring countries from the international adoption of uniform measures and weights, than from any assimilation of their current coin. The quadrant of the meridian, and the weight of water at the freezing point, are the same for all the nations of the world; but the prosperity, the credit, the debts, the exports and imports, the demand and supply of each individual nation, have always varied, and always will. It does really seem, on close consideration, that national moneys of account and coinage, co-existing with uniform, international, and universally received weights and measures, form the system most in accordance with things as they are at the present epoch of the human race; and are, therefore, a more natural arrangement, and more likely to work well in the long run than the equalisation of moneys also.

The French *mètre* is divided into ten parts, called *décimètres*; but *décimètres*, like *décimes*, are seldom spoken of in every-day language. The *décimètre* is divided into ten centimètres, and the centimètre into ten millimètres, the hundredth and thousandth parts of a *mètre* respectively. These are found to answer conveniently and accurately for all purposes of small measurement. Note well, that the divisions of the *mètre* (as of all weights, measures and coins in

France) are expressed by numerals derived from the Greek: thus, a *kilomètre* is a thousand *mètres*, and answers the purposes of our mile (than which it is considerably shorter) in the measurement of French roads. Four *kilomètres* make a French league, which may be called two and a half English miles. It cannot be denied that the *mètre*, with its multiples and subdivisions, offers a simple and natural means of measuring length, against the naturalisation of which in Great Britain, and elsewhere, no other objection can be urged, than the violence it would offer to established customs, modes of speech, and money-charges.

The clever Commercial Traveller, whom we have already cited, despairs of reconciling the inconsistencies accumulated by ages in the department of lineal measures. He confesses that, owing to the relation of the foot, or the yard, to the mile, the equatorial degree — all conventional measures, remember, and therefore open to modification — and to astronomical and nautical calculations, the settlement of this question is perhaps the most perplexing of all. He doubtingly proposes the adoption, as the unit, of the present foot, and the introduction of a new rod, the decimal multiple of the foot: for, if the yard be retained and decimalised, we lose the inch, and very likely also the foot. In short, he tries to untie the Gor-



dian knot, and cannot; yards, perches, fathoms, chains, ells, and furlongs, are intertwined so inextricably as to render the feat impossible. I say, "Cut the knot at once; throw away the yard measure, and seize the *mètre*." From it every other measure may be deduced with equal accuracy and fixedness. Thus, in France, the litre, which is no more than a cubic *décimètre*, is the element of all liquid measures, and of all other measures of capacity. There is no reason (except the love of confusion, complexity, and consequent difficulty, in which certain persons find their account) why goods that are to be measured by capacity — whether liquids, as beer; or dry, as seeds — should not be meted by the same measures. There are very many reasons why they should. Again, — to show the general applicability of the fundamental *mètre* — the gramme, the unit or element of all weights, is the weight of a cubic centimètre of distilled water, weighed in vacuo, at the temperature of melting ice, its point of greatest condensation. A thousand of these make a kilogramme, less than two and a quarter English pounds. On the first publication of the republican weights and measures, as they were called by the commission appointed by the National Convention, *cadil* was the name given to the unit of capacity; and *grave* (from the Latin) to the unit of weight and its subdivisions, changing to *bar*

(from the Greek) for the multiples; but their respective values were exactly the same as those of the litre and the gramme, by which they have nominally been replaced. These indefatigable servants of all work, the *mètre* with its progeny, have even been made to turn their hands to the coinage. Twenty-seven five-franc pieces, laid touching each other side by side in straight row, measure a *mètre* across their united diameters; while twenty five-franc pieces, fresh from the Mint, weigh exactly half a kilogramme, or a new pound. The franc should weigh five grammes of silver, containing one-twentieth part of alloy. It will be seen that this is no more than a conventional arrangement to manufacture medals of a certain size and weight; the *mètre* can no more fix the value of silver, than it can arrest the variations of human caprice, on which all ideas respecting value depend.

The unit of our present liquid measures in England is the gallon. Its retention is not considered advisable, even if we will not have the litre, as too outlandish and Frenchified. The imperial pint is suggested as a more proper unit. The gallon is nowhere in use out of Great Britain. The United States use the old wine gallon, with which ours has nothing in common but the name; and it is just this kind of nominal community which renders the admission of the term and thing itself into the new



system objectionable. Its decimal division would necessitate the alteration of the pint and the half-pint. The gallon, as a measure of convivial consumption, is decidedly out of place in these temperance times; and so salutary a change for the better has the right to demand the sanction of law. No harm can possibly arise from the new system ignoring the gallon. Brewers, and sellers of oil, would have to alter their prices in proportion, say per ten, instead of eight pints. But if the pint were to be greatly altered, the inconvenience would be of a very different kind. We all of us drink, more or less frequently, every day by the pint, or the half-pint; for it is the measure proper to sustain strength and health, be the drink water, malt liquor, or wine; and it is the measure for which also, in regard to the physical constitution of the present generation, the brewer calculates the strength of his beverages. To meddle with a habit of so general a character, and which so universally affects a necessary of life, could therefore only be justified, if extraordinary difficulties stood in its way. Now, half a litre is less than a pint, and its adoption would so far aid the cause of temperance. A litre of beer or wine, between two persons, as is often called for, is a less profuse allowance than an English quart, which would be ordered under similar circumstances. The gallon, undoubtedly, must sur-

render at discretion, and yield its place either to the pint or the litre.

Pint being itself a Saxon word, if we obstinately resolve to retain that measure, corresponding terms for its multiples and subdivisions should be preferred to Latin or French words. The following are proposed by the Commercial Traveller, more for the purpose of clearly distinguishing the proportions, than with any presumption of proposing terms. In the present tea-and-coffee-drinking age, the words cup and spoonful, which after all are only imitations of the Roman calix and cochlearium, have appeared far preferable to gill. In the descending scale, one pint makes ten cups, and one cup ten spoonful. In the ascending, ten pints make a can, ten cans make an anker, and ten ankers one new ton.

Upon principles analogous to those mentioned in reference to the pint, if the same measures are found inadmissible in England to serve both for dry and liquid goods, then the law ought to call the bushel, and not the gallon, the unit of the measures for dry goods. The quarter is objectionable, for more reasons than one. The division of this measure by eight, and its multiple, the old and now forgotten chaldron, of which it is the fourth part, are things incompatible with decimal proportions. Its very name is, therefore, to be rejected. As to practice, nearly



the whole United Kingdom (London and its immediate dependencies excepted) reckon by the bushel. The quarter is practically made use of nowhere (although the comb is), being too large a measure to be managed conveniently in metage; and this being the fact, the bushel already is the measure generally used.

The bushel is also the most familiar; our farmers, when speaking of price and the yield of their crops, say so much per bushel, and so many bushels per acre; and so do the Americans, although by selecting such a moderate base they may appear to have taken a more modest view of the extent of their country's production and commerce, than their probable future greatness may justify. Already the large number of bushels, in which their president annually states the yield of their crops, have an awkward and unwieldy look. It is consequently proposed that ten bushels shall make one decuple, which henceforward will fill the office of comb; while one bushel should make ten new gallons, and one gallon ten tenths. An attempt has been made to mix up with the question of decimal reform, that of abolishing grain measures altogether, and making it compulsory to sell the article by weight. As the majority of British and Irish markets already weigh grain, the abolition of the measures seems to be desirable; but the object, namely, general uni-

formity, would not for that be attained, since every market, where grain is now sold by weight, has its local custom.

On looking at our existing scales of weights, we cannot be surprised that the insidious question, "Which is the heaviest; a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?" should be a well-worn test of a child's intelligence. It is generally supposed that, in the new system, which will be promulgated one of these days, our present weights, both avoirdupois and troy, will be retained. The troy weight, being already decimally used by the Bank of England, calls only for a passing remark. It is stated that both the governments, for the Mint, and the College of Physicians, for their prescriptions, desire to retain the troy weight. If we are not to have weights founded on the gramme, there are, perhaps, no good reasons why they should not. The attempt to make a fusion of this and of the commercial weight, does not promise well. The two weights will not compare in decimal fractions. It may be better, therefore, to let both alone. There is no more necessity for comparing them, than there is for bringing the pound and the pint decimally together. Those articles which are weighed by the weight of commerce, never are, or at all events, never should be weighed by the troy, and vice versâ. Practically, in reference to weight, incongruous dry articles,



such, for instance, as sugar and silver, have as little relation to each other as solids and liquids, or sugar and oil. They can never interfere with each other, when weighed and measured. No practical objection can, therefore, be made to the co-existence of troy weight and the weight of commerce — always supposing that the gramme is never to be naturalised on the northern shores of the Channel. The French metrical weight has been adopted by the German Customs' Union; and it cannot be denied that it answers in a perfect manner all purposes, commercial and scientific. So, however, will our old weights decimally arranged; and to the advocates of the French weight, may be opposed the fact, that the United States, at present our best customers and likely to remain so, have our old weights, and use them, partially already, decimalised. The Commercial Traveller proposes to take the pound of commerce (*avoirdupois*) as the unit for all those articles of merchandise which are now weighed by it; a hundred of these pounds would make the hundred-weight; and ten hundred-weights, or a thousand pounds, would be a load. In dividing the pound decimally, we shall have ten parts, which might be called poundlings; the poundling might be divided into ten parts, which would be the lowest division of commercial weight, and these, after the manner of our cousins of Hol-

land, might appropriately be called weightlings. The denominations of ounces, drachms, &c. in the weight of commerce are objectionable, as they already exist, and are likely to be retained in troy weight. For the convenience of weighing, quarters of the hundred-weight, and stones of ten pound, might be manufactured; but, as we have the term, quarter, in our measures, the twenty-five pound weight would more fitly be denominated by the term, fourth.

Upon the principle generally advocated, that our new nomenclature ought to contain no two terms alike in sound, but of different application, and by which the ounce would remain only in the troy weight, it is urged that the pound should remain exclusively in the weight of commerce, the ounce being made not only the unit, but also the highest multiple of the troy weight. Thus, instead of saying, for example, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine sovereigns are coined out of forty pounds troy, we should simply say, out of four hundred and eighty ounces. If it should however, be found desirable to have a multiple of the ounce troy (which must, of course, be a decimal one), the term, pound, as belonging exclusively to the weight of commerce, will, it is hoped, be replaced by some new term, or even by some ancient one, such, for instance, as the Roman *decunx*, *dextans*, or the like.



Then, as to when the change is to take place; and also how; whether at once or by instalments. The Commercial Traveller advocates that the decimalisation of the money should, on account of its greater difficulty follow the change in the weights and measures. We should not think of teaching a child half the alphabet, and then presume that he should know how to read; but we teach him gradually, and we insist first upon those letters for which he shows most fancy and receptiveness. In like manner should our decimal reform proceed. A simultaneous change would overtax the patience of the people, and render the reform distasteful.

Upon examination of our present cumbrous system, it will be found that the inconsistencies, absurdities, and inconveniences have most accumulated in the weights; and if our weights are capable, as they undoubtedly are, of being reduced to very simple, easy, and rational proportions, they will naturally call more urgently for a change. But more still, upon further examination, it will also be found, that a reform in weights (and measures), although it seems to present to those who undertake to carry it out, greater difficulties than a reform in coinage probably will, yet promises to be considerably more feasible in its adoption, as far as the people are concerned. This appears to be a grave reason in favour of the reform in weights and measures taking the precedence.

If we begin with the coinage, the law must enact that one fine morning everybody shall pay and receive in a new mode of reckoning. To whatever inconvenience or confusion the change may give rise, that inconvenience will be repeated when weights and measures next have their turn. The same will not happen if the case is reversed. For upon whom is it that the onus and inconvenience of the change will chiefly fall? It is not upon her Majesty's ministers or upon the Master of the Mint; for the law will give them time to prepare. It is not upon the bankers and capitalists in general, who will readily convert their rates (where they are not already per cent.) from vulgar into decimal fractions. Nor is it upon the public at large, who will receive the new coin at some public office, and spend on the same footing on which they received. The onus will fall chiefly, if not entirely, upon the tradesman, who will be expected to answer all questions about the difference between the old and the new prices, to have by precalculation set his new price upon every article in his store, and to have split all the awkward fractions of the decimal money fairly between himself and his customers. Now, if it be true that there is no town or village, or even street, without tradesmen, and that the vast



majority of the population are sellers of something or other, it must be equally true, that the success of the change will mainly depend upon the facilities the law will allow them in preparing for, or rather initiating themselves into, the new mode of accounts. Due preparation, in fact, for the day of change is everything; but the metrical change will be more facile than that in money, because the former is more simple, at least in the hands of the people, than the money, which is twofold, namely, of account and coin. The tradesman buys most of his articles either by the hundred-weight, which he retails by the pound, or by the pound, which he retails by the gallon and the peck. He will, therefore, have to calculate the price of every article anew, when the hundred-weight shall be a hundred pounds instead of a hundred and twelve, and the pound ten ounces instead of sixteen. All this will be easily enough accomplished, if he is allowed to go through the change without being confused at the same time by new money. A few months will suffice to impress him with the advantage of decimal numbers. The training his mind is undergoing during that interval will make it receptive of the more important but to him more perplexing, new coinage; but which he will then find, to his surprise, to fit his decimal weight or measure, like cogs in the wheel.

Such is the reasoning of the Commercial Traveller, of whom I now take leave, and to whose valorous expedition I heartily wish success. The last question to ask is, "When are these troublesome alterations to be made?" Of course, as soon as possible; immediately that the necessary calculations are made, and the act passed. That is our way. We always perform all sorts of requisite alterations in a prompt and thorough manner. In time of peace we are, some of our rulers tell us, perfect Chinese, in that respect. But the war! Ah, that makes a difference. We are too busy to attend to such trifles now. Let us make time, then. It has been remarked that a man is never so happy, never so regardless of petty troubles, never in such an energetic frame of mind, as when he has a little more to do than he well knows how to get through with. It is the same with nations as with individuals. And, perhaps, we, of late, may have suffered ourselves to be too much occupied with minor miseries, straw-splitting doctrinal disputes, and imaginary peccadillos. When the stream of affairs is flowing smoothly and steadily in bright warm sunshine, we just let the waves ripple on in their course; let a storm arise, we gird up our loins, look the tempest in the face, and pull at the oars manfully. While the French were fighting the rest of Europe single-handed, with the sober judgment



as well as the prejudices of multitudes in every nation against them, they found time to reform their measures, their weights, and their coins. We are engaged in a war, — a serious one, it is true; but we are buoyed up and borne forward by the universal belief that we have right on our side; and, for our companions in arms, we have the most military nation in Europe, the French themselves. If we cannot contrive to make a few necessary improvements at home, although our minds may be fixed on events abroad, we can claim but little credit to ourselves as able and versatile administrators.

Decimal coins and measures must be decreed at once. Their introduction, at whatever time, would be a sort of coup d'état, — a revolution, if you please. And how do people effect coups d'état, public or private? Not, certainly, by indecision, timidity, and delay. They buckle up their minds to do the thing unflinchingly, and at once, throwing their individual will into much the same attitude as a surgeon does, when he proceeds to amputate a gangrened limb. For, a thing done, differs materially from a thing projected. A fact is no fact at all till it has become an accomplished fact, and will serve as a stepping-stone whereon the foot may be firmly planted, helping us to make another stride in advance. We have had so many good intentions on the part of public men during the last eigh-

teen months, that we do not want any more at present. If the consideration of the claims of Decimals is to be deferred till this day six months, we know, from tolerably long experience, what the result is likely to be.

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### CHIP.

#### MY GARDEN LIBRARY.

NOTHING, it is said, is so easy as farming. You have only to peep over your neighbour's hedge, spy what he is doing, and immediately do the same thing yourself. Now, I have an idea that I am a tolerably good gardener; — I would grow mustard and cress for a wager — say a duck and green peas — against Sir Joseph Paxton himself; and my knowledge has been gained exactly in that way. In all my gardening excursions there has constantly followed me a polyglot cart-load of horticultural books. Some of these are remarkable for their obesity. Call them manuals, and they make tolerably plump handfulls; such, for instance, as Loudon's Encyclopædia, and that jolly fat little volume the Bon Jardinier, which looks like two good gardeners (single and without incumbrance) rolled into one. Others are wonderful, if true; others, again, are simply stupid. To begin with stupidity, let us open Hervey's Reflections on a Flower-Garden; a well-meant piece of platitude and fine writing — popular, while



milliners' girls read Minerva-press novels at a penny per night, but now for ever shelved with them. "Emblem, expressive emblem," "motive, engaging motive," is the favourite form of speech with which consecutive sentences open. "What colours, what charming colours are here! Fine, inimitably fine, is the texture of the web on which these shining treasures are displayed. What are the labours of the Persian loom, or the boasted commodities of Brussels, compared with these curious manufactures of nature? Compared with these, the most admired chintzes would lose their reputation; even superfine cambrics appear coarse as canvas in their presence."

It is a long time before Hervey lets us get to the flowers at all. He stops, first, to shake hands with St. Paul, a "judge who formed his taste on the maxims of Paradise, and received the finishings of his education in the third heavens." And last, the snowdrop "breaks her way through the frozen soil, in order to present her early compliments to her lord;" and "the kine bring home their udders distended with," not milk, — O dear, no! nothing so vulgar, but with "one of the richest and healthiest liquors in the world;" whatever tap that may be drawn from, and which may or may not be forbidden to be publicly sold, when the Maine liquor-law comes into force in England. To serpentine only half an inch further; this

take-for-granted-you-know style of description is complacently illustrated by a guide-book in my possession. It tells me that a certain town contains several manufactories, which are duly described; but that its peculiar branch of industry is an object of *charcuterie* "whose name is too well known to be mentioned here." Now, I have patiently traversed the streets of that town, without discovering whether that special object of pork-butchery be pies, sausages, chitterlings, pettitoes, brawn, or tripe. I don't know to this very day.

The marvels in my garden-library would not merely fill to overflowing a double volume of Household Words, but would literally inundate the office itself. To confine ourselves to trees alone; at Fierro, one of the Canary Islands, there is a wonderful water-tree, whose leaves continually distil pure water; it is a single tree, as big as a middle-sized oak. In the night a thick cloud or mist always hangs about it, and the water drops very fast and in great quantities. There are lead-pipes laid from it to a great pond, which is paved with stone, and holds twenty thousand tons of water, yet it is filled in one night. There are seven or eight thousand people, and many more thousands of cattle, all supplied from this fountain. The great pond communicates its water to several lesser ones, which disperse it through the



whole island. There is another water-tree, and again another; but one is enough, unless the house catches fire. One summer cannot contain two St. Swithins. Seriously, the above is a neat concentration of the fact that forest-clad hills are the sources of rivers. Read me again this riddle-my-ree. "There is a plant here" (the Isle Sombbrero), "the use of it not known, yet hath a strange quality. It is like a small tree; if you offer to pull it up it contracts itself and sinks into the ground, unless you draw hard enough to prevent it. If you force it above ground, you find a great worm lying at the root, and so closely united to it as if it were a part of the plant. As this worm grows less the plant grows bigger, and when the worm is consumed the plant is fixed and becomes a small tree. When it is come to maturity, if you strip off the leaves and bark, and lay it to dry, it petrifies in a strong body hardly to be distinguished from white coral." Do you give it up? Surely, no; you must burn too warmly to need any help in guessing.

Lastly, you shall have my plant of pluck, in the way to Agra, which they honour with some ceremonies. "It may well enough," says the author, "be call'd the tree of life since it is so stubborn a nature, that it will live in spite of all endeavours to destroy it. It is a sort of wild fig-tree, which, having rooted itself, continues to grow there,

whatever courses are taken to the contrary. Take away the earth from about it, stock it up, and manage any way, still some root wou'd send up a fresh tree. Several of the Potane kings and Moguls have tri'd it, and gave it over as impossible work. The present Mogul has taken a turn at it, but finding he is able to do no good, he cherishes and makes much of it." The East India Company are hereby requested to demand from the representatives of the present Mogul — who is now the late, and no longer the great, Mogul — a sufficient number of sprigs of the pluck-tree, that every Crimean hero, whether English or French, may be able to decorate his cap with a leaf or two.

### THE DARK SIDE.

THOU hast done well perhaps  
To lift the bright disguise,  
And lay the bitter truth  
Before our shrinking eyes;  
When evil crawls below  
What seems so pure and fair,  
Thine eyes are keen and true  
To find the serpent there:  
And yet — I turn away,  
Thy task is not divine,  
The evil angels look  
On earth with eyes like thine.

Thou hast done well, perhaps,  
To show how closely wound  
Dark threads of sin and self  
With our best deeds are found,  
How great and noble hearts,  
Striving for lofty aims,  
Have still some earthly cord  
A meaner spirit claims;  
And yet — although thy task  
Is well and fairly done,  
Methinks for such as thee  
There is a holier one.



Shadows there are, who dwell  
 Among us, yet apart,  
 Deaf to the claim of God,  
 Or kindly human heart;  
 Voices of earth and heaven  
 Call, but they turn away,  
 And Love, through such black night,  
 Can see no hope of day;  
 And yet — our eyes are dim,  
 And thine are keener far;  
 Then gaze until thou seest  
 The glimmer of some star.

The black stream flows along  
 Whose waters we despise,  
 Show us reflected there  
 Some fragment of the skies;  
 'Neath tangled thorns and briars  
 (The task is fit for thee)  
 Seek for the hidden flowers  
 We are too blind to see;  
 Then will I thy great gift  
 A crown and blessing call;  
 Angels look thus on men,  
 And God sees good in all!

## SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

### IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER V.

HORACE RUTHERFORD arrived as soon as possible after the receipt of Paul's incoherent letter, and in a very short time Magdalen was free; released on bail, to take her trial at the next assizes.

It was an easy matter enough. Any man of the world who understood how to conduct the affairs of real life, even if not a lawyer, could have managed it. Yet there was something in the promptitude and decision with which Mr. Rutherford acted, that to Magdalen, accustomed to the timidity and want of practical power in Paul, seemed almost heroic, because it was simply manly. She never

knew how feeble she felt her lover to be until she had unconsciously compared him with another of his own age; one of his friends; educated under much the same influences, yet on whom life had wrought such different effects, and to whom it had taught such different lessons. Not that she did not fully recognise the graces of Paul's mind and intellect. The positive and practical nature of Horace struck her with greater admiration, perhaps, because it was a new study, and because it was more in accordance with her own.

Horace was soon heart and soul in the cause. If Magdalen had been his own sister, he could not have worked with more loyal zeal than he did, leaving no stone unturned by which he could establish her innocence. He made minute inquiries as to all the old intimates of her father: the trusted family friends. He got their addresses, so far as Magdalen could give them; and, when she failed, if he could only have the smallest clue, he managed to follow it up to the end. But, as yet, he heard nothing from any of them that could be of use. One, of whom Magdalen spoke the most, escaped him. About two years ago he had gone abroad; to the German baths: since then, he had been wandering about the continent, and had finally gone to Spain; but his only relative (a sister who lived in Devonshire), knew not precisely whither. As there was not



much time before the assizes, he could not afford to waste a single day. But Horace never flagged in hope, endeavour, and encouraging assurances to Magdalen; continuing his search after Mr. Slade, the missing family friend, with extraordinary pertinacity. Magdalen was content to let the matter rest wholly with him, to believe in his wisdom and his energy, and to feel secure so long as he told her she might feel so.

They made a strangely-contrasting group, the three friends; as unlike physically as they were morally; and yet each so excellent in his own way. Magdalen and Paul were both handsome, as has been shown before; but Horace had no great share of good looks; yet he had something that compensated for the want of them. He was below the middle size; but firm and strong, and so well proportioned that his want of height was not noticeable. Indeed, he left on many the impression that he was a tall man. He had a rugged, irregular face: but its large black eyes, and the raven hair curling thick and close gave a rough beauty to it. Although every feature was artistically unlovely; though the broad nose, thick at the base and blunt at the end, the unshaped lips, thick also and irregular, the powerful chin and square jaw, were none of them in harmony, yet, from these unpromising elements, came such a noble expression, such a look

of energy and frankness and quickness and penetration, that no one ever remarked that Horace Rutherford was what people call a plain man. His manners were rather abrupt; a smile was generally playing round his lips, and his eyes were eyes that spoke and laughed. His conversation was quick and brilliant; usually on some topic of the day; rarely metaphysical or abstract. He spoke well, told stories and anecdotes with great spirit, was brave, generous, prompt, and determined; a man whose hope, energy, and self-command were all but unconquerable.

What a different being he was to sensitive, shy, poetic, tremulous, fair-haired Paul! whose smiles were like sun-flashes on an April day, and whose tears sprang as easily as a child's, and were dried like a child's. The one, the man of action, born to battle with and to control real life as it passed by; — to lead in the thick of the fight: the other, the poet, resting apart and above the daily things of earth, thinking great thoughts, uttering beautiful words, but doing no deeds; the dreamer, the singer, the poet, but not the man.

By their side, to make up the group, Magdalen — paler than she used to be, and thinner and graver, with her dark-brown hair and grey-blue eyes, with her cold, dreamy face, in which only resolute will and the first traces of sorrow could be seen, and her



manners half queenly, half girlish — stood before the one as a goddess to be worshipped, before the other, as a woman to be protected. Paul revered the strength he could not imitate, and Horace loved the innocence he could so well defend.

Horace soon saw that something was amiss between the betrothed lovers. Indeed, Paul told him as much not many hours after his arrival at Oakfield; and, having made that first confession, had ever since drawn largely on his friend's sympathy and forbearance; going to him to complain every time there had been any little misunderstanding between him and Magdalen; which was very often. Horace was kind and sympathising, and gave Paul good advice; telling him not to be so sensitive; although he could not but think Magdalen harsh. But what was to be done? He saw plainly enough where the fault lay — yet who could mend it? If not themselves, then no one! They were unsuited — that was the one sad word that comprised all the rest.

"But Paul," said Horace one day when Paul had been complaining of Magdalen's temper — "but, Paul, you must forgive a little petulance for the sake of the greatness underneath. Remember — only steel cuts: lead, dull and harmless, will not scratch a fly."

"Yes, Horace, but Magdalen is so changed! She was never

very demonstrative, but she was never so cold as she is now," said Paul, sorrowfully.

"Think of how much she has to occupy her: think of the bitter pass of life she is in. It is very well for unoccupied people like you Paul, to do nothing and think of nothing all day long, but of love: but the thoughts of a mind torn and troubled, are very different."

"So it may be," persisted Paul, naïvely, "but I have had nothing to do with her trials, and she should not visit them on me. Why should she be cold to me because her brother is a villain?"

"Well, my dear fellow, that is rather difficult to answer; yet you must be content that it should be so. People are never just when they are excited; and Miss Trevelyan is excited, and may perhaps be unjust to you; so are you to her in your very sensitiveness. Women are delicate creatures to manage, Paul, even the strongest of them. As a man, who ought to be the superior in moral power, don't you think *you* could be less sensitive and more considerate?"

"I am sure," said Paul, timidly, "I do all in my power for her. If she demanded any service such as hero or Paladin of old would give, I would do it for her — O, how cheerfully, how gratefully!"

"Yes," answered Horace, with a faint smile; "but you are not required to give these great ser-



vices. You are only required to be temperate in your judgment, manly, and self-relying. Believe me, Paul, there is often more real heroism in the suppression of doubt, and of the sorrow which springs from doubt, than in any George and the Dragon conflict of olden times. We are all so apt to demand too much. He is the real social hero who unselfishly demands but little."

Paul looked distressed.

"Horace, I need not tell you how much I love her," he said, fervently. "She is my life; the life-blood of my whole being. The world would be dark and cold without her; she is all I love — all — all! And when I see her coldness to me, and think that she does not approve of me, it breaks my heart. I cannot stand up against it. Weak, passionate, boyish, mad — I may be all — but it is love for her, and sorrow that makes me so!"

"Have you no stronger heart than this? Why, the real man would be able to support more than his lover's ill-temper — not that Miss Trevelyan is ill-tempered; but I see that she is fretted and irritable — and yet have a 'heart strong enough for every fate.' You talk of heroic deeds; yet you neglect your real heroism, which is to bear a little waywardness bravely. Paul, Paul! how often we neglect the flowers at our feet, while stretching out our hands vainly to those above our heads! How often we neglect the virtues we possess, in dreaming

of those that are impossible for us to attain!"

"You are right, Horace," said Paul — "quite right; and I will show Magdalen that I am worthy of her."

At that moment Magdalen came into the room. Paul was full of the impulse created by Horace's exhortations. He flew to meet her, took her hand and pressed it between both his own.

Magdalen coloured deeply, and withdrew her hand, saying, in a low voice:

"Paul, I do not like this kind of thing before other people."

"But Horace. He is my brother — like my own flesh and blood. He might see and know of anything between us."

"Mr. Rutherford is not *my* brother," answered Magdalen, hurriedly; "and," she added, more haughtily, perhaps, than she intended, "I will not allow these absurdities before him."

All this passed in a low voice; but Horace heard every word of it. He was agitated, unconsciously; and, while thinking Magdalen harsh, yet blessed her in his heart. Magdalen, also, was confused and rather angry. She turned away without saying what she had come to say to Horace, and left the room; Paul standing like the statue of despair.

"There! See how she treats me!" he cried pettishly, pacing about the room. "You see it now for yourself, Horace; you see her contempt and her coldness. She rules me with a rod of iron;



she makes me her slave, and then spurns me because I am her slave. She might be gentler to me. What did I do to deserve this? — I, who love her so much.”

He flung himself on the sofa, burying his face in his hands, and quivering convulsively.

“Is this your way of bearing a little displeasure?” cried Horace, in his cheery voice, patting his shoulder. “Come, have a little more pluck for this once. You, who talk of Milton and Cromwell, and all those iron heroes, as if their lives were as easy as painting — do you think *they* would approve of this?”

“Yes,” said Paul, almost fiercely, looking up with a strange mixture of feverish passion and grief; “yes, they would. The strongest men love the best, and sensitiveness is not weakness.”

“Sensitiveness — no. But this is not mere sensitiveness; it is naked folly,” said Horace, in his clear, calm voice.

“Folly, Horace? Such a word from you?”

“Yes, from me, Paul; and don’t give way again, there’s a dear fellow, and I will tell you why I call it folly. You tease Miss Trevelyan with your love, a little inopportunately offered — you often tease her so. You never have the good sense to see it in that light; but complain of her coldness, when you ought to be ashamed of your own want of discretion. You are so penetrated by your own feelings, that you

cannot see hers. She is bothered by you; annoyed, and tells you so roundly; and you go off into a fit of childish despair. The thing lies in a nutshell, and that nutshell you must crack, to get common sense out of it. Now, don’t bombard me with blighted feelings,” he added, seeing that Paul was about to argue. “Accept my view as both just and real. You will find your account in being guided by a little more worldly wisdom than you have hitherto allowed. Believe me when I tell you so.” And Horace strode out of the room before Paul could answer. He went to find Magdalen, intending to lecture her as well, and to make her feel that she was unkind, and persuade her into better behaviour. For it was very sad to see these young people teasing each other so much, all for want of common sense and mutual understanding.

She was in the dining-room when he went to her; standing very mournfully by the window, looking out on the drizzling rain that fell like the fringe of a mourning garment from the dark clouds above. Her own face was as sad as the heavens, and her heart was as heavy as her eyes. When Horace came near her, she turned with a little impatient movement, for she thought it was Paul come to have a scene and then make up. When she saw it was Horace, a flush like crimson flashed suddenly across her face. She smiled, and half held out her hand, sighing as if



suddenly relieved from some heavy burden. Then, as if she remembered something, she drew herself away, checked the impulse and the smile both, and looked at him almost as coldly as she would have looked at Paul.

"I have come to take a liberty," said Horace, smiling, but with a certain embarrassment of manner, too. For he did not like this business, now that he was close upon it.

"What is it?" asked Magdalen. "Not a very great one, I am sure."

"I want to have a long quiet talk with you, if you will allow me," he answered, and leading her to a chair. His manner was slightly authoritative; but it pleased Magdalen, surfeited as she was with loving slavery.

"Has anything gone wrong, Mr. Rutherford?"

"In your cause? — no, nothing; but much in your life will go wrong, if you are not careful. Forgive my frankness; I am an old friend, now, and feel as if I have the right to advise. May I speak openly, without the fear of offending you, Miss Trevelyan?"

"Yes," said Magdalen, timidly.

"I will, then. I want to speak to you about my old friend, Paul."

"What of him?" asked Magdalen, with one of her sudden looks of pride.

"Do not be offended, Miss Trevelyan; I will say nothing

that ought to shock the most sensitive pride. But I must be frank. Do you think you are wise — I do not say right, but simply wise — in your conduct to Paul? It is a delicate subject, and one that I have no earthly right to approach; but you are young and inexperienced, and seem to me to want a judicious adviser. Let us pass all ceremony. Think of me as of an old grey-headed priest come to confess you, and let no false modesty mar my usefulness to you. Are you not somewhat harsh and hard to Paul? He loves you very dearly — more than you perhaps know; his whole life seems to hang on you — his whole happiness on your kindness."

"Too much so," said Magdalen, suddenly. "If he did not love me so much; if he could live without following me, like a child after its nurse; if he could bear a little impatience, and perhaps injustice, without weeping as he does — which only makes me more impatient and more cold, Mr. Rutherford; — if he had more practical power, more knowledge of the world, and were less dreamy and romantic; if he did not always talk of the future so wildly, and with such strange satisfaction; if, instead of imagining himself a hero, he would be content to be first a man, I should be kinder to him: but" — and Magdalen looked up, with a full and almost appealing look, into Horace's face — "he wearies me! I am very, very



sorry for it. I would give all I have in the world not to feel so wearied by him, but I cannot help it. I love and respect him very much." And Magdalen got up, and walked away. "If," she then said, suddenly coming back and standing before Horace, with an expression and in an attitude sufficiently passionate, "if he has told you to speak to me, you may tell him in return what I have said. My love for him will be always in proportion to his own manliness and common sense. If he continues as he has been ever since poor papa's death, I shall get to hate him. My husband must be a man who can help and direct me, not a child sobbing out melancholy bits of poetry."

Magdalen, as if she had uttered the most tremendous secret, and committed the most atrocious crime, rushed from the room to her own chamber up-stairs; where, locking the door, she flung herself on her knees, and, for the first time since her arrest, fell into such a passion of grief as she had never yielded to in her life before.

Horace sat for a few moments shading his eyes after she had left. Something in her tone and manner had thrilled through him; and, while wishing to condemn her, had enlisted him on her side. She looked so strong and beautiful, and he felt how far below her Paul was; he understood also what she must feel as a woman lately come to the knowledge of her

strength and of her lover's weakness together. Horace pitied them both; but he pitied Magdalen the more, because he sympathised most with her. If he had been a woman, perhaps he would have pitied Paul.

"Ah, well!" said Horace half aloud, rising from the sofa; "I dare say they will get on better when they are once fairly married. It is a terrible position for both, and no one knows which is more to blame — for certainly Paul is very tiresome, and Magdalen is harsh," which was all that could be said for and against both.

After this lecture from Horace, Magdalen, by a visible effort over herself, was kinder to Paul than she had been of late, and the boy was consequently as wildly happy as he had formerly been unreasonably in despair. But Horace saw, by every sign which Magdalen strove to hide, that his raptures bored her as much as his complaints had done before; and that the cause of their disunion lay deeper than anything that Paul could do or undo now. She was disenchanted, and saw their want of moral likeness — perhaps she exaggerated it: but it was still there, and could not be repaired. The effort of a few days soon became too much for Magdalen: again she relapsed into her old manner of impatience and coldness, and again Paul became heart-broken and hysterical.

Again Paul spoke to Horace



— again besought his intercession; with such despair, such ruin of hope and happiness; with such a wrecked life, that Horace, strangely unwilling, was forced, for mere pity's sake, to undertake this most painful and unpleasant task. And, as whatever he undertook he went through with thoroughly, he spoke to Magdalen again with even more decision, force, and distinctness than before. And he told her plainly that she was very wrong.

"Did Paul give you this mission?" said Magdalen haughtily.

"He certainly spoke to me of your coldness to him; but I have also seen it for myself," Horace said, not looking in her face.

"And may I ask what you advise — nay, desire me to do?" said Magdalen, still in the same manner.

"Be as kind to him as possible," said Horace, stealing a glance into her flushing face.

"And you — who, at least, are manly — can say such a word to me for my future husband!" exclaimed Magdalen bitterly. "Kind! kind! — the word you would use to a child, or a slave, or a pet lap dog! Kind to a man who ought to stand as your ideal of good and of power, to the being whom, next to God, you ought to reverence and worship. Kind! — he asks his friend to plead with his obdurate lover, and beg her to be kind!"

She looked at him with her proud head flung back and her

eyes as hard and as bright as steel. Her lip did not curl, only her nostrils dilated, and those glittering eyes looked unutterable contempt — contempt even of him. Then a dim softness came over them; that cold glitter was lost in a deeper and darker radiance — something that was not a tear, but that softened them like tears, stole up into them, as she looked at him, steadily, but timidly. The pride of that haughty head was gone, the swelling throat relaxed and bent forward; and Horace felt his own eyes grow dim and dark like hers, as he met and returned her look. He held out his hand, she laid hers in it, and he pressed it warmly.

"Poor child!" he said, "poor child!"

A sigh, so deep and heart-sent, that, despite her effort to suppress it, escaped from her like a shivering kind of groan, awoke her as from an instant's trance, and she withdrew her hand hastily; turning away from him. But a shadow had fallen between them, and words, which the ear never heard, had been spoken from heart to heart. Horace started as if he had seen a horrible vision, or heard unholy words, and, passing her, said without looking at her, "If you are strong, do not trample on the weak." And so left her, in a state which she could not define to be either happiness or unhappiness.

"She is right," said Horace, "and Paul is a fool. How I used



once to envy that boy's beauty and poetry. But now — I would rather be the most rugged featured ogre that ever terrified a naughty child, if I were but strong and manly, than accept all his loveliness and his weakness with it. No woman shall say of me, that she does not respect me — not even Magdalen!"

So Paul was not much advanced by this interview; and all that Horace said, when he questioned him as to his success, was the pithy advice — "Let her alone," and "don't worry me now, Paul, I am busy."

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE assize-time was fast approaching, and the trial of Miss Trevelyan for forgery was, of course, the talk of the neighbourhood. It can be imagined what was the excitement in a country place, where the family was so well known, and where everyone took that peculiar kind of interest in each other — half fault-finding and half responsible — which gives a domestic character, though not always a domestic charm, to a small society. Of course Andrew Trevelyan found some partisans. There are always advocates for every side and every person. Even about Oakfield a few — not many — were to be found who thought, indeed, that that codicil was very strange, when everyone knew how fond old Mr. Trevelyan was of his son, and how

little he had ever cared for his daughter; and who said also that it was unjust; for though Andrew had been a wild young fellow enough, yet he was married and steadied now, and all that ought to be forgotten. Mr. Trevelyan had forgiven him many times before. If he had forgiven his marriage, he need not have been so very harsh for anything else. And after all, what had he done to justify his disinheritance? Magdalen was a good girl enough, they dared say; but she was one of those plaguy clever women one never can trust. The neighbours talked and wrangled in this way among themselves; there being Guelfs and Ghibellines about Oakfield — strong Andrewites and Magdalenians, Horace worked in his own way, letting no one into his plans; while Paul suffered such agonies of mind from the coming shame and publicity, as might almost earn forgiveness for his cowardice.

The day came, and Magdalen's trial came too. The court was crowded. Every person of any note whatsoever in the county was there. Wagers had been made about it; irreconcilable quarrels and one marriage had alike sprung out of it: it had lighted up a civil war all about Oakfield, and every one was anxious to see how the battle would terminate. The Andrewites were the weakest in numbers, but the most powerful in lungs; while the Magdalenians contented themselves with the frigid



sympathy of all well-bred people, and "hoped poor Miss Trevelyan would succeed." The case was called; and, in the midst of the most profound silence, Magdalen took her place in the felon's dock.

She was ordered to remove her bonnet; which demand, after much apparently angry discussion, was at last merged into the compromise of throwing up her veil. Then the whole court was astir, — silks rustling, boots creaking; some standing up and craning over their neighbours' heads; some leaning forward; others backward — all to obtain a good look at that noble face, calm and dignified in the criminal's place. Horace stood near her. His interest in the cause had become too strong to admit of his trusting himself with the defence of Magdalen professionally. But strong, clear, and prompt, he watched every countenance; every turn of the case, and made frequent and valuable suggestions to the prisoner's counsel. Paul sat near to Magdalen also; but in a state of great physical weakness and mental agitation. He had just so much life left in him as to be able to lean forward against a table without fainting; although, if he had not been seated, he must have fallen. Occasionally Horace was agitated too; but his agitation took the shape of excitement, and gave him greater quickness even than usual. He had more vividness of thought, more keenness

of perception; like a man whose senses are heightened and stimulated in power by opium. He seemed to possess almost an added sense, and to be able to divine what he did not see. One thing troubled him — the post-hour. The London post did not arrive at that town till the late afternoon, and he was expecting a letter to-day from the missing friend, Mr. Slade, whose address, amongst the mountains of Cordova, he had at last discovered. He had been in constant correspondence with old Miss Slade, and had calculated to an hour that he might receive a letter to-day from her brother, supposing his had been answered so soon as was possible. He felt sure he would find some important news therein when it did come; but this wretched post would not be in till nearly four o'clock, and how drag on so long as that, a cause that might only employ an hour or two? So Horace was on the rack, but he bore his torture bravely, and made no one else miserable by showing it. Magdalen was pale as a statue: statue-like, too, in her movements — acting, looking, and speaking like a somnambulist — with preternatural calmness and self-possession; as if her nerves had been made of iron. Paul stifled his sighs so ill that he moaned, and drew more sympathy than all the rest.

The trial proceeded: Andrew was the first witness for his own prosecution. He swore that some



years ago he read his father's will — the same as had remained to the day of his death; that he had seen him sign it, and also the witnesses, William Slade and Joseph Lawson — the last since dead. He said that his father had often called him his heir; and he put in letters wherein that expression was repeated many times, amidst reiterated assurances of his love and trust. But, he could show none, nay not so much as a line of his father's writing after the date of the codicil. This he slurred over as well as he could, and his counsel protected him. He also swore, that his sister could imitate his father's handwriting perfectly, also his style of expression; in proof whereof he put in certain other letters, written in girlish fun years ago, confessed to and undisputed. To this he added, that the codicil was, to the best of his belief, not in the handwriting of his father; whom he had never offended, and who could not, therefore, have had any reason for so suddenly disinheriting him; that it was a forgery written by his sister. The counsel for the prosecutor had argued, that this was not so improbable, seeing that the witnesses were Paul Lefevre, the betrothed of the prisoner, who would consequently share with her, and the old nurse, since dead — the wet-nurse and foster-mother of the accused. "Conveniently dead," said the counsel; for which expression he was

reprimanded by the judge. This was the case for the prosecution.

Magdalen's only plea to all this was a simple denial. The counsel for her defence stated, that she had neither forged the codicil, nor been even made acquainted with its existence. Her father had forbidden her to send for her brother during his last illness — which point had been made much of by Andrew and his counsel — he was evidently very angry with him. Magdalen did not know why; but he refused to hear his name, and most peremptorily refused to see him. But, as her father had destroyed or removed the whole correspondence with the insurance offices, with which Andrew Trevelyan had been endeavouring to obtain money on post-obits on his father's life (at least she had not found a line of it), nothing like a reason for the change asserted to have taken place in him, was able to be given. The assertion did her, therefore, a great deal of harm, seeing that it was unable to be substantiated by evidence. Horace looked up to her and nodded, and smiled after her counsel had concluded; but his eyes were bloodshot, and his lips had turned quite blue, — for he knew the painful effect which this unsupported assertion must have on the jury, and the handle it would give to Andrew's counsel. He looked again and again at his watch, and cursed the dragging hour in his heart. Then he con-



quered that passing fit of despondency, and set to work and hope again.

Paul was examined next. His agitation, the uncertain hesitating voice in which he answered the questions put to him, his changeful colour, and timid manner, all made a very bad impression on both the jury and the public. Few said he was sensitive; many that he too was guilty — a participator in Magdalen's imputed crime. Horace was in despair. To the question directly put, and apparently easy to be answered, if he saw Mr. Trevelyan sign that codicil, he gave such a hesitating answer; he suffered himself to be so perplexed, bewildered, and brow-beaten; he got himself entangled in so many hopeless contradictions, and made such awkward admissions, that more than one of the jury exchanged glances, — and one, an old friend of Magdalen's, shook his head and sighed. When he was ordered to stand down, — "You have said enough, sir, for us, and too much for the prisoner's cause," said the counsel for the prosecution; — he had entangled the whole matter in an inextricable web of confusion and suspicion.

Magdalen looked at him grandly and coldly as he passed. Her lip slightly curled, but not unkindly. Her eyes met those of Horace fixed mournfully, but very tenderly, on her; and, for the first time, hers drooped and her lip quivered; but it was not

her trial that she was thinking of.

The case was drawing to a close, and still it was not four o'clock. Horace besought her counsel to delay it as much as possible, and by so doing, weakened the cause yet more; when at last the hands pointed to five minutes before four, and the messenger who had been stationed at the post-office, rushed in, breathless with a packet in his hand. Horace seized it, saw at one glance that it came from London, tore open the envelope, and observed that his agent there had enclosed certain letters and documents with the post-mark "Spain" upon them, and darted upon that which was signed "William Slade:"

Most important evidence, this, which a post might have lost!

The first letter read aloud was the following, addressed to Horace Rutherford, Esq.

DEAR SIR, — It is with no small surprise and indignation that I hear of the dastardly attempt of young Trevelyan against the honour and existence of his sister; not that I ought to have said surprise, for my knowledge of that young man's character has been of many years' standing, and from too undeniable sources, to allow me ever to feel surprise at any crime he may commit. I am, however, most happy to be able to contribute to the establishment of my god-daughter's happiness; and, while unwilling to trust such precious documents as those which I now enclose to the hazard of the post, yet, seeing no better means before me, I send them to you, in the full faith and hope that they may arrive in time, and be found sufficient. Pray present my most affectionate love to Miss Trevelyan, and believe me, dear sir, in the common interest we both have in this case, yours faithfully,  
WILLIAM SLADE.



Mr. Slade's handwriting having been proved by a witness whose attendance Horace had secured beforehand, the documents enclosed were read. They were a copy of the codicil in Mr. Trevelyan's hand-writing, the correspondence between himself and the insurance-offices, and this letter, addressed to Mr. Slade, then at Wiesbaden:—

DEAR FRIEND, — You know that I do not often make confidants, nor lay on my friends the burden of my sorrows. But you must be content to be the exception to-day, and to receive both a charge and a confession, in trust for your godchild's future benefit. The correspondence I have enclosed will show you my latest trouble about my son. You know, dear friend, how often I have pardoned his excesses — how many times I have crippled my resources to pay his debts — how I have always loved him, and how I have always believed in him. My eyes are dim now to think of the ruin in my heart which this discovery has made. I could have forgiven anything but this; but this heartlessness — calculating the chances of my life, and making a per-centage out of my infirmities — hastening my death by his wishes, and, not content with the inheritance he knew I was to leave him, gambling on the chance of my speedy decease — this discovery has worked such a change in my feelings — has opened my eyes to the boy's real character so fully, and has made me so sensible, by contrast, of my daughter's worth — that I have to-day revoked my will, and left all that I may die possessed of to Magdalen. A strange presentiment makes me send you these papers. I do not wish them to be found and commented on after my death. I would rather that you kept them in safe and secret custody until they are wanted — if ever they may be wanted — to support the codicil I have executed to-day.

Your godchild is quite well, and growing daily handsomer. You know of her engagement to a young artist who came into the neighbourhood about two years ago? He is a worthy lad, but somewhat

too flighty for my taste; however, if she likes him that is all that need be asked for. And as they will be independent after my death, I have no further doubts as to the prudence of the marriage. Keep my secret, dear Slade, till after my death, and believe me always your affectionate friend,  
ANDREW TREVELYAN.

Although the document was proved to be in old Mr. Trevelyan's handwriting, yet none of the papers so suddenly produced were held to be evidence. It was admitted that they brought to the case strong corroborative testimony of what had been urged in favour of the prisoner's innocence. There was a sharp and lengthy discussion on this point.

Fortunate that it was so; for the arguments of counsel (continually interrupted by the judges as being quite irregular, and only tolerated by them in mercy to the prisoner) had nearly terminated when a sunburnt, unshorn old gentleman forced his way into the court. The commotion he created attracted Magdalen's attention. In struggling his way to the counsel's table, the stranger turned to look at the prisoner. She uttered a faint cry, and exclaimed — "Mr. Slade!"

It was he sure enough; and he was called into the witness-box. His parole evidence was perfectly conclusive, and this closed the case. The counsel made a very brief comment, the judge summed up, and the jury without quitting their box found the defendant "not guilty," amid the loud and prolonged cheers of the court —



cheers which the judge himself did not interfere to stop.

"How cleverly managed! How did you get up that evidence, Rutherford?" asked Andrew's counsel, shaking him by the hand. They were old friends.

"I found a memorandum in an old pocket-book of Mr. Trevelyan's, 'wrote to Slade to-day,' under the same date as the codicil; and I thought I could get something out of that. I found that Mr. Slade was Miss Trevelyan's godfather, so that it all looked likely he would have some information to give."

"By Jove, a good move," said Magdalen's late champion; and then the two learned brothers sauntered out of court together, to the amazement of the vulgar, who believed in legal histrionics. Mr. Slade took Magdalen to his sister, who had been staying with a friend to be near enough to receive early news of the result of the trial. Paul and Horace went together to Oakfield: Horace joyous, full of the most boyish spirits, laughing, leaping, and singing; the only reward he asked, to see her the first, and be the first to receive her thanks; Paul agitated, trembling, and unnerved. At last she came, bringing Miss and Mr. Slade with her as guests. As she descended the carriage, Horace darted through the gates, and, with almost one bound, was beside her.

She took both his hands in hers — her face eloquent with

happiness and gratitude. "God bless you! You are my preserver," she said; and then, she added, in a tone that quivered through every nerve — in a low, deep, rich tone, that sunk like music to his heart — "I would rather owe my life to you than to any one in the world; God bless you, beloved friend, again, and again."

Paul had only enough strength left to fall into her arms rather than to take her in his, covering with a boy's passionate kisses the cheek that had just been brushed by Horace's raven hair. She could not bear this. Miss Slade was manifestly shocked, and her brother smiled wickedly; Margaret dashed her lover's trembling hand away, standing in a strange fit of passion and beauty, with such an expression of pride, terror, and love in her face, as haunted him for days after. He gently asked, how he had offended her? He knew he had given his evidence ill; but would she not forgive him? It was love for her, and pity and grief that had unmanned him.

Magdalen looked up with one wild wide glance to Horace — a look that transformed her whole face — then turning to the darkened part of the hall, she spoke gently to Paul, and offered him her hand. He ran fondly to take it, caressing it; when with a low cry, and wringing her hands, as if she would strip a coat of fire from them, she rushed from the



hall; and they saw her no more for that day.

"It was," said Mr. Slade to Horace, when they parted for the night; "too grave a matter to trust to the post; so I posted off by the same mail as that which brought my packet. Confound those custom-house fellows for detaining me; or I should have beaten my own letter in the race by several hours."

### A COUSIN IN NEED.

ON a dreary autumn day, more than a hundred years ago, a heavy travelling-carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it, was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the travelling: but, leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocket-book. Since he was dressed in a plain dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to which grade of it nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided. A dreary November evening was closing in; and, though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky, gave warning that a "weeping darkness" was at hand. The road grew heavier and heavier — at least, so it should have seemed to a foot traveller who was plough-

ing his way through its mire; and so, doubtless, it did seem to the carriage horses, who at last floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian whom they had overtaken kept easily by the side of the coach — though at a respectful distance, certainly, after the first bucketful of mud that it splashed over him. The gentleman inside the coach, when he could see no longer, shut up his portfolio, and returned the pocket-book to its place in the breast lining of his coat. He then roused himself to look out of the window, and judge, from the mud and darkness, how far it might be to Berlin. For the first time, he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though more than reasonably travel-stained, he trudged on as if his limbs were strong and his heart light. Through the drizzle and the darkness all that could be seen of his face was sensible and good-tempered. He had just finished a pipe as he attracted the traveller's attention, and was in the act of shaking out the ashes and replacing the pipe in a wallet slung over his back, when he heard himself addressed in the manner following, and in rather an authoritative tone of voice:

"Hollo! young man, whither are you bound this stormy-looking night?"

"That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a rest-



ing-place before I get there — to that I am bound, for I am a-weary."

"I should think you must have a two hour's walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause the stranger said: —

"If it pleases you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome so to do, Herr What's-your-name."

"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man; "one of those who wisely never refuse the small benefit, because the larger one is not to be obtained." He thankfully accepted the not very clean place allotted to him.

From inside the window the next question put to Heinrich was:

"What are you going to Berlin for?"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer.

"And pray who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is more than doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioner — who should have been an American colonel — looked amused and astonished, as he suggested: —

"Surely there must be some other motive for your going to

Berlin; or what could have put this idea into your head?"

"Why," replied Heinrich, "I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my own neighbourhood; I have no relative to help me, and not quite money enough to find me in necessities."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with cousins in Berlin?"

"Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow-students have got good appointments, and whenever I asked them to let me know how it was done, the answer always was — 'A cousin gave it to me,' or 'I got it through the interest of a cousin, who lives at Berlin.' Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in the country, I must go without their help, or else hunt for them in Berlin."

This was all said in a comical, dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing, but he made no comment. However he pulled out a piece of paper, and began to write upon it. When he had finished, he turned round to Heinrich, saying, that he observed he had been smoking, and that he felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring tinder with him. Could Herr Meyer oblige him with a light?

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply; and Heinrich, taking a tinder-box out of his wallet, immediately began to strike a light. Now, it has been



said, that the evening was damp, — it was so damp that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover, the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well, if your cousins are not more easily to be got at, than your light is, I pity you, young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched Heinrich's laborious endeavours.

"Nihil desperandum est in meo motto," answered the young man; and when the words were scarcely uttered, the light had been struck. In his delight at succeeding, Heinrich jumped up on the carriage-step, and leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face. "Hurra, sir, puff away!"

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and addressed Heinrich in this way; —

"I have been thinking over what you have been telling me; and perhaps, in a humble way, I might be able to assist you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin, take this note," handing him the slip of paper on which he had been writing; "take this note to Marshal Grumbkow, who is somewhat of a friend of mine, and who will, I think, be glad to oblige me. But mind! Do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his ad-

vice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he will keep his word; but he is rather eccentric, and the way he sets about doing a kindness may perhaps seem strange to you. And now," he continued, "as the road is improved, I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good evening, hoping you will prosper in your new career."

As Heinrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and, before he had time to make any acknowledgments, he found himself alone again. The young man was no little astonished at what had taken place; and as he gazed on the slip of paper, could not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These were the only words written on it:

DEAR MARSHAL, — If you can forward the views of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend, F.

Let me know the result of your interview with him.

"Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other, the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and footsore, since receiving the mysterious bit of paper. Hope was stronger within him than she had been for many a day; and on her wings he was carried pleasantly along, so that he reached Berlin by nightfall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him; and he



found some little difficulty in making his way to the gasthaus, to which he had been recommended by the pastor of his parish. The pastor having been once in Berlin, was considered, in his part of the world, an oracle in all matters connected with town-life.

The inn was, however, found at last, and after a frugal supper and a good night's rest, our friend arose, ready to hope and believe everything from the mysterious note, which he started forth to deliver immediately after breakfast.

Obliged to ask his way to Marshal Grumbkow's, he was amused and surprised at the astonishment depicted on the countenances of those persons of whom he made the inquiry; as if they would say, "What business can you have with the Marshal Grumbkow?"

The house was however at last gained, and having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich awaited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant returned, and requested him, in the most respectful manner, to follow him to the marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously; and the marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the village or town in which he had been last residing; the school in which he had been educated; at what inn he was living in Berlin; and so forth. But still, no allusion was made, either to the note or the writer of it. The in-

terview lasted about twenty minutes; at the end of which time the marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call again on that day fortnight.

Heinrich employed the interval in visiting the lions of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the king's birth-day; and, like a loyal subject, our friend went to have a reverent stare at his majesty, whom he had never seen. At one point of the review the king stopped almost opposite to Heinrich; and then was suggested to him, as the reader probably suspects, that, after all, he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who hailed him in the muddy road? Impossible! How should a king be travelling at that time of the day? At any rate, it vexed him to think that he had not treated the gentleman in the coach in a very ceremonious manner. He had thrust tinder at his nose, and cried to him "Puff away!"

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the marshal arrived. His reception was again most favourable. The marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer, and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth, one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various superscriptions were?

Heinrich answered, that to the best of his belief one was that of



Herr Mudel, his former school-master; another, that of Doctor Von Hummer, the principal of such a college, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the marshal, "and perhaps it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words the marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unabashed: he evidently feared no evil report. "I feel bound," continued the marshal, "to tell you, that all that they say of you is most favourable, and I am equally bound to believe and act upon their opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house.

The marshal descended a private staircase leading to the court-yard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to get exceedingly nervous; the conviction that his idea was not a mere trick of the imagination, became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin. At last as he found himself, following Grumbkow, even into the palace, he could not refrain from exclaim-

ing, "Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake?"

No answer was vouchsafed, as the marshal continued to lead him through various galleries and apartments until at last they reached the door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in." As the door opened, one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud, and his king, were one and the same person. The poor cousin-seeker greatly confused, knelt before Frederick-William, and began faltering out contrite apologies.

"Rise, young man," said the king, "you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly if I meant to be everywhere recognised."

After re-assuring Heinrich, the king told him, that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen. "But, first," he said, "I must hear how you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but, mind, I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his own room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach to the king. The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about his sermon as soon as he should have been furnished with the text. For the remainder of that day, he never stirred out; every



step on the stair was to his ears that of the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless, evening and night passed, and the next day was far advanced, but still no text.

What was to be done? There were only two days before Sunday! He must go and consult the marshal, but the latter could give him no further information; all he could do was, to promise that, if the king sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost possible despatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either king or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the chapel royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporise in case of emergency, he would have certainly run away from Berlin and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he abided the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour. Sunday morning arrived, but no text!

Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king, with the royal family, occupied their accustomed places.

The service commenced, but no text!—the prayers were ended, and whilst the organ pealed forth

its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being an utter stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying, "His majesty sends you the text."

After having recited the preliminary prayers, the preacher opened the paper, and lo! — it was blank — not a word was written on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the white sheet, and after a short pause, held it up before the congregation, saying, "His majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world'; I shall, therefore, take the Creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and his fluency of language remarkable. His audience, accustomed to the king's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the



difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed, and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the church, who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceeding of the king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces, if he did not know that such vagaries were quite common to his majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the king, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely crossed the threshold of the king's room when his majesty jumped up, and thrust a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming, "Hurra! sir! — puff away! — take this for the light you gave me!"

Then, throwing himself back in a chair, he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make or what to do, but just as he had got as far as "Your majesty —" the king interrupted him, saying, "Make no fine speeches; go home quietly and examine the contents of the paper. You came to Berlin to seek a

cousin; you have found one, who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add, that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the university of Berlin, and made Heinrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

## MIND YOUR MANNERS.

MANNERS make the man; the want of them the fellow. Manners also make the woman; and, above all, manners make the child. Nay, even manners make the dog. There are ill-behaved, untidy dogs (like poor unfortunate Launcelot Gobbo's), who only serve to bring upon their owners disgrace, abuse, and fist-cuffs; while there are cleanly, considerate, praiseworthy dogs; dogs who will offer their paws to be wiped with a napkin before entering a drawing-room; dogs who prepossess you in their favour as soon as you look at them; dogs whose refined and courteous demeanour will introduce you to the acquaintance of the very persons you desire to know, picking them out for you in a public walk.

In another sense, manners make the man; that is, they make his fortune. A ready smile, a modest assurance, and a patient and deferential power of attention, have carried a man further and higher than great talents or brilliant powers of mind. A pleasing address, if not the best



letter of recommendation, is certainly the best assistant to a good one. A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar. Politeness is the current coin which purchases the most for the least outlay. Therefore, all these things considered, mind your manners, — young people who are just beginning the world!

And you do try to mind your manners, I must confess. There is an epoch in every well-constituted young person's life, when he or she is anxious to please, for the mere sake of pleasing. Their elders wish them to please, to attain the end of worldly advancement; but, for themselves, virtue is its own reward. Many sincere and lasting friendships have been formed between the young and the middle-aged, in consequence of the latter having kindly trained their juniors in the drill of etiquette; thus helping them to perform the first stage of their march with a firm footstep, to the avoidance of blunders and exposure to ridicule. Happy for the neophyte is it, to meet with the protection of such a Mentor! who, in the majority of cases, is some kind-hearted, thorough experienced woman; but, as the height of good luck does not happen to every one, the young are obliged to have recourse to such aids as they can find.

Books are necessarily the advisers of those who have no competent friend to refer to; accord-

ingly, such educational helps to adolescent men and women have enjoyed immense popularity, when their merits have in the least entitled them to deserve it. Witness Lord Chesterfield's letters, in their day; witness the novels of the Almack's class, which, I believe, were studied by many as much with the object of self-improvement in deportment, as for mere amusement or for vulgar curiosity about the doings of their social superiors. Witness, too, the numerous little manuals that are hatched in broods by the press at the present day, and are sold at most obtainable prices, from twopence to a shilling and upwards. Witness the *True Courtesies*, the *Spirits of Etiquette*, the *Guides to Polite Society*, the *Codes of Manners*, the *How-to-dress-well Handbooks* and the *Dinner Table Observances*.

Why, in this branch of artistical knowledge, a living guide is better than one in print, arises from the fact that the details of manners are conventional and capricious, while their grand principles and their spirit only are universally accepted. Even in the same country, the observances that are inviolable in certain castes and cliques are absurd if laid down for others. But your tutor in etiquette will tell you what is right and proper in his and your circle, in respect to minutiae; a book can only lay down regulations which may or may not be applicable to the



society in which your orbit lies. It is less ridiculous even generally to despise such minutiae of pump-room etiquette, than to observe them strictly mal-apropos. The plain rusticity of a country farmer is much less absurd, when met with in London, than are Cheapside and Regent Street airs and graces shown off in a little market-town. For those especially who are likely to take a wide range of travel, the great point will be to ground themselves well in the fundamental elements of self-possession, self-respect (which involves respect for others) personal neatness, a ready appreciation of what is admirable in any shape, a desire to be pleased (which implies the desire of pleasing), and an allowance to others of indulging their innocent peculiarities, as we assert the right of indulging our own, when not offensive. With such broad views of good behaviour, you may journey respected from the north pole to the south. If you unflinchingly cling to the etiquette-books and Islingtonian formulæ, you will often excite a smile as an amusing specimen of affectation.

No rules of behaviour that are contrary to common sense need be adhered to anywhere. For instance, "In eating fish, use your fork in your right hand, and a piece of bread in your left" — that is, never eat fish with a knife and fork, as you would meat. Now, the writer who caused the above generally-received dogma

to be perpetuated in type, probably was not aware of the origin of the whim — for it is nothing more — which often involves the disciple in ludicrous difficulties. Almost the universal habit of the French — in the middle and lower classes, at least — is to cut up whatever happens to be upon their plate into mouthfuls (no matter whether it be roast meat, boiled meat, vegetables, or fish), and then, laying the knife quite on one side, they eat it with the fork in the right hand, a piece of bread being in the left, if required. In large table d'hôte dinners, where you are expected to partake of five-and-twenty or thirty dishes, the portions offered to each guest are sometimes so small that the fork alone suffices to dispose of them. Somebody, in an endeavour to import the mode (at about the epoch of the introduction of white table-cloths at dessert), spoilt it, and, in short, made nonsense of it, by confining it to fish, and tabooing the knife completely in that special case. Such trifles do not belong to cosmopolitan good manners, though they may be curious to observe as national marks. Thus, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you may tell an Englishman from a Frenchman or a German by the way in which they each eat soup. The former puts the side of the spoon to his lips to sip the fluid; the latter presents the spoon lengthwise in front of his mouth, in the way in which a juggler



must, if he seriously intends to swallow the spoon.

There is a book called *La Petite Civilité de la Jeunesse*, or *The Little Civility of Youth*, which well deserves translation, with a few trifling modifications to adapt it to a Protestant nation. It is looked upon as the rule of right in France. In many points it is admirable; but, in several particulars of etiquette it does not agree with the teachings of the *London Guides to Politeness*. Thus, in one of the latter we are told: "When your visitors arise to go, ring the bell for a servant to attend them. Merely rising from your chair and bowing, if not very intimate, is sufficient leave-taking: never attend them to the door." Now this, though common enough in England, would not be thought very courteous in France. *Little Civility* says, "You must always re-conduct those who pay you a visit to the door; and if they have to get into a carriage, you must not retire till they have taken their seats. When there are ladies, you must offer your hand to help them into their carriage. When, amongst the visitors you receive, there are some who remain while others are departing, you ought only to accompany those whose position is sufficiently distinguished to justify your leaving the rest of the company on their account. When a lady rises to take leave, you must quit every one else to conduct her to the door of the suite of rooms,

and even further, if respect requires. When a person to whom you pay a visit chooses, in spite of his superior rank, to conduct you as far as the door, either of the suite of rooms or of the street, you ought not to refuse the honour; but you must show your sense of it by marks of the most profound respect. It is a gross piece of rudeness to make people wait who pay you a visit. If you are unable to keep them company so long as politeness would seem to require, you ought to excuse yourself in the most kind and civil way possible, without even attempting to conceal that you are occupied with important business. Nothing," continues the *Little Civility*, "is more insipid and more troublesome than the conversation of those persons who put everlasting questions on the most trifling subjects, and about which they have no need to ask for information. It is contrary to good manners to question persons of a superior rank, except very rarely. When business or circumstances compel you to interrogate them, it must be done in the politest terms and the most respectful expressions. It is a rule of good manners, when you enter a company, never to interrupt the conversation by inquiring what it has been, and is about. If you find that an explanation of the kind would be the cause of tiresome or embarrassing repetitions to others, you should keep silence, try to catch the thread of the dis-



course, and wait till a favourable opportunity arrives of learning what you wish, without annoying any one. Nevertheless, it is an act of politeness to inform a new arrival, briefly and quietly, what topic of conversation is under discussion. It is very uncivil to inquire of any one, what he has been doing, or what he is going to do."

It is uncivil — disgustingly uncivil! And yet there are impertinents, with brazen fronts and eyes like those of a stuffed tabby cat, who will draw every tooth in your head, if you do not check them. It makes one's blood boil to see cunning horse-leeches pumping dry timid young persons, who dare not yet say the bold word No. What, as Little Civility indicates, can be a more offensive breach of good manners than for even elderly persons to acquire the habit of putting all sorts of questions, point-blank or roundabout, in season and out of season! Observe, I do not ask a question. I take your judgment for granted, and end the sentence with a note of exclamation. No one asks the Queen a question; and, in descending the social scale, the rule, instead of losing all force whatever, only becomes a little less stringent. Even with permissible questions, there is a great difference in the style of putting them. If you are visiting any establishment, for instruction or amusement, take care to get the subject well-up before-

hand; otherwise, beware how you open your mouth. The very first inquiry will cause your attendant guide to regard you either with pleased interest, or with weary indifference.

In some points, the French and English printed rules agree, while our practice at home does not accord with them. The Spirit of Etiquette decrees that "A salutation must always be returned, even to one of the very lowest condition." Little Civility goes even further: "You ought to salute all the persons whom you know, wherever you meet them. In saluting an inferior, you ought not to wait till you are forestalled by him. Well-meaning persons, whose heart is in the right place, endeavour to be beforehand in this respect with every one belonging to their acquaintance. Above all, it is becoming in children to adopt the mode. To be hindered by pride from returning a salutation is the sign of a very foolish and narrow mind. Every person of superior rank, endowed with noble sentiments, may be known by the obliging manner in which he fulfils this duty. In isolated spots, it is usual to salute the strangers whom you meet by chance. If the persons in whose company you are salute others whom they meet, you must follow their example, and remain uncovered if they stop."

It is a solecism in English manners (which may be accounted for as a remnant of feudal times),



that, while the labouring man, the small farmer, and the country schoolmaster, take off their hat to the squire, the squire does not take off his hat to them. A condescending nod, a patronising look, is no equivalent return for a formal salute. Such a style of politeness towards inferiors adopted as a system, would in France be criticised by the utterance of one single word — “cochon!” It might be even dangerous there in troubled times; and, in short, will not answer out of England, unless perhaps in Russia. There are people in the world whose fiery spirits will blaze up fiercely, if you neglect to render them like for like. If, for instance, you are bent on a tour in Africa, you will find the Arab vainglorious, humble, and arrogant by turns; but his next door neighbour, the Kabyle, remaining always wrapped up in pride. This pride gives importance to the slightest details of everyday life; imposes on all a great simplicity of manners; and, for every act of deference, exacts a scrupulous return. Thus, the Arab kisses the hand and the head of his superior with abundance of compliments and salutations, caring but little all the while whether his politeness is responded to or not. The Kabyle does not compliment. He kisses the hand or the head of the chieftain or the aged man; but, whatever may be the dignity or the age of the person to whom this tribute of respect is offered,

he must return it instantly. Si Saïd Abbas, the marabout (priest) of the Beni Haffif, was one day in the Friday market of the Beni-Ourtilan. A Kabyle, named Ben-Zeddam, went up to him and kissed his hand. The marabout, no doubt in an absent fit, omitted to return the salutation. “By the sin of my wife!” said Ben Zeddam, setting himself in front of Si Saïd, gun in hand, “you will return me what I lent you just now; if not, you are a dead man.” The marabout performed the ceremony required. Now, this was a lesson not easy to forget. Still, on consideration, I would not advise the shooting of squires for breaches of salutation reciprocity; only, if his worship did not take off his hat to me in return, I would never again take off mine to his worship.

Exactly as the little distinctions in their codes of etiquette are one reason why the French have believed the English to be proud and cold at heart; so the manners of the French have caused them to be despised and undervalued by their Mohammedan tributaries in Africa.

General Daumas’s sketch of Algerian manners is well worth attentive study. No nation, it seems, is better skilled or practised than the Arabs are in the forms of urbanity, and in the verbal caresses which facilitate access and predispose to a gracious and favourable reception. No people know better how to



conform to the respective exigences of various social positions, by treating every one according to his rank. They take care to give you what is your due; not an atom more, but also not an atom less. Everything is graduated according to understood regulations, which are the subject of traditional theory. The very prologue of the code of politeness is a long affair, consisting of interminable litanies, of the formulæ which equals imperturbably exchange whenever they happen to meet. There are general expressions suited for any time of the day, and others that can only be used from morning till noon, or from noon till night. There is a less marked shade, in the circumlocution by means of which an Arab inquires after the health of the wife of the person with whom he chances to be conversing. To name her, were she lying at the point of death, would be a great breach of good manners; consequently you make your inquiries in indirect allusions. "How are the children of Adam? How goes the tent? How is your family? How are your people?" and even, "How goes the grandmother?" Any clearer designation would only awaken jealousy. It would be remarked, "He must have seen my wife; he must be acquainted with her, since he inquires so very particularly after her!"

In ordinary conversation pious phrases frequently intervene.

But it may happen that amongst the persons to be saluted there are members of a different, and consequently a hostile religion. To avoid wounding these individuals by expressions on which they would set no value; and, on the other hand, to avoid compromising sacred words in the company of infidels, vague and more general forms are employed, as for instance, "Health to my people." Nevertheless, you will meet with a number of fanatics whose wild and timorous consciences would refuse to make such a compromise, and who would believe their salvation to be in peril if they did not establish a marked distinction between themselves and miscreants. On entering a company where Christians or Jews are present, they will not fail to say, "Health to the people of salvation!" or "Health to those who follow religion!" Notwithstanding this, it will be understood that, in the districts subject to the French domination, prudence closes the lips of fanaticism; and that they would not risk affronting persons who might make them pay dear for their want of politeness. On accosting an Israelite, a member of the population so long enslaved and so harshly persecuted by the followers of Islam (a man to throw stones at, to borrow the Arab expression), if you condescend to speak the first word and to treat him with affability, you say to him, "May Allah make you live! May Allah aid



you!" This simple phrase, which is an exceptional piece of politeness if accorded to a Jew, would be an insult to a Mussulman.

Official etiquette is rigorous; every point is scrupulously noted. An inferior salutes his superior by kissing his hand if he meets him on foot, and by kissing his knee if he encounters him on horseback. The marabouts and tolbas, who belong to religion professionally, whatever may be their position in the Mohammedan church, contrive to reconcile their natural haughtiness of character and their pride of caste with the quality of pious humility. They snatch back their hand abruptly; but they do not withdraw it from the offered kiss, till the simple believer is in the attitude of giving it. They do not refuse a respectful embrace, but allow their head or shoulder to be slightly touched with the lips. Such a caress does not imply the reverential deference exacted by the great ones of this world. When an inferior, on horseback, perceives on the road a man of any considerable importance, he alights at a distance, to embrace his knee. Equals kiss each other on the face: or, if they are only mere acquaintance, and not friends, they lightly touch their right hands, and then each kisses his forefinger. When a chief passes, every one rises and salutes him by crossing the hands on the chest. This was the ordinary mark of respect accorded to the Emir, Abd-el-Kader.

An Arab will never pass before a group of his equals or his superiors, without saying "Health be with you!" They always reply, "With you be health!" These words are pronounced in a grave and solemn tone of voice, which contrasts strongly with the light and laughing mode in which their French conquerors accost each other. To ask any one how he does in a careless off-hand style, to salute him as a matter of no importance, to assume an attitude which does not accord with the serious phrase, "May the health, or salutation (of Allah) be upon you," strikes the Arabs as excessively offensive. Their criticisms on such behaviour are endless. "It must be a very ridiculous circumstance," they remark, "to ask your relation or your friend: How do you do?" In summer, in saluting a superior, the straw hat must not be kept on the head. In passing rapidly in front of strangers whom it is intended to salute, the hand is put upon the heart. Sometimes an interesting conversation on peace, or war, or other stirring topics, is interrupted by a sudden recommencement of polite inquiries, such as, How are you? Does your time pass pleasantly? Is your tent well? And, after the vocabulary of friendly expressions is exhausted, the conversation is resumed at the point where it stopped short. These alternations of gossip with interludes of wellbred inquiries are repeated



in turn from time to time, and occur with greater frequency in proportion to the degree of friendship entertained or the length of the previous absence.

If any one sneezes in your presence, you must say, "Allah save you!" to which will be replied, "Allah grant you his mercy!" Eructation is not an act of rudeness; it is permitted, as with the ancient Spaniards, amongst whom, doubtless, the Arab dominion left this trait as a souvenir. Before eating, Allah is invoked in the following form: "In the name of Allah! O my God, bless what you now give us to eat; and when it is consumed reproduce it."

The right hand must be employed for eating and drinking, and not the left; for, "the dæmon eats and drinks with his left hand." A well-bred man will not drink in a standing posture; he is obliged to be seated. When any one drinks in your presence, do not forget to say to him when he has done — "Health!" understood, "May Allah give you!" He will reply, "Allah save you!" It is not allowable to drink more than once, and that at the conclusion of a meal. Drink was not made to increase, to prolong, or to reawaken appetite. When men are thirsty, they have eaten enough; they drink, and the repast is terminated. At table, they must not make use of a knife. They wash their hands before and after a meal; they carefully rinse their mouths; otherwise they are con-

sidered as extremely ill-bred. The Prophet advised never to breathe upon the food. It is very bad manners to watch others while eating. If the master of the tent forgets himself so far as to notice the slowness or the rapidity with which his guests are eating, he commits a breach of politeness which is sure to draw down upon him a series of repartees that will hit their mark. "To see how ferociously you tear and swallow that mutton, one would say that it had butted you hard when alive;" was the speech addressed to a poor wretch of noble birth, but fallen into poverty, by a powerful chief who entertained him. "To see how slowly and tenderly you eat it, one would think that its mother served as your wet-nurse," replied the Arab; considering that, to reproach him with a meal, was equivalent to an insult. A person who receives company ought not to remain standing; he is required to set the example, and to be the first to seat himself. The guest whom you receive will never think of such a thing as to give orders to your servants. Great care is taken not to spit in clean places.

A man who is what we call neat in his person, who takes care to be well dressed and to observe the rules of good society — (and, amongst the Arabs, good society is that which takes a pride in the religious observance of the minutest details) — cuts his moustachios to the level of the upper lip, and only allows the corners



to grow long. He is also careful not to soil his dress in eating. An Arab gentleman has his head shaved often; once a-week. He has his beard trimmed carefully, shaping it to a point. He never neglects to cut his nails.

An Arab who goes into company, salutes, speaks in his turn, and departs without speaking. He does not take leave, unless he is on the point of starting on a journey. The only Arabs who act contrary to this custom are those who have made acquaintance with the French. In consequence of their intercourse with Europeans, not a few natives have contracted the habit of making their adieux after a meeting or a visit; but those who neglect to do so are not to be considered unpolite. When an Arab has once started on a journey, never call him back, even if he has omitted things of the utmost importance. According to his ideas, it would be sure to cause him ill-luck. The emir Abd-el-Kader never went counter to the universal custom, which requires that when any one mounts on horseback to make a long excursion, his wife, his servant, or even his negress, should throw water on the croup and feet of his horse. This is at the same time a friendly wish and a lucky omen. Sometimes the coffee-bearer throws coffee on the horse's feet. To the same class of ideas belongs the superstition which causes a shower to be believed of good augury when a traveller departs. Water is al-

ways welcome in a country where it is often deficient. Hence the frequent wish, "May your spur be green," addressed to men in authority. Its meaning is, "Prosper, and be propitious; as water is propitious to the harvest and the flocks." Politeness, however, is carried further than mere words; the Arabs contrive to flatter by actions. In a horse-race, a kaïd and a powerful aga were rivals; the kaïd did his very best to be beaten, and succeeded. Whoever is aware how much the self-esteem of the Arab is mixed up with the reputation of his horse, will appreciate the greatness of the sacrifice. When the race was over, the aga said to the kaïd, "Your horse is excellent; you must have held him in; it could not possibly be otherwise." — "Ah! my lord," replied the kaïd, good-naturedly; "in my country, a kaïd's horse never presumes to beat an aga's."

During the reception of guests, and the exercise of hospitality, all expression of private feeling must be repressed in the sternest manner. An inhabitant of Medeah named Bou Bekeur, recognised, in an encampment of nomad Arabs who had installed themselves close to the town for several days, the son of one of his friends, by whom he had been hospitably received on a previous occasion. "Welcome, O my children!" he said to the Saharians. "Our country is yours; here you shall neither hunger nor thirst. No one shall



insult you; no one shall rob you. I will take upon myself to supply all your wants." Bou Bekeur's word was as good as his deed. From that moment every individual belonging to the little troop was his guest. He sent to them his slaves laden with bread, dates, and roasted meats; in the evening he again supplied them with kouskoussou, milk and vegetables; he joined the travellers at their meals, and kept them company. The same treatment was continued during the whole of their stay. When the day of their departure arrived, Bou Bekeur wished to regale the travellers with a final entertainment, and he assembled them under his own roof to sup, and to pass the night there. The party were very merry; the host's son, a little boy seven or eight years old, especially amused them by his grace and vivacity. His father was distractedly fond of him, and Bou Bekeur's friend had completely dressed him in a new suit, consisting of a handsome burnous embroidered with silk, a red chachia, and yellow slippers. At night, nevertheless, he did not appear at supper; and, when they asked his father to have him brought, he replied, "He is fast asleep." They did not press any further.

The repast was plentiful, and the conversation very animated; they talked much about Christians, and the war with France. They said that the French armies were as innumerable as the flocks

of starlings in autumn; that the soldiers were chained together, and ranged in rows like the beads on a necklace, and shod with iron like horses. That each of them carried a lance at the end of his gun, and a pack-saddle on his back to hold his provisions; and that all together they only fired a single gun-discharge. They praised the French justice, and fulfilment of their promises: the chiefs committed no exactions, and before their kadis the poor man was treated the same as the rich. But they reproached them with their want of dignity, their habit of laughing even when they said Bonjour; and of entering their own mosques without pulling off their shoes. They reproached them with not being a religious people; with allowing their wives too much liberty; with drinking wine, with eating hog's flesh; and with kissing dogs.

After the prayer of break of day, when the company were about to take leave of Bou Bekeur, "My friends," he said, "with the help of Allah, I think I have fulfilled all the duties which a host owes to his guests: and now, I have to beg of you a token of your affection. When I told you last night that my son was fast asleep, he had just been killed by falling from the top of the terrace where he was playing with his mother. It is the will of Allah; may he grant him rest! To avoid disturbing your festive joy, I mastered my own grief,



and I compelled my wife to bear hers in silence by threatening her with divorce if she did not. Her lamentations have not reached your ears. But oblige me with your presence at my son's funeral, and join your prayers for him with mine."

The news, together with the display of self-control, shocked and overwhelmed the travellers with grief. They manifested their sympathy in the only way they could, by religiously assisting at the poor child's burial.

### THE WORKMEN OF EUROPE.

M. LE PLAY, "ingénieur en chef des mines," and political economist to the French nation generally, has lately published, as the result of twenty years' researches, an immense folio, on the condition of the European workmen: — Monographie, he calls it, being a savant who loves classical roots. And in this monographie M. le Play sets down — much as he would classify shells or stones — the mode of life and mode of thought, the domestic habits, moral culture, receipts, expenses, wardrobes, and furniture — and what these last are worth, item by item, to a fraction — the kind of food, way of cooking it, and the amount consumed, of every class of workmen in Europe; taking one family of each class as the type and exemplar of the whole.

The Bachkirs,\* demi-nomads of Eastern Russia, stand at the head of M. le Play's atlas, or tabular summary of the European workman. He takes them as the type of the most primitive organisation of labour, and of the most primitive perfection of morals. The Bachkirs fulfil many of the learned engineer's conditions of happiness, and are great in some of his favourite virtues. They are Mohammedans in religion, shepherds by profession, patriarchal and polygamist in their domestic arrangements, illiterate, sleepy, and lazy. But because the women are kept at home; because the power of the chief of the tribe, or head of the house, is absolute; because the filial sentiment takes disproportionate dimensions, and the offices of religion absorb many hours of the working-day, M. le Play overlooks the ignorance and matrimonial multiplication which might have staggered sympathies less conservative, and puts forth the Bachkirs as types worthy of emulation: indeed as types to which he would gladly see our own artisan population assimilate itself. The Bachkirs gain only about twenty-five pounds a-year, including the relative value of the game, fish, wild fruits, and mushrooms found in the forests and rivers. They pay nearly sixteen francs, in various contributions, to their priests, under whose control and

\* M. le Play's spelling is preserved throughout.



guidance they live with implicit confidence. They buy as many wives as they can afford, and drink fermented mare's milk, or *khoumouis*; spending their lives in the soft, lazy, pleasant dreams and perpetual sleepiness which this *khoumouis* produces.

The wheelwrights of the Oremburg Steppes, and the agricultural peasants of the same district, live, for the most part, under the *abrok*. The *abrok* is a kind of tax or redemption-money, by which the peasant buys his time from the seigneur, and is thus enabled to work for himself. Russian serfs owe two-thirds of their time to their master; by paying a certain yearly sum, called *abrok*, they redeem this time, and many of them become exceedingly rich. Sometimes a whole community buys itself off, and then portions out certain lots of the common lands — or rather in community — which they work on without any intervention of the seigneurs. This group is of the Russo-Greek religion, and under the patriarchal system. Parental authority is here likewise absolute, seniority also absolute, and no younger man would presume to even detail a fact, or give an opinion, before an elder one, — "Inquire of him, he knows better than I, for he is my senior," he would say, even if asked the direction of a village, or the depth of a well. The peasants and the *dvarovie*, or servants and workmen of all kinds, do not marry with each other.

The *dvarovie* are idle and dissolute, and do not make good fathers of families. Men marry when quite boys; they and their wife remaining as usual under the father's roof according to the traditions and usages of the patriarchal system. They have days called *pomotch* — with the *Bachkirs heummim* — which, like the *grandes journées* of Béarn, and the *dévès-bras* of Lower Brittany, unite the whole community in labour for the chief. Every available arm in these days of *pomotch* is pressed into the service of some householder or chief, who gets his mowing or reaping or building or clearing or felling of timber done with inconceivable rapidity. There is always a grand supper after the day's work is over, to which the women come, bringing milk, &c., and the *pomotch* count among the principal pleasures of the population of the Oremburg Steppes. The *artèles* are curious institutions. These are associations of emigrant workmen, more especially of the boatmen and porters of St. Petersburg, who come from the valley of the Oka. The *artèles* are associations under the following conditions: — From April to November a number of men, say from sixty to seventy, agree to form an *artèle* together. They place themselves under the management of an *artelchick*, whose business it is to find work for the members of the association, and regulate its price. The *cloutchnik*, or treasurer, keeps



the cash and accounts, and two starchi (men of weight and experience) control the artelchick and the cloutchnik. These men load and unload boats, saw and deliver firewood, shape and drive in the stakes for the foundations of buildings, dig and form gardens in the city of St. Petersburg and the suburbs. But such employments are accepted only when nothing better can be had, as they are but poorly paid. All kinds of iron work yielding at the rate of two francs a-day wages, are the most eagerly sought after. The particular artèle of which M. le Play writes was lodged gratuitously by an iron merchant from the banks of the river Neva, who employed them in his trade. Their food was taken in brigades of from thirty to thirty-five; the expenses were borne by the common fund, and cost about fourteen francs each a month. The cooking is sometimes done by a woman paid by the artèle; and, in this case, the cloutchnik buys the provisions. But, in general, they treat with a purveyor who supplies them with all they want at so much a head. Their clothes and private luxuries, such as tea, brandy, &c., are individual expenses. Sixteen days are given to each workman during the campaign for extra tasks, which are paid extra; and an equal division of the funded property is made at the end of the campaign. The strong men work by the piece, the weak ones by the day; the starchi watching over the interests of all, and regulate the laws apportioning the labour. The sum gained for the month of twenty-three days is thirty-six francs eighty centimes, or one franc sixty centimes a-day. Fifteen generally start from the same village together, first borrowing two hundred and forty francs, from a peasant in good circumstances, who indemnifies himself for not taking interest by selling them a horse at one hundred and fifteen francs, which is worth about ninety francs. Each takes a certain quantity of bread and coarse meal, and they go from about twenty-five or twenty-eight miles a-day. The horse is kept at their common expense for a week after their arrival at St. Petersburg, and then sold for thirty-five francs. During this time, the wife remains with the husband's father, or his elder brother, if the father be dead. Often when these Oremburg labourers have saved any money, they bury it in the woods, and not unfrequently, lose it altogether; but safe investments are rather difficult to people living in the bleak Oremburg Steppes, and under the parental government of absolute seigneurs.

The workmen in the iron manufactories of the Ural Mountains exist under another phase of the abrok system. An iron-worker, paying first a certain sum to the seigneur for this liberty, employs a substitute in the manufactories, and devotes himself to agricul-



ture; of which of course he makes a good thing, even with the heavy taxation upon him. Many peasants under this system become rich, though at any time, the seigneur can claim their savings. M. le Play says they never do so; but the fact that they have the power, is painful and demoralising. Besides, one knows that it belongs to human nature, not only to use power to the utmost, but even to exceed it. They drink large quantities of qvass, a beer made of barley-meal, iced in summer (every peasant has an icehouse and a bath), of braga, a stronger beer, made also of barley-meal, and of souslo, made of hops, barley, and must.

Passing eastward, M. le Play discourses of the iron-manufacturers of Samakowa, in Bulgaria. They are of the Greek religion, and are a smoking, illiterate, unawakened set of boors. They belong to their masters, by reason of the money which these first lend their workmen to establish themselves and begin life with. Though no money is allowed to be lent out at interest in any part of Turkey, yet the master of course makes an interest he cannot avow, and the operative works out his debt as he best can; sometimes, indeed, saving large sums, such as a thousand or even twelve thousand francs. Large common-lands supply him with fire-wood and pasture. The land in Turkey is said to belong to God, but the cultivators pay a tax to the seigneur notwithstand-

ing. The terres mortes are small patches of land cultivated by the spade, by a peasant living in a house in the midst of his gardens. He must leave his house and cease to cultivate his grounds three years before they lapse to the state. After this time, he loses all right in them. The terres vivantes are those lands which are under plough cultivation. The proprietors of the terres mortes often place them under a functionary called a mosque; who, for a few pence, inscribes them in the parish books under his own name or that of some institution, at the same time guaranteeing them to their actual possessor. These lands are hereditary, if the possessor remains stationary, which the seigneur takes good care he shall do. M. le Play says, that even when they have worked themselves free of their debt, they remain in the same conditions and at the same place as before. Moreover, that no one feels his debt a hardship, and no one wishes to be free — another of M. le Play's sweeping assertions. The women wear chains of coins strung together, which are long in proportion to the wealth of the family.

Many other classes of workmen in eastern Europe work à la corvée, or with labour in payment; among others, the Jobajjy, or agricultural peasants of the plains of Theiss, in Hungary, the true source of the Hungarian people. They owe their corvée in



proportion to the amount of land possessed by them. A whole sessio is about twenty-five acres, in round numbers. The corvée for this is one hundred and six days' labour from one man, or half that time from a man and two oxen. Besides this, there are taxes and tithes. Sometimes the peasant has only a quarter of a sessio: he is called then a quarter-peasant; and for this he gives twenty-six days' labour, or thirteen days with two oxen. They can hold land of their lords in one of three ways: First, either by giving half the produce; secondly, by mowing as much hay for the proprietor as lies on double the extent of their own land; and thirdly, by paying a sum of money for rent. The lands are seldom divided below a quarter of a sessio, and generally pass to the second son; the eldest being taken off to the army: the rest of the family learn different trades.

The cabinet-makers' guild in Vienna is composed of apprentices (lehr-jungen), companions (gesellen), and masters. The apprentices, who are generally the sons of masters, are admitted when eleven years of age; but their number is limited. After a certain number of years, and when arrived at a certain point of cabinet-making capability, the apprentice rises into a companion, and then sets out on his travels. He goes through all Germany sometimes, helped in each town by the office of his guild, and getting such work as he may. He seldom saves anything from his travels, and goes back as poor as when he left, in all save experience. If he wishes to be a master, he must execute a meister-stück, or chef-d'œuvre, which is first submitted to a committee of masters; and, if found sufficiently creditable, is allowed to be his credential for a mastership, on the payment of from six hundred to two thousand five hundred francs, the sum varying according to the gains of the last-made master and the wealth and importance of the city. No companion may work directly for a customer. If he does and is discovered, he is taken by the police before a council of the guild, his tools are confiscated, and he is fined thirty-three francs for the first offence, and sixty-seven for the second. If incorrigible, he is banned, and none of the workshops of the guild receive him. In this case he must take to some other means of living; for cabinet-making is lost to him. A man may not marry unless he can show a certificate from his society proving that he earns so much — the minimum — which is rarely able to be done in early life. The consequence is, the birth of a large number of children whose parents the church has had nothing to do. But the police hunt out illicit unions with savage severity. If they find two unlucky creatures living together without the curé's permission, they are either obliged to marry,



if they can make up the sum required, or they are separated and sent home, or placed under a species of arrest. Yet illegitimate children abound in Vienna. The marriage fees mount up to sixteen francs eighty centimes; of which the church absorbs a third part, the rest goes to the police. The cabinet-making guild disposes of a certain number of beds in the Viennese hospital; and, when any of its poorer members are sick, they are either sent there, or visited at home by the doctor of the quarter, who gives his time, as the chemist delivers his drugs, gratis, on the receipt of orders signed respectively for the doctor by the corporation; for the chemist by the curé and the doctor.

The workers in the quicksilver mines of Carniole in Austria are also not allowed to marry until they have reached a certain grade, which they cannot attain before they are thirty-two years old. The same consequence follows here as in Vienna. But here no harm comes of it. The children are taken by the woman's family; and in process of time the father marries her, and lives with them in her father's house; no one thinking them any the worse for a half-dozen pre-sacramentals which enliven the household. The right of being a member of the commune is religiously guarded; and this is one reason of the matrimonial restriction to a certain age and grade, as only a cer-

tain number are allowed in the commune.

But to come out of eastern and central Europe into France, more especially that Lower Brittany which George Sand loves so well. The Pen-ty is a day-labourer living in a house of his own in Lower Brittany. He is ignorant, faithful, industrious, frugal; he sings and he dances when his work is done; his children play at toupie and bouchon, but do not go to school; for the pen-ty fears the corruption of knowledge. He begins life as a farm-servant, continues it as a pen-ty, and often ends it as a proprietor with eight or more thousand francs, saved out of his wages and profits. Very often the law respecting the division of property is set aside in Lower Brittany, and the eldest child, whether male or female, takes the land, paying a certain sum in compensation to each of the other members of the family. Or, another way of evading this law is, by delaying the marriage of the daughters until they have reached their majority, then making, by their forced consent, their marriage portion a portion of their inheritance. This is done in Auvergne and Morvan, as well as in Bretagne.

There are the Saunier Lettriers of Saintonge. A saunier is a salt-manufacturer, and the lettered or patented salt-makers of Saintonge are men who have an hereditary right, dating from time immemorial, to make salt along



a certain extent of marsh land; even if this be divided and subdivided among a hundred proprietors. The lettered salt-maker may give away his patent during his lifetime, to one of his sons, or to his daughter as a marriage portion, or to whom he will; and even when the written document is lost, his right is considered established by "public cognisance." He receives a third part of the value of the salt sold by the patron, and enjoys, besides, all the advantages and productions of the marsh where his right lies. The simple salt-maker pays for his right of making salt; and even then can form an engagement only for a single year.

Of all the workmen mentioned by Le Play, the watchmakers of Geneva, the washermen of Paris, the *maraîcher*, or market-gardener, and the cow-keepers (*nourisseurs*), also of the *banlieue* de Paris, are quoted as the highest in the moral scale. M. le Play's *maître blanchisseur* is a miracle of industry and forethought, and generally ends by amassing an independence. From Wednesday to Wednesday — the clean-linen day of Paris — the *blanchisseur's* house is a scene of uninterrupted labour. The only pleasure is fine clothes, with — what certainly looks somewhat suspicious — an enormous quantity of exquisite linen. Le Play does not say, that many of the young ladies who dance at *Ma-bille* and the *Château des Fleurs* are the washerman's assistants;

but certainly the general belief in Paris is, that the *grisette* section is largely recruited from this class. In Paris, certain trades are never undertaken by Parisians; being followed by emigrant workmen. Masons: these come during the spring and summer, and retire in winter. Water-carriers, porters, chimney-sweepers, small dealers in fuel, second-hand dealers, are all from the provinces. The chimney-sweepers are exclusively from *Domo d'Ossola*, on the *Lago Maggiore*; the porters and water-carriers from the mountains of *Ronergue* and *Auvergne*; the rest from *Savoy*, *La Marche*, *Limousin*, and even *Piedmont*. Many of the *chiffonniers* are strangers to Paris; and many of them are instructed and elevated people.

The stationary workmen are the reverse of the emigrant. They are, according to M. le Play — but we doubt him — idle, luxurious, profligate, and expensive. They rarely marry, and generally do worse: they spend their earnings at the cabarets and *guinguettes* outside the *barrières*, and keep Monday sacred for pleasure. They work about two hundred and eighty days in the year, and drink and play the rest. The tailors are the most republican, and are generally strong in the passing political history. Indeed, all the stationary and Parisian workmen are well educated, and even intellectual, but our *ingénieur en*



chef denies their morality. Again we doubt. The *ouvrier* population of Paris bears such traces of refinement, good breeding, and propriety of conduct, as cannot exist with the gross vice it pleases this author to ascribe to them.

M. le Play gives only three English monographies. The first is that of a London cutler; the second, a Derbyshire iron-founder; the third, a Sheffield cutler. The London cutler, to be near his master, lives in a small dark street between Fleet Street and the Thames, in Whitefriars. But where his master lives, M. le Play does not point out. The children of the London cutler go to play in the Temple Garden from six to eight in the evening. Else, they have no fresh air or exercise at all. The clergyman never goes near this cutler, who is totally destitute of religious knowledge, and who never enters a church. All that, we fear, may be but too true. He lives in a house, all to himself, for which he pays a weekly rent of nine shillings and six pence halfpenny, "including water-rate." He lives, with his family, in the kitchen or cellar; the learned engineer's term for this part of the cutler's mansion being rather ambiguous; and he lets a room on the third storey to his brother, at the sum of one shilling and a half-penny a-week. The total area of each stage or storey is thirty-two square feet nine square inches and a bewildering

decimal. His property — which may mean his tools — is worth seven pounds, thirteen shillings, and five pence farthing, and the fraction of a farthing which has no English representative. Our cutler has twenty-four towels; but less linen generally than would be found among the same class in Germany or France. His furniture is of mahogany, and worth twenty-four pounds thirteen shillings, and eight pence halfpenny. We include two umbrellas, a white metal teapot, a boiler, worth two shillings and a halfpenny; and other things in the same proportion. The family is very sober, belongs to the Odd Fellows' Society, and earns ninety-nine pounds, seventeen shillings and eight pence, in the year. It goes to the parks on Sunday, and once a-year to the theatre; twice in the year to Greenwich — which two journeys cost it five shillings, four pennies and a fraction of a farthing. Its whole expenditure for amusement, or recreation, including a goose and plum-pudding at Christmas, and toys for the children, amount in the year to ten shillings, ten pennies, three farthings, and a fraction. After which feat of calculation, let us take breath, and wonder at M. le Play's mistakes of fact, and his portentous pretences of accuracy in figures.

This London cutler's wardrobe is a curiosity; his wife's more so. He has a new blue cloth frock coat every three years, for Sun-



days. It costs just one pound. He has a black cloth waistcoat and trousers to match, once every five years; the waistcoat costs nine and four pence halfpenny, the trousers cost one pound eight and four pence. Every new year he has a flannel waistcoat, two new shirts, two pairs of cotton drawers, and three pairs of stockings, also renewed yearly. He has three pairs of boots in two years, the mending of which costs three shillings and a halfpenny, every year. The woman has a dark merino gown every two years; two cotton dresses every year; three aprons, three pairs of cotton stockings, and as many woollen ones, also every year; three pairs of boots and two pocket-handkerchiefs in the year; a white straw bonnet every two years, and a black straw bonnet every year. Altogether, the cutler's wardrobe costs him two pounds, eleven pennies, two farthings, and a fraction; the woman's comes to two pounds, seventeen shillings, and eleven pence, yearly. To give the prices of all the articles in this wonderful wardrobe, which some sharp wag has mystified the *ingénieur en chef* to set down, would be too tedious.

The Sheffield cutler has nothing peculiar about him, excepting his bird-cages. He has twenty bird-cages, and drinks pop and trickle-beer (*sic*), which M. le Play discovered to be the national drink of English opera-

tives. The Sheffield cutler lives near the river Sheaf, in a nice little house of two storeys, with kitchen and parlour, garden, two courtyards, and a pig-stye, for which he pays three shillings and four pence per week. He has no religion, like his fellow-workman in London, but is sober and industrious, and belongs to a club called the Land Society. The iron-founder of Derbyshire has no religion also; his wife is sickly, can make nothing at home, and enriches the dress-maker by a certain sum yearly.

We cannot enter into the political tendency of the book. The writer's desire is to uphold all such of the working classes as live under the immediate government and in the power of their masters, and to decry those who are free and independent.

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### CHIP.

WANTED, SOME GENERAL INFORMATION.

I AM not about to speak of the ignorance of childhood, which is often bliss; but of the ignorance of middle age, which is nothing of the sort; and, when I say popular ignorance, I don't mean that of the masses, but that of the higher ranks. I would not trouble people with my want of knowledge upon several puzzling points, if I thought I was a fool, or even below the intellectual average; but I am sure that I am in the same boat — and that a



bigger one than Mr. Scott Russell's Leviathan — with others. I am certain that I am but the mouth-piece of thousands of educated persons, when I say that nothing disgusts us more than hearing or reading the loose and familiar treatment of certain mysterious topics. For instance, there is a man who is perpetually writing what he calls his meteorological observations to the Times newspaper; and, the contempt of that person for the wondrous and intangible, is something revolting. As if the mean temperature was not a sufficiently harassing subject, he has actually an adopted mean temperature of his own. The barometer — an instrument that is never quite disconnected in some minds from the thermometer; so far, at least, as to determine accurately which is which — is with him a barometer (reduced). He has tamed, then, through hunger most likely — this terrible master of the elements — and I dare say has the state of the weather under his thumb.

I don't like asking questions of scientific people, because they are so unwittingly insulting. If I desire to know the reason, from my friend Jack Savant, of the difference between neap and spring tides, for instance, Savant replies: "Why, we all know how the operation of the tides is influenced by the changes of the moon" — Now, that is just what we don't know — just what, as I sit here, I have no more notion

of than I have of what the ecliptic is, or who painted the signs of the zodiac; but that "we all know" of the initiated, makes the "we haven't the least idea" of the rest of us. If a book in a sealed cover, and which could be forwarded to us secretly, should be published, containing explanations of all the unintelligible though familiar terms in the language, it would be bought up by me — by us — like wild-fire.

Vaccination and Inoculation, the Binomial Theorem and the Differential Calculus, and the Deccan and the Delta, never appear to me except in company, like the Siamese Twins, and I cannot say that I quite know one from the other. I should like to move for a return of the billions of people who use, or hear used, the words Chiar' Oscuro without knowing what they're talking about, or understanding what is said to them. I should like to be informed privately, whether the bas of bas-relief should be pronounced like the bleat of a sheep (in the French style), or in the same manner as we name a clef in music, or bitter beer; because I hear all three ways adopted. I should like to have a written definition of the word Consols from all the women of England, and nineteen-twentieths of the country gentlemen. I would give a sovereign to know, even by sight, the Public Creditor. It would be a great boon to all of us, if Mr. Macaulay would explain, in a footnote of the next edition of



his collected works, whom or what he means by the Carnatic; most of the gentlemen (with university educations) whom I have consulted upon this point, incline to the opinion, that it is some sort of pestilence or disease, but they are not certain, they say. It is all very well to make jokes on this matter, and take liberties with that; but I very much doubt, whether the whole first class in any one year at Oxford could give me an accurate account of the origin and continuance of Leap Year; the whole list of Cambridge Wranglers, on the other hand, would be posed, I believe, if they were asked, upon their honours, if they knew who was the Stag-irite? I am not in a position myself to swear positively as to its being a plant, a stone, or a man; but I believe it to be something that sticks to the side of sea-caves, and is eaten (by naturalists) with a pin.

I assert most solemnly, on the part of several thousands of my fellow-countrymen in easy circumstances, that I believed (until I saw it stated otherwise in the daily papers) that The O'Connor Don, was a peculiar species of Cossack: I conceived The Chisolm was an animal in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, that had been the rage at some bygone time; perhaps before the hippopotamus and the anteater. Are you greatly interested in the famous question of the Digamma? So am I, wrapped up in it, indeed, to the exclusion of

all other subjects: and, seriously, I would give what I have, as the young waterman so touchingly replied to Dr. Johnson's question about the Argonauts, to know anything of that famous hero, of whom I have heard so much and understand so little.

Again, if there is one person who seems to me to link the past with the present more than another, and whose identity is especially Caviare to the multitude — and, is that final *e* to be pronounced or not; and what is Caviare itself, when that is settled? — that person is Malthus. Now his is certainly a fine old Roman name, and I seem to connect it dimly with the Horatii and Curiatii, the forum, fasces, the augurs, and so on: yet I cannot altogether dispossess myself of a fancy of once having heard or read of him as The Reverend Mr. Malthus. The wisest person, to my mind, who ever flourished — the man who had all knowledge at his fingers' ends, from Runic to the last flash expletive — was, without doubt, the late Mr. Maunder; but, then, like my friend, Savant, and other great men, he would never stoop quite low enough: he defines well, but I want another man to explain his definitions. He reminds me of an old acquaintance of mine at the Swindon station, a stoker, of whom I endeavoured once to get some private information: it was about the birth, parentage, and education of his steam-engine (of the five hundred people who



entrusted themselves to which daily, I don't believe five could give a reason for the faith that was in them), and he began his elucidation, thus: —

“Why, fust, sir, we must, of coorse, create a wacuum.”

“Well, thank you, my good friend,” I said, “I think that will do for to-day;” and, of course, I never asked the fellow for anything more.

I hope it will not be imagined from these confessions, that I know nothing at all. I know, in my own line (and I have three large manufactories devoted exclusively to the construction of pins' heads), quite as much as other people in theirs; I only want, what everybody else wants, a little general information, and (except when I thus write anonymously) the courage to ask for it. In every grade of life, and especially in the higher grades, there is a like, or worse ignorance upon all matters that do not quite concern itself. I will conclude with an illustration of this fact; it only bears out, I am sure, the experience of almost every one of us. The authoress of *Our Village*, used to relate, that during the success of her *Rienzi*, at the London theatres, one of the judges of the realm inquired of her, whether there really had been such a hero, and if her drama was founded on fact? Wishing further to know, how far the sympathy she had excited in him was authorised by the real events, he wanted to borrow the history.

“What do you mean,” she said, “Gibbon?”

“Yes, I suppose, Gibbon,” said he. And his lordship took away the first volume!

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## WORK FOR HEAVEN.

If thou have thrown a glorious thought  
Upon life's common ways,  
Should other men the gain have caught,  
Fret not to lose the praise.

Great thinker, often shalt thou find,  
While folly plunders fame,  
To thy rich store the crowd is blind,  
Nor knows thy very name.

What matter that, if thou uncoil  
The soul that God has given;  
Not in the world's mean eye to toil,  
But in the sight of Heaven?

If thou art true, yet in thee lurks  
For fame a human sigh,  
To Nature go and see how works  
That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty she forgets,  
Is full of germs and seeds;  
Nor glorifies herself, nor sets  
Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides the modest leaves between,  
She loves untrodden roads;  
Her richest treasures are not seen  
By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson. Look not for  
Reward; from out thee chase  
All selfish ends, and ask no more  
Than to fulfil thy place.

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## SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

### IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER VII.

MAGDALEN accused of forgery  
— standing in the felon's dock,  
and commented on as the criminal  
— felt proud and innocent. Mag-



Magdalen re-established before the world: Magdalen, in solitude and silence of her own chamber, feels guilty. She could not give her conscience a name for its reproach; but she could not deny that she had cause for self-reproach. She could not say what she had done wrong; but she felt ashamed and afraid to pray. Horace, too, was changed to her. He never spoke to her when he could help it, and never would be alone with her for a moment.

He was quite right, she would argue. Why should she care about seeing him alone; was she not an affianced woman? What did it signify to her whether he liked her society or not; had she no more pride than to be sorry because any man in the world avoided her? Then she tried to look indifferent; and descended the stairs with the gait and manner of a Juno. At other times she tried to congratulate herself on having such a friend as Rutherford. He was her real practical friend in life, and she was sure he would always do all he could for her: and was not that enough? She, herself, felt nothing more for him but mere simple friendship. She pictured him married and happy. She thought how happy she would be to hear of it. She would go and see them both, and be very fond of his wife. She would be her sister — her darling sister. She fancied her standing in the door-way, like a lovely picture enframed, waiting to receive him when he came

home. She saw her go down the steps, and place her arm in his; perhaps he put his round her waist: and then she saw them both go into their pretty cottage, and shut the door between their loving happiness and the cold world outside. They shut out her as well. O! how happy that wife would be. How justly proud of her noble lord, of her wifely name, and that golden badge of union on her hand! Then Magdalen would weep, though angry with herself as she felt the tears steal down her face; saying, sometimes aloud, in a tone of vexation, "What folly is this? What am I crying for? I shall soon be as bad as Paul."

The expression of Magdalen's face was changing. It had gone through two different phases already, as the circumstances of her life had changed. From the calm dreaming of her girlhood — when she looked as if she lived in beautiful visions, and as if the present was only the passage-place to a glorious future; when Paul's mind had been her guide, and Paul's poetry her reality — from that phase of misty hopes and undeclared visions, it had changed to the cold concentrated grieved expression of one suffering under a sorrow that hardened and did not chasten. It had gained more strength of purpose during that time — but it was the strength of iron — the force of granite; it was not the strength of love. Now, a third expression had come; and the



most beautiful of all. Her face had gained a power it never had had before — the power of intensest feeling. There was a strange depth and darkness in her eyes; a flash, not of pride as of old and of the gladiator's spirit of combat and resistance; but of newly-aroused emotion, of life, of passion. There was a rosier hue on her cheek, as if the blood flowed more freely through her veins, and she blushed easily, as one whose heart beat fast. Her lips were moister and redder, and the hard lines round them melted into softer smiles; they were not so compressed as of old, nor were her eyes so steady. Her figure was more undulating; her actions more graceful. She had lost some of her former almost visible directness; and, though just as honest and straightforward, she was shyer. An influence was at work in her which had never been over her before; and everyone said how much she was changing, and many how much she was improving. But, in the midst of all these other changes, none was so great as that of her manners to Paul. She tried to be kind and gentle to him; but she could not succeed. It was evidently so forced, and so painful, that even feeble beautiful Paul pitied her. Not that his pity ever took the shape of breaking off the engagement, or of imagining that she did not love him. He only thought she was angry or irritable, and that he was in the wrong somehow — he could not understand how, exactly; but he still believed in her love. Poor Paul! weakly yet wildly, he sometimes kept away for whole days, with a petted, sulky, injured manner. Or, he would come to the house every day, and all day long, following Magdalen about wherever she went, pressing on her his love and caresses with a tender gentleness that was wonderfully irritating: till she loathed his very name and hated him to madness.

When Horace was present; which was often — for business brought him to Oakfield — Magdalen scarcely ever looked up without finding his eyes fixed on her. But this only disturbed her; for he never looked at her kindly. She thought she read in his face only displeasure and dislike. His manners were abrupt and indifferent; and, whenever she looked peculiarly beautiful, or was more gracious and more charming than usual, they used to be something more than indifferent. Magdalen, in her own mind — when sitting alone in her room, her face flushed and her eyes dark — used to call them insolent, and declare aloud that she would not endure them. He saw that she believed he disliked her, and encouraged the idea. Indeed, she almost said as much when she accused him of it one day, big drops of passion and pride swelling like thunder-rain in her eyes. And when he answered, turning away, "I will not flatter you, Miss Trevelyan; there is much in you



that I cannot and do not approve of," they swelled till they overflowed the lids and fell heavily on her lap — two large heavy tears: — worlds full of passion.

She did not see him start as they fell, nor bite his under lip. She did not see him shiver with emotion, nor notice the tender action of his hand, beckoning her involuntarily to his heart. She saw and knew nothing but that he despised her, and all her strength was spent in striving to conceal from him what it cost her to know this.

"I have offended you, Miss Trevelyan?" he said in a milder voice.

"I owe you too much to be offended at any thing you may choose to say," said Magdalen, speaking with difficulty.

"I did not mean to be rude," he then exclaimed, after a short pause; and he came and sat near her on the sofa.

"You often are rude to me," said Magdalen, looking into his face timidly.

"I am sorry for it, I mean only to be sincere."

"And do you think me so very bad?" said Magdalen, bending towards him.

For a moment he looked at her; a look that sent all the blood coursing through her veins, it was so earnest, tender, loving — all that seemed to her the very ideal of affection in a man — all that she longed for from him; and saw no disloyalty to Paul in accepting. For was it not only

simple friendship? But it was a mere passing glance, and then the leaden veil dropped over Horace's face again, and there was only harshness and coldness — no more love for Magdalen that day!

"Not bad exactly," he said, rising, "but wayward, childish, fickle, weak; yes," he added, seeing Magdalen's haughty gesture, "yes, weak! Real strength, Miss Trevelyan, can accept and support all conditions of life. Yours is only a feverish excitement that bears you up under some conditions; but leaves you to flag under others." And then Horace, thinking he had been hero enough for one day, walked out of the room, and she heard him humming through the hall. But she did not see nor hear him when he threw off the mask, and was not afraid to be himself.

There was no need now to delay the marriage. It was nearly a year since Mr. Trevelyan died, and it would be better for Magdalen to have a protector. So the world said, and so her best friends advised. The matter was discussed between Horace and Paul — Horace with his back to the light, and both his elbows on the table, his forehead against his hands. And it was agreed between them that, Magdalen consenting, it should take place soon, and here, while Horace was with them; and that he should draw up the settlements.

"Very well," said Horace, ostentatiously yawning, "that



will do very well indeed. Call Miss Trevelyan, my dear boy."

Magdalen was sent for; and, in a short time came in, looking paler to-day than usual. For she had been fretting in the night, and had slept ill. She knew what she was sent to do and to say, — something in her heart told her when the message came to her. And, indeed, she had been wondering why Paul had kept so long quiet. He did not know how grateful she had been to him.

"It is about our marriage, dearest," said Paul, as she entered. He placed a chair for her by the table, close to himself, and facing Horace and the window.

Magdalen stood for a moment as if irresolute, deadly pale. Then, flushing up to her very temples, she drew her chair farther away from Paul and sat down.

"O!" she said, as if involuntarily, "I had forgotten that!"

A faint smile stole over Horace's lips. She spoke so naïvely, that he could not help smiling, though, indeed, he was in no humour for pleasure at this moment. Paul took it gently enough: only raising his eyes with his usual expression of injured humility, that made Magdalen almost frantic. If he had got up and beaten her, she would have respected him more: if he had spoken to her harshly, coldly, even rudely, so long as it was with manliness, she would have

borne it: whatever he had done, she would have liked him better, than when he gave her the impression of lying at her feet to be trampled upon. When Horace turned to her, and said in a low tone, "Is that a speech you think it right to make to the husband of your own free choice, Miss Trevelyan?" and looked grave and displeased, Magdalen felt only respect and humility: if Paul were only like that!

"I am sorry I said it," she answered, and then she spoke to Paul, and meant to be kind; but was only fierce instead.

"Horace thinks," began Paul timidly, "that you had better be married soon, Magdalen."

"Horace!" said Magdalen, with a laugh that was meant to express gaiety; but which was the very heart-essence of bitterness. "And you, Paul? It seems to me more a question with you than with Horace!"

"I? Can you ask for more assurances of my earnest desire to be all to you that brother, friend, husband, guardian, can be? Can you doubt of the exquisite delight with which I shall call you my own, and feel that our glorious lives have really begun together? You must not mistake me, Magdalen. If I spoke of Horace it was only as the supporter of my own wishes — not as their originator."

Magdalen had shaded her face while Paul spoke. When she looked up, to meet the dark eyes opposite, fixed full upon her, she



was paler than ever. She started and half rose, as if she waited for him to speak. But he turned away.

"I leave the matter to you both," she then said, impatiently, "I do not wish to have anything to do with it. Arrange it between you as you like. I do not care for settlements, Paul. You are both men of honour, and will do all that is right."

She rose to go. She was almost sobbing now; not tearfully; but as men sob.

"Generous, noble Magdalen!" Paul exclaimed. "Perhaps you are right, in wifely feeling, as well as justified in your trustingness; perhaps it is better that there be no legal claims on either side, but that our fortunes, as our lives, be mingled irretrievably."

"We will talk about that. I think Mr. Slade ought to be consulted," said Horace, a little drily.

"You know what I mean, Horace?" said poor Paul, too happy at this moment to be wounded by a speech that in general would have stung his susceptibility to the quick.

"O yes; but now Magdalen — Miss Trevelyan — that you have agreed to the marriage taking place soon, you may leave the rest with us; Mr. Slade, and — if you will accept me — I will be your trustees."

Magdalen gazed at him reproachfully. She did not answer, but she held out her hand in

passing. He could not choose but take it; yet, he took it so coldly that she would rather he had refused it. He held it without the faintest pressure; but his lips quivered and his heart throbbed. Again she looked at him with the same asking and reproachful glance; then dashing his hand away, she left them in a sudden passionate manner, which made Paul look after her amazed. Horace looked after her too, and furtively kissed the light mark left by her fingers on his. And then he began to talk calmly to Paul about his marriage, and to insist on the conditions.

He was to draw the settlements. After having arranged all with Paul — which arrangement was that Magdalen's fortune should be settled without reserve on herself — he departed to draw the deeds, and have them engrossed and "settled" with the family attorney.

Any one who had seen Horace when engaged in his task, would hardly have thought that he was engaged in such a simple matter as framing the marriage settlements of a friend. Large drops stood on his forehead; his eyes were bloodshot; his face haggard and wild; and those manly, well-formed hands trembled like a girl's. He quivered in every limb; every now and then started; and once he threw down his pen and cried aloud, as if he had been tortured unawares, before he had time to collect his strength. But even with no one to witness



his weakness, he controlled himself, and pressed back the thoughts that would rush through his brain. He thought of the sacrifice that Magdalen was about to make, yet of his inability to prevent it: of her evident love for him, and yet of the dishonour which would rest on his acceptance of it. He thought of Paul's intense devotion, of his yet entire unfitness: of her pledged word, and of her reluctance. It was a sad coil throughout. Every one was to be pitied, none to be blamed. It was want of fitness, not of virtue, that had brought them into this sad strait, and there seemed to be no way out for any of them. The only hope was that, when once married, duty, pride, habit, and the sweetness of Paul's own nature, would make Magdalen forget his weakness, and reconcile her to her lot. She was good; she was brave; and, though under too little control at this moment, yet this was only a passing fever. She would grow calmer and stronger by-and-by. Thus Horace reasoned and tried to say peace! peace! where there was no peace, and to make words and shadows take the place of realities. He looked at the names of the contracting parties joined together in the rigid legal fashion, till something blinded his eyes, and he could see no more.

However, he finished his task, and took it down to Oakfield. Mr. Slade read over the settlements; but some alterations were re-

quired. Asking to be alone to make them, he retired to the library which overlooked the garden. He was so agitated that he walked feverishly about the room, leaning against the open window, looking into the garden; and there he saw Magdalen, in the garden alone. She too had hastened away to the filbert-walk where she thought no one could see her. There was such a bitter north-east wind blowing that the birds kept close in their nests and at the roots of the trees, and the animals in the fields crouched under the lee of the hedges. But Magdalen paced up and down the long walk; every movement and gesture betraying that a terrible strife was raging within. She was thinking how impossible it was to escape from the position into which she had ignorantly placed herself. Paul loved her with such devotion that she dared not break off their marriage. It would kill him. And then she would break her own heart for remorse, feeling herself a murderess. Passing this even, she thought how that it would be dishonourable, because Paul, having given up his profession as a means of living since her father's death — not that he had ever been able to live yet by his profession, but that was nothing to the purpose — had thus lost both connection and habit. No! This fatal engagement, so blindly entered into, must be faithfully kept. Honour and duty sealed the bond; and her heart



— all the love that was in it — must lie for ever, like the genii under Solomon's seals. Large, dark, powerful genii, of immeasurable strength — kept down by a word and a ring. Besides, to what end give up this marriage? If, indeed, Mr. Rutherford had loved her — she might have found cause to make the effort, and be free. For she acknowledged — yes to herself, to God, to man, if need be — that she loved him — loved him with her whole soul. If he had loved her — and she threw herself on the garden-seat where her father and Paul had sat on that hot summer's day when her fate was sealed — if he had cared for her only half so much as she loved him, she could have burst these bonds, — she could — she would! But he did not. He hated her instead — yes, hated her bitterly, fiercely! This was easy to be seen! He let all the world know it! His indifference, his coldness, his harshness: all were so many words of contempt and dislike, painful enough for her to bear, owing him so much as she did. If he had not been so kind to her in that dreadful trial, she would not have cared so much; but it was painful to owe him her liberty, her very life, and to know that he despised her! And Magdalen — the cold, calm, dreamy Magdalen — paced through the garden, wildly. The statue had started into life. Love had touched its lips; as in the days of old it vivified that

statue on the wide Egyptian plains.

"I cannot bear this," said Horace, aloud. "Prudent I must be, and honourable to Paul; but at least I am a man, and owe her something as well."

His own heart had divined her secret, and he ran down-stairs, out into the garden, through the filbert-walk to where it ended in the large horsechestnut-tree looking down the glade, and where Magdalen was sitting in this bitter wind, trying to reason down her passion. Horace paused. She was thinking almost aloud; — "I will marry — yes, soon; and then, when habit and the knowledge that what I have done is inevitable, have reconciled me to my fate, I shall be more patient with Paul, and perhaps even love him, and be kind to him. He is very good, and I have behaved ill, very ill, to him; but I do not love him, I know that. What can I do? Patience! patience! Resignation, and that quiet strength which can support sorrow silently, and neither complain of it nor avenge it: this is all that life has for me!"

She turned to go to the house, when Horace met her. She started, and looked as if she would have escaped him if she could.

"I came to beseech you to come into the house," he said.

"I am going now," she answered, her eyes on the ground. "Why did you come?"



"I was afraid you would take cold sitting out here without shawl or bonnet." Horace was not speaking in his usual voice.

"You are very kind, but I did not know that you knew where I was;" and Magdalen's care-worn face was beginning to smile.

"I saw you from the window."

"Ah! and then came to me?" She looked up, blushing.

"Yes," said Horace.

Nothing more was said, and they returned to the house; Magdalen little dreaming of how she had been watched from that upper window, little thinking of the anguish that had held company with hers, nor seeing, in the indifferent manners of her friend, any evidence of the feeling which a few minutes ago had made him open his arms and call her to come to them — call her by her name of Magdalen and beloved! All this was buried.

Waiting for the return of the deeds (which had to be re-engrossed in consequence of the alterations suggested by Mr. Slade) Horace added yet another disagreeable quality to the many that Magdalen wanted to persuade herself he possessed. During this visit to Oakfield, he began to extol Paul. He praised and even exaggerated his virtues, till Magdalen was tired of the very name of Paul's perfections. Once, when Horace was finding out more and more good points in Paul, Magdalen looked at him with such wonder, sorrow, and disdain, that the words died

away on his lips, and he suddenly stopped; in the middle of a sentence.

"I am glad I made you stop!" said Magdalen haughtily, "You seem as if you could spend your life in praising Paul." And she walked away to her usual refuge above-stairs.

Another time, Paul — who had had an attack of woe, and had been playing at dignity, keeping away from the house, but, wearying at last, which hurt only himself, coming oftener than ever — came in the evening, and asked Magdalen to play at chess with him. She said yes, for she was glad of the opportunity of sitting silent, and of keeping him silent too. They sat down, and Horace stood near them. Magdalen was a much better player in general than Paul. Her game was more distinct, Paul's more scheming. But to-day she played ill: she would have disgraced a tyro by her mistakes. She overlooked the most striking advantages; for Paul, in his schemes after a pawn, often put his queen in peril; and, while concentrating his forces for an impossible checkmate, forgot to secure the pieces lying in his way. But Magdalen to-day let everything pass.

"You are not yourself this evening," said Paul, who suddenly woke to the perception that his queen had been standing for the last half a dozen moves



in the jaws of Magdalen's knight.

"No; I am playing very badly," said Magdalen.

"Very!" echoed Horace.

"Mr. Rutherford at least will never spare nor conceal my failings," said Magdalen bitterly.

"I thought you wanted friends, not flatterers," observed Horace, in an indifferent tone of voice.

"It seems I have neither here!" retorted Magdalen.

"My Magdalen!" cried Paul, looking up with his wondering face, "what do I hear? No friends? And we would either of us die for you! What has come to you? Are you ill — or, why have you suddenly allowed such bitter thoughts to sadden you? Will you not tell me, Magdalen?" he added, very caressingly.

"Never mind what I think," said Magdalen impatiently. "Play — it is your move."

"You are somewhat imperious," Horace said, in his stern manner — that manner which awed Magdalen as if she were a child, and that she loved above all things to obey.

"I know I am," she said frankly, looking up into his face, "and I have been wrong to you also. But you will forgive me, will you not?"

When Magdalen looked penitent she looked beyond measure beautiful. No expression suited her so well as this, the most womanly that she had; and none

threw Horace more off his guard. It was such intense triumph to see that woman so grand, cold, and stern to all others, relax in her pride to him, and become the mere gentle loving girl. This was almost the only temptation Horace could not resist; but this softened his heart too much.

"It is not for me to forgive you, wayward child," he said, with extreme kindness of voice and look. "You have not offended me, if you have not annoyed yourself."

Magdalen's face changed as much as if she had taken off a mask. An expression of calm and peace took the place of the feverish irritation; her eyes became dark and loving; her lips relaxed in that iron line they made when she was unhappy, and a smile stole over them. It was winter with all its harsh rigidity changed to the most loving, lovely, laughing spring. She was so happy that she even associated Paul in her pleasure, and spoke to him tenderly and gaily, as in olden times. Poor Paul, unaccustomed to such demonstrations in these latter days, looked up with a bewildered smile, and then, for very happiness and gratitude, tears came into his eyes.

Magdalen's joyous look faded away. Weariness and contempt came in its stead. She rose from the chess-table, and stood a little apart; something of the old



Pythoiness breathing again in her.

Horace came to her; but she left the room.

"Paul," said Horace, more strangely than he had ever spoken to him before, and more passionately, "you are a downright fool." With which inspiring speech he also walked away; leaving Paul to his excitement and nervous debility unchecked.

"And you do not think I am to be pitied?" said Magdalen, as she met Horace in the hall.

"Yes: you are very much to be pitied, Miss Trevelyan; so is Paul. He is more unhappy than you are, because he has less strength of resistance than you have. Paul is one of those natures which feel suffering more acutely than anything else; whose very strength of feeling lies in their power of misery."

"Ah! you judge like all the world!" said Magdalen. "Because Paul's tears come easily you think he feels more acutely than I feel. It is not always that those with the least self-command feel most; nor the reverse."

"I know that, Miss Trevelyan; but it is simply because Paul's nature is weaker than yours that he requires more consideration. Miss Trevelyan," he said this very earnestly, "you cannot help yourself now. You are engaged to a man you do not love; whom you do not respect in some things, as you ought to love and

respect your husband: but you will find your married life better than you expect. For, when Paul is happy and calm he will grow stronger. You will be rewarded for your sacrifice."

"I wish I could believe you, Mr. Rutherford," said Magdalen, sadly. "I wish I could believe that Paul would ever be as manly and as good as you are."

"Hush! don't say that again," said Horace, in a low voice. "You tempt me to become the very reverse of what you praise in me. God help us! — we all have need of help;" and he turned away, Magdalen looking after him, her heart throbbing violently.

The settlements came down. It was of no use waiting; they must be signed, and might as well be signed at once as later. "There was no hope of the marriage breaking itself off," as Magdalen said quaintly, and she had no grounds on which to break it herself. Her wedding clothes had come, and all was prepared. At last Magdalen determined on making the fatal effort, and putting an end to her present state of suffering. For it was unqualified misery for them all. They all assembled in the room together; the Slades and the lady who had been living with Magdalen since her father's death, but who, being blind in one eye, deaf, and infirm, had not been of any great prominence in the late affairs; Horace, Paul,



and Magdalen. Paul was in one of his most painful fits of nervousness — trembling and faint; Magdalen cold, pale, statue-like, as she had been on the day of her trial, when she had to take her courage “by both hands” to maintain her strength and self-possession by force. The pen was put into her hand. Paul had signed. She could not refuse now. Horace was leaning against the chimney-piece, apparently biting his nails. Magdalen looked at him. He was looking on the ground, and would not raise his eyes. Only when her gaze grew painful, he waved his hand authoritatively, and said, “Sign, sign!” as if he had been her father.

Still the same long earnest asking look in her eyes, and the friends wondering; still the same conflict in his heart, and her mute appeal rejected. Once she said “Horace!” but he only answered “Silence,” in so low a voice that no one heard him speak but herself. She turned her eyes from him to Paul. He, the strong noble man, mastering his passion with such dauntless courage, the master, the ruler over himself, even when torn on the rack, and tortured as few men have been tortured: and Paul, fainting, sinking, his head drooping plaintively on his bosom. She looked from each to each again; then with a wild sob, she dashed the pen to the ground and cried, “The truth *shall* be told — I do not love him

— I will not sign — I will not be his wife!”

Horace sprang forward, and held out his arms. She fell into them blind and giddy, but not faint. He pressed her to him, “Magdalen! Magdalen! my own!” he murmured. She looked up wildly, “Yes! to you and none other!” she said, “yours, or death’s!”

Paul had started up. He came to them, “What are you saying?” he said tremulously, “that you love each other?”

Magdalen clung to Horace: “I have concealed it from you, and all the world, Paul,” she said, “as long as I could, and would have concealed it now, but I was surprised.”

“I have not dealt dishonourably by you,” said Horace, offering him his hand. “If you knew all, you would acquit us both.”

“And you love Horace, Magdalen?” Paul said, in a low voice.

She flushed the deepest crimson as he looked up. “Yes,” she said, “I do love him.”

The boy turned away; then, after a short pause, laying his hand on Magdalen’s, he said, sobbing bitterly between each word: “Magdalen, it had been better if you had told me of this. It would have spared you much pain — me also some unnecessary pain — for I would not have been ungenerous. But let that pass. You do not love me. I have long felt this, and yet was



too cowardly to acknowledge it even to myself. I thought it was, perhaps, a fit of general impatience that would pass. I would not believe it weariness of me. But, I will not weary you any more. Though I have been weak in the fearful conflict that has gone on so long, yet I can be strong for sacrifice and good."

He did not dare to look at her, but in his old way strained her tenderly to his breast.

Magdalen took his hand, her tears flowing fast over it. "Dear Paul!" she said, affectionately. "My life shall thank you!"

Paul kissed her; and then, boy-like, placed his hand affectionately upon Horace's shoulder; when, feeling his limbs failing him and his eyes growing dim, he fled from the house, and in a few hours was wandering through the streets of London: and the next day, he was abroad.

Years passed before they met again. When Magdalen's hair was grey, and her children were marrying *their* Horaces and Magdalens, Paul Lefevre came to stay with them at Oakfield. He was the same dreamy, tearful, unreal Paul then that he had been when he was young; with a perpetual sorrow, which had grown into a companion and a melancholy kind of pleasure. He never went beyond portrait-painting, but he was always going to begin that great historical picture which was to rival

Michael Angelo; and the very day before he died he spoke of the "mission to which he was baptised," and told how "the regeneration of art and the world was to come by him."

### A RUSSIAN SINGING-MATCH.

THE little village of Kolotofka was formerly the property of a lady whose local surname was Stryganikha, or The Female Shaver, on account of hasty and positive temper. The village is situated on the eastern slope of an arid hill that is cleft from top to bottom by a frightful ravine. The ravine itself, yawning like the abyss, torn and swept to the very bottom by the fury of the spring and autumnal floods, meanders through the middle of the principal street, where, more effectually than a river could — (over a river, at least, a bridge might be thrown) — it divides the poor little hamlet into two portions, which stand face to face to each other without being always neighbours. Quite at the upper extremity of the ravine, a few paces from the spot where it commences as a narrow crevice, there rises a little square cottage, totally distinct and separate from the rest. It is covered with thatch, and overtopped exactly in the middle of the roof by its only chimney. It has no more than a single window behind. This one window, which re-



seembles the eye of a Cyclops, overlooks the ravine; and, on winter evenings when lighted from the interior, it is seen to a very considerable distance through the thick mists and hoar-frosts, and fulfils the office of a guiding star to many a benighted peasant. Over the door is nailed a blue board; and as this cabin is the kabac, or public-house, it bears the inscription, — Prytynnî Kabatchok. It is probable that in this euphoniously titled pot-house, cornbrandy is sold at exactly the same price as elsewhere; but it is more frequented than any other similar establishment in the whole district, because Nicolai Ivanytch, the landlord, is possessed of the art of attracting and keeping his customers.

One July afternoon, when the heat was overwhelming, I was toiling up a path which runs along the brink of the ravine of Kolotofka, in the direction of Prytynnî Kabatchok. The sun reigned tyrannically over open space; he was terrible, inflexible, inevitable. The atmosphere was impregnated with suffocating dust. The rooks and carrion-crows, whose black plumage absorbed at once every colouring and luminous solar ray, stood with wide-open bills, gazing dimly at the passers-by with looks that begged the dole of a little extra pity and sympathy in the midst of the sufferings that were common to all. I was tortured by thirst; there being nei-

ther a spring nor a brook at hand. At Kolotofka, as in most of the steppian villages, the peasants, for want of springs and wells, have accustomed their stomachs to absorb the liquid mud of the first pond or pool they meet with. But it is impossible to dignify so disgusting a beverage with the name of water. I determined to go and ask Nicolai Ivanytch for a glass of beer or kvass. As I approached, suddenly there appeared on the threshold a man of tall stature, bare-headed, dressed in a carrick of coarse shaggy cloth, and wearing above his hips a girdle of some kind of blue stuff. His thick grey hair bristled in disorder over his dry and wrinkled visage. He was calling to some one; and, for that purpose, aided his voice with telegraphic movements of his arms, which he threw about in all directions much further than he really meant to do. It was clear that this fellow was a little in liquor. He was known in the neighbourhood as Obaldouï, or The Prater, a drunken, unmarried, vagabond domestic, whom his masters had long left to shift for himself as well as he could.

"Come! Come, then!" he stammered. "Come, Morgatch; you creep, instead of walking. They are waiting for you within doors."

"I am coming, as fast as I can," replied a weak, goat-like voice; and, from behind the cottage, there appeared a short stout cripple, who was known as



Morgatch, or The Winker. How he came by the soubriquet, nobody knows; because, in truth, he did not wink more than other folks. "I am coming, my dear man," he continued, as he weathered the outside of the public-house. "But why do you call me in such a hurry? And who is waiting for me within?"

"You are called to come into the kabatchok, and you ask the reason why! You are a droll animal. Your friends, who are waiting there, are capital fellows. There is Turc-Jachka, and Dîkî Bârine, and The Speculator, you know, of Jizdra. Jachka has made a bet, a great measure of beer, that he is a better singer than The Speculator. You understand."

The dialogue excited my curiosity. It was not the first time that I had heard speak of Turc-Jachka; so called because his mother was a Turkish prisoner who was brought captive into Russia. He was renowned as the best singer for many versts round; and now, by good luck, a chance offered of hearing him contend for superiority with some rival in glory. The conjuncture struck me as eminently fortunate. I entered the house with a firm and rapid step, resolved, without disturbing any one, to witness all and listen to all.

A village-inn interior, in our provinces, ordinarily presents a small dark entrance-room and a large chamber named in Russian *béelaïa izba*, or the white cham-

ber, divided into two by a partition, behind which there is no admittance except for members of the family. In this partition, just above a large oak table which serves as a counter, there is cut an opening of greater breadth than height. On the table are placed, sometimes in double or triple row, at the sides, the different spirituous liquors on draught; at the back, sealed bottles, of various capacity, are ranged on steps directly behind the gaping aperture. In the front or public portion of the *izba*, the only furniture consists of a fixed bench running completely round the wall, two or three empty casks, and a table near the corner under the Holy Picture. Most village inns are dark enough; and you scarcely ever see there, on the naked, rough-hewn, wooden walls, those coarse brightly-coloured pictures, called *loubotchnyïa* (made of bark), which you meet with in almost every Russian hut.

A numerous company was already assembled. At his counter, and masking with his broad person the opening, and the pyramid of sealed bottles in the background, stood, in ample shirt of printed muslin, and with a sweet smile on his plump cheeks, *Nikolai Ivanytch* pouring out, with his white fat hand, a couple of glasses of brandy for his two friends, Morgatch and Obaldouï, who had just entered. Behind him, in a corner, near a window, you could catch a glimpse of his



wife, who assisted her husband in attending to the customers. In the midst of the room stood a spare, but well-made man, some three-and-twenty years of age, dressed in a long blue cotton caftan. He had the look of a journeyman tradesman and a jolly fellow, although his complexion did not announce a robust state of health. His flabby cheeks, his large restless grey eyes, his straight nose and flexible nostrils, his white square forehead fringed with curls of yellow hair which he turned behind his ears, his rather thick but fresh and expressive lips; in short, all his features revealed a fiery and impassioned character. He was in great agitation: he opened and shut his eyes; he breathed interruptedly; his arms trembled as in a fever-fit; and, in fact, he *was* in a fever, — the neuralgic fever, with which all are acquainted who have to speak or sing before an audience that expect to witness wonders. This artist was Jachka, or James, surnamed the Turk. Near him was a man forty years of age, with broad shoulders, plump cheeks, and low forehead, narrow Tartar eyes, short flat nose, square chin, and black hair, as brilliant and hard as the bristles of a brush. On beholding this dark and leaden visage, with its pale lips, in the calm and meditative state which it now exhibited, you felt that it could easily assume a ferocious character, and that it had already worn that expression under other circumstances. Without making the least movement, this man looked slowly round him, as the ox looks from under the yoke. He was dressed in some sort of old surtout with flat brass buttons; a well-worn black silk cravat was tied round his thick, muscular neck. His acquaintance called him The Savage Gentleman, or Dîki-Bârine. Opposite him, in the corner of the bench beneath the place of the Holy Pictures, was seated the rival of Jachka, The Speculator, of the town of Jizdra. He was a man of middle stature, but well formed, some thirty years of age, with a freckled face, broad and one-sided nose, small bright eyes that did not match in colour, and a soft silky beard. He had a bold, restless look; he kept his hands tucked underneath his thighs, conversed indolently, and kept tapping the floor sometimes with one foot, sometimes with the other, which displayed his boots with narrow red tops, that were not wanting in a certain degree of elegance. In the opposite corner, to the right of the door, there was seated a stranger of the peasant class, in an old grey smock-frock, with a wide slit on the right-hand shoulder. My arrival, I easily remarked, at first somewhat disconcerted Nikolai Ivanytch's customers; but after they saw that the master of the house saluted me as an old acquaintance, they were more at their ease, and ceased to pay any regard to my presence. I called



for some beer at the same table and in the same corner with the peasant in the torn smock-frock.

"Well; what are we waiting for?" cried Obaldouï, tossing off a glass of brandy at a single gulp, and accompanying his exclamation with violent jerks of his arms; without which he seemed unable to articulate a word. "It is time to begin, Eh! Jachka?"

"I am quite ready," said The Speculator, with a smile, and in a calm and confident voice.

"And so am I," murmured Turc-Jachka, with perceptible uneasiness; "but, brothers, let me clear my throat a little."

"Pooh, pooh! You shuffle the cards too long. Begin," said Dîki-Bârine, resolved to listen instead of talking.

The Speculator thought a little, shook his head, and stepped a few paces forward. Jachka gazed at him with all his eyes. The singer, standing between the counter and the corner he had left, half shut his eyes, and warbled in a very high falsetto, a national air which is scarcely approachable except by voices of the greatest purity, and which can hit with certainty the highest notes. The man's voice was sweet and agreeable. He played with it as if it were a pretty toy glittering with rubies, which he made to turn and spin to exhibit its brilliancy. After each of his pauses, which scarcely allowed him breathing time, he repeated

the subject with extraordinary boldness and splendour.

Any dilettante would have been charmed to hear what I heard; although a German would have groaned and murmured. He was a real Russian *tenore di grazia*. He would have been appreciated at Milan, Venice, and Naples, and as a *ténor léger*, at Paris. The air he sung was a joyous dance-tune, the words of which — as far as I could catch them through the interminable flourishes, the added consonants, the re-duplicated vowels that served to carry grace-notes, and the exclamations that went off like rockets — were a development of the following leading idea;

I labour'd, gay and simple maid,  
To dig my plot of garden ground,  
When handsome Kouzma seized my spade,  
And twined his arm my waist around.  
I labour'd hard to sow the seed  
Of primrose, poppy, gilliflower.

All listened with great attention. He was manifestly conscious of being in the presence of experienced and competent judges; and therefore, according to the popular expression, his skin would not hold him. In fact, in this part of Russia, acute connoisseurs of vocal music are to be reckoned by hundreds; and the large market-town of Serghievskoé, situated on the high road to Orel, enjoys no unmerited reputation when it is regarded as the locality which takes precedence of the whole of Russia for charming and melodious vocal displays.



In spite of his feats of executive agility, The Speculator sang for a considerable time without producing any strong impression upon his auditors. He wanted a chorus to sustain him at each refrain, which forms the first line of the stanza, substituting the third person for the first: "She labour'd, gay and simple maid." At last, at the end of a difficult passage marvellously surmounted, which made Dîki-Bârine himself smile with delight, Obaldouï could not contain himself, but shouted a furious cry of pleasure. All the rest were trembling with joy. Obaldouï and Morgatch began following the voice in muffled sounds, playing the part of chorus; and, when the singer recommenced his solo, they murmured, exclaiming in turn, "Superb!" "That's it, you villain!" "Yes; flourish away, again, you serpent!" "Ah! you dog, sing your soul out!" "Cut along, Herod!" and other compliments in a similar style.

"You have given us a treat, brother!" cried Obaldouï, without letting go the singer, whom he held clasped in his arms. "And such a treat! You have won, brother; I congratulate you at once. The measure of beer is yours."

"You sing well, brother; yes, I say *well*!" said Nikolai Ivanytch, with the air of a man who knows the value of his words. "It is your turn now, Jachka. Take pains; do yourself justice."

Jachka put his hand to his

throat, and uttered a few unmeaning words, which betrayed great agitation and timidity.

"If you ought to be afraid of anything, it is of making believe that you are afraid. Let us have no more beating the bush. Sing, and sing as well as God will let you," said Dîki-Bârine, assuming the posture of a man who expects his orders to be instantly obeyed.

Jachka breathed in silence, looked around him, and covered with his left hand the whole upper part of his countenance. All present devoured him with their eyes, The Speculator especially. The latter could not utterly conceal, beneath the assurance which was natural to him, and which was increased by his recent triumph, the expression of a vague uneasiness, the motive of which I could not well unravel, when I beheld the slight amount of courage manifested by his competitor. He leaned his back against the wall, and again thrust his open hands beneath his thighs, and sat motionless. When Jachka at last uncovered his face, the poor young man was as pale as death; his eyes scarcely glanced beyond his drooping eyelashes.

The singers sighed, took breath, and emitted a note. This first note did not promise much; it was weak, uneven, and, I thought, did not come from the chest. The second note was firmer and more prolonged. It was still tremulous; but a third note came, purer, fuller, and firmer. The



singer then began to warm, and his song warmed with him. It had an eminently melancholy character; it commenced thus: —

“Many a path leads down to the mead.”

The grace and richness of his intonations, the finished shading of his performance, left nothing to wish for. I had rarely heard a voice of such exquisite freshness. There was something timid and even slightly intermittent in it, — a wailing accent which gave pain at first; but you soon discovered, that it was inspired by deep sentiment, passion, in which youth, strength, and a charming recklessness, seemed to melt and amalgamate with some poignant sorrow. The melody swelled, rose to a flood, and overflowed its banks to a wide extent. It was evident that Jachka was now under the influence of an inspiration. He had no longer a trace of timidity.

Under the impression of his noble song, my memory evoked a whole scene of the past. I remembered that one evening, at the hour of ebb-tide, on the immense shore of a sea, which, as it retreated, growled and threatened at a distance, seeming to say, “To-morrow I shall return; beware!” I saw an enormous white gull, which stood motionless on the wave-wrinkled beach. It turned its silky bosom to the purple light of the west, and from time to time spread its long wings, thus playing coquettishly with the periodical

changes which deprived it of its two greatest friends, the distant sun and the deep sea. I thought of that lovely bird, and the deportment it displayed, as I listened to Jachka, whose body stood motionless before us in the midst of a country public-house; but whose inspiration brought us face to face with fathomless depths and sublime perspectives. He sang on, and had completely forgotten his rival and every one else present; although, like an agile swimmer, he was sustained on the surface of the waves which he defied, by the power of the warm and enthusiastic interest with which we followed him through his melodious evolutions. Every note had a softening influence over us. I felt that tears were forming in my eyes, and presently was startled by the sound of subdued sobs from the innkeeper's wife; who was weeping, with her breast leaning on the sill of the opening in the partition. Jachka gave her a rapid glance, and his song became more sonorous, more warm and impassioned than ever. Jachka's rival held his fist energetically against his forehead, and did not make the slightest movement.

Jachka suddenly concluded with a sharp note of extraordinary delicacy, boldness, and purity. No one stirred: they all seemed to wait vaguely for the return from the skies of the note which Jachka has sent up into them. But Jachka had opened his eyes again; he seemed sur-



prised at our ecstatic silence. His looks inquired the cause of it. His rival rose, and went up to him. "You have won;" he said, with a degree of agitation that was painful to witness, and then hastily rushed out of the house.

Jachka was as pleased as a child with his victory; which I will allow others to call a vulgar one, but which is by no means such in my eyes. His countenance reflected a high degree of happiness. They seized him by the arms and round the waist, to lead him to the counter. I was pleased to see him call the inn-keeper's son, and entreat him to fetch his competitor. But The Speculator was unfortunately nowhere to be found.

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## OUT AND HOME AGAIN.

I AM of an adventurous disposition — a restless one, my friends say. I love travel for its own sake, in any region, and by any form of locomotion. I have an impartial appetite for the backs of horse, mule, elephant, or camel; for railway, coach, steam-boat, sailing boat, rowing-boat, sleigh, diving-bell, and balloon. My pet hobby for the future is an ærial-ship with a working-rudder and the establishment of a "through route" from the Earth to Uranus, with branch-lines to the remaining planets; while my chief regret for the past is, that I came too late for that great

voyage of Ulysses, when he left Ithaca

To sail beyond the sunset and the baths  
Of all the western stars.

After such an avowal, the reader will not be surprised to hear, that the phrase Setting Out is to me amongst the most musical in the vocabulary. I admit, however, that there is one phrase still more suggestive of delight, it is — Going Home.

This is no rash admission. I know well what it means, if, bound for a distant goal, to trudge stoutly to the City, on some bright July or August morning, for passport or visé. Of course, you walk all the way, if only to bring down to the level of a calm and reasonable joy that wild tide of energy which rushes in at the mere thought of travel. At such a time, too, all the thoroughfares of London seem to be in league with you. They know your purpose, and are bent to further it. Window after window reveals the solicitude of its owner for your wellbeing. "Smith is going abroad," or "Smith is going to the sea-side. What will Smith want?" has clearly been a momentous question with many a citizen. "He will want a head-piece," soliloquises the benevolent hatter, "that dust, rain, and brine will not spoil, that shall be his shade on the steam-boat, and his night-cap in the railway — a head-piece that shall transcend the usual laws of matter, and rise triumphant over shock and concus-



sion." And, as by magic, wide-awakes, tourists, and cavaliers, of pliant and invulnerable felt, throng his window — all for Smith. "It will never do for Smith to be hampered with a wilderness of trunks," says the maker of those articles. "Even if married, he won't take the children up Mont Blanc. But he may like a fortnight's run in Switzerland with Mrs. Smith. Let me see if I can't bring the necessities of both within the compass of the multiple port-manteau and a carpet-bag." "Smith may be drenched through by mountain rains," cries the foreman of vulcanised waterproof, "let him have a dreadnought!" "Smith may be washed overboard in the Channel," responds the employer, "let him have a lifebelt!" "It will never do for him to shave with a French razor!" exclaims the cutler. "It will be convenient for him to change his money before he starts," muses the bullion-merchant. And accordingly I, who am Smith for the nonce, make my way through a city which has lavished such resources upon my comfort, that my longing to quit it seems, for the moment, heinous ingratitude. I am not reinstated in my own good opinion until I reach the Consulates of France, Belgium, or Prussia, and receive my passport. There, indeed, I read words that touch me to the quick, and prove that I have still moral sensibilities. What, I am to be suffered to pass

freely through lands where by law I am an alien! I am to receive aid and protection in case of need — to be enfeoffed, so to speak, by foreign beneficence, of Champagne lands and mountains, — of grey fortress, and broad river, and southern skies! I may range through capitals where the sun makes every day a festival, and where, as the rosy evening dies into the intense blue, life's ever vocal tide, pours by brilliant shop, café, or theatre, as by winding banks of light!

I know what it is to get the start of the sun next morning, to rouse Mrs. Smith, whose rest is as sound as her conscience, to a participation in my ardour, to find the contagion of movement gradually spread along the dusky house. First comes one note of inquiry, then another, from fresh young voices, or from early birds in the dawn. Nurse and under-nurse reply. There is rapping at chamber doors — a few low bass notes after the opening treble — then a sort of rapid allegretto movement up-stairs and down-stairs. Nurse telegraphs to housemaid, housemaid to cook. Heavy boxes roll along the floors with a muffled mysterious sound, that partakes both of kettle-drum and trombone; while the repeated clang of fire-irons below does proxy for cymbals. After a time the vocal department of the concert overwhelms even this powerful orchestra, and volleys of juvenile delight, that astound the



early market-gardener, and discompose the grave policeman, welcome us to breakfast, and in one loud crash conclude the overture. A brief pause, and cab, railway whistle, and train, begin the opera in earnest, until finally the sea joins its million voices in a chorus that ends the first act, and brings the curtain down with acclamation on the Custom House at Calais or Dieppe.

Listen: the second act commences. You are threading streets so lofty, that you seem a mere pigmy at their base; streets narrow, curved, and grey; yet bathed in a sky so vivid, that they look like fissures cleft in a vast rock of sapphire. Here and there you discover how blue that sky is by the relief of scarlet or crimson streamers pendent from tall attics in sign either of trade or trophy. Here some mutilated statue of poet or hero presides over a fountain. The spring leaps bright and fresh as at first, though the statue is a ruin. Past yon dim archway runs a venerable wall, clad with half-effaced basreliefs of the meetings of kings, the processions of cardinals, and the tourneys of knights. You would walk in time rather than in space. Old Chronos, the consumer of things, has played strange pranks with the handiwork of the sculptor. The legate's face is gone. The white-stoled boy, who bore the torch before him, remains; but the flame so cunningly chiselled is

extinct. The prostrate knight lies yet more perfect than the maimed and headless victor who rides over him. There is no respect of persons here; Time, who has been so ruthless with these tablets of art, has written on them, instead, his own fantastic but solemn moral. On again, through the winding street, till you emerge into the spacious square, and stand awed before that vast cathedral, the height of whose very porch strains the gaze when near, while far aloft glows mullion window beneath the mighty arch of the nave—that arch itself but a rest-point, from which the dizzy eye sees those massive towers run sheer into the solitudes of ether. You pass noiselessly through the side-door, and a burst of organ music, potent as if it were substance, arrests you between the Titan shafts. See how they mount, tapering till they fade almost into ærial beauty in the vaulted roof. The organ ceases; a funeral procession enters, and moves slowly on to the high altar. The obsequies are those of a nun. Slender tapers are lighted, and shed a weird gleam over the spangled pall. A dirge-like chaunt, through which the deep tones of a trombone are heard, rises like the wail of mortality over its transient estate. We are of few days, it says, and full of trouble. As the flower that is cut down and the shadow that fleeteth, so we abide not, and our days are withered like grass. The strain



expires; soon from some unseen loft breaks an angelic response. With soft clear melody it floats downward, and fills the dim pile with consolation. The early toil, the late vigil of time, it tells us, are over. The bread of sorrows shall be eaten no more, for so He giveth His beloved sleep. The memory of the just is blessed. They rest from their labours and their works do follow them. And then, with a heart chastened but hopeful, you follow the retiring mourners. Nor does the bright day outside seem strange or harsh: the thoughts that point to the goal of rest cheer while they dignify the road. Those gay flower-stalls, crowded with their glowing and odorous burden, have for you a new pathos and meaning. Though brief, they are ministers to you of beauty and love. They are the food of sympathies — influences that pass into the soul; and so the breath of a rose that fades in a maiden's hand may blend with her being — share her immortality.

Fix that bud, therefore, tenderly in our button-hole, good dame. Fold up those seeds of china-aster, sweet pea, and double carnation with a fond reverence. You are selling us thoughts and feelings in those tiny packets which you so gladly exchange for a few sous each. Heaven be with you! May the same airs, beams, and dews that foster your flowers light kindly upon you! May gentle spring

ever be to you an ethereal mildness. An aspiration this which, though absurd in England, may be reasonable enough in Normandy. But we must hasten, or we shall lose the diligence.

No, there it stands. The horses are emerging from the courtyard of that quaint auberge, whose pointed towers and long corridors proclaim that it began life, ages ago, as a castle. That cold *salle-à-manger* shut out from the sun, where the temperature of your coffee so rapidly abates, was part of the old baronial hall. Yon high carved mantel-piece around whose fire of wood, country farmer and town burgher group in the clear winter days, has been circled by seneschal and henchmen, and the old gallery outside, where Fanchette — the light just glinting on her tall cap and ear-rings — leans forward and coquets with M. Antoine, the bloused *voiturier* — has trembled beneath the tread of the man-at-arms. But the conductor summons us; the horses are put to; the rope harness is adjusted. Good townsfolk, who have basked like lizards in the sun, on the green bench of the hotel opposite, think it time that we should mount; so, into the *coupé*, or, if there be only room there for Mrs. Smith and my daughter, I and the eldest boy will do well enough on the *banquette*. *En route!* cries the conductor, scaling the top storey of his locomotive house, whereupon, amidst a volley of strange



nasal sounds, imprecatory and invocatory from Cocher, such discharges from his whip, as make you think the air filled with exploding crackers, and the jingling of horse-bells, you rock, sway, bound, and thunder over the stones, flash round projecting corners, dive through narrow streets — you may shake hands with Brown en passant, as he looks out from the entresol — and rattle finally over a drawbridge to the open road.

And what a road it is — how undulatory, varied, and full of sweet surprises! For miles on either side, as you mount the hill, wide fields of corn or flax ripple in the breeze; gain the summit, and in the valley brimmed with day as a cup with wine, a village glitters, indistinct from its very brightness. It is nothing to say, that the sun shines through that screen of poplars; his beams fall among them in flakes of light. Those are ingots of gold that flash between their stems. Can you not lift them, and be a Cræsus? Those red swelling pears that run along the white cottage wall would fetch their price at Covent Garden. Yet here the passing child might pluck them from the lower boughs, and further on they grow carelessly amid the hedges. As we are stopping, I enter the gleaming estaminet, and return to the coupé with a plate laden with peaches. Wherever we may dine this autumn, Mrs. Smith will find none like them in London.

There are four, and the price is six sous. We are moving again; there is the church, with the white crosses that guard the graves and tell you it is sweet to rest there. We are once more on rising ground. Whither hurries that grove that skirts the ravine on our left? At its foot you catch glimpses of a blue deep as the sky's. A moment of doubt, and an instinct of the truth thrills through you. It is the sea! Yes; for, as you diverge farther inland, regard that long plain of golden sand, the bed of an estuary, from which is gently receding a tide so smooth that it should break only upon gardens. Miles away, at the verge of the estuary, and robed in a haze from the sea, a fair tower-crowned hamlet slopes gradually to the main. There it muses, peaceful and pensive, remote, yet not all estranged from the highways of life — a young soul with the echoes of the world still in her ear, whom some early sorrow has turned towards the Infinite. Our business, however, lies with that same stirring world, and accordingly we lose sight of the recluse. The next turning brings us in sight of a pension, with its long range of jalousies and a mossy garden wall, over which the laden pear-trees bend and stretch arms towards their own shadows in the river. Anon, the invariable drawbridge, the roll of drums denoting the garrisoned town; the narrow curved streets, this time with the indented gables



that record the whilom invasion of the Spaniard; the wide market-place, where petticoats and white caps are surging like a sea of red, with foam crests; a sharp turning to the left through a modern street, and the Chemin-de-fer!

We take our tickets, for what destination I need not state. The ingenious reader may, therefore, at his choice, fancy us discussing our water-ices on the Boulevards, while the epitomised life of civilisation passes in review; or follow us into the Middle Ages in the Jews' Quartier, at Frankfort; or find us in the theatre of this same city of Göthe, enjoying that great continental novelty, a drama that is liked for its own sake, and actors that can be endured without the bribe of a pageant. He may detect us listening to the band of the Kursaal at that delightful wicked Baden-Baden, as my wife calls it; or at the hotel of the Three Kings at Basle, share our window, that looks out on the great river street of the Rhine. We would only require of him, when tired of speculation, to suppose us again by the sea, and vis-à-vis to Sussex.

"Well, we've had a happy six weeks of it," says Mrs. Smith, as she settles her bonnet for the last evening walk before the great mirror over the mantel-piece, where the gilt china clock is assiduously ticking to a miscellaneous and crowded company of gilt-china knights, gilt-china shepherds, shepherdesses, and fishermen. "A very happy six

weeks," resumes the lady, about half-an-hour after, as we quit the bazaar-like avenues which connect the bathing establishment with the town. "We've seen many things to admire — some to touch us, and make us thoughtful," she continues; "but, O George! there's one delight, our greatest, yet to come."

By this time we have reached the pier, whence the twinkling town-lamps to the left, contrast with the moonlight, while the distant headland glides softly into the sea. "Our greatest delight!" Dear soul! she need not strain her eyes in gazing northwards from the pier-end to tell me her meaning. Don't I know the trembling eagerness with which at every poste restante on our route she has broken open Aunt Betsy's bulletins touching the minds, bodies, and general estates of Freddy, Caroline, and Harriet-Jane? And, spite of those re-assuring documents, haven't I marked many a lapse into anxious reverie, which nothing but the desire to see me cheerful could so soon have dispelled. "It will be a great comfort when they are a little older, and we can have them all with us," she observes, watching fondly the lithe forms of our two eldest girls and their brothers, as they flit through the thick bar of shadow that the lighthouse casts upon the pier.

"True," I reply, "but then we shall miss the happiness of returning to them." And how great



this happiness is — almost worth, indeed, the cost of separation — we know well next morning, when, after no end of bells, breathless arrivals from the trains, gangways twice withdrawn and twice replaced for more last-comers, a thrill vibrates through the crowded vessel, the steam ceases its impatient hiss, the massive engine-beam slowly rises, descends; the paddles turn, the pier floats by with its kindly voices; around us is the sea; before us — England!

You go out with the tide, and the sea itself is bound for England! Could you bear to see it glide thither with a smooth, tame apathy, instead of those generous bounds with which it rushes to the land of freemen and fires? The hours fly like the waves. What! the white cliffs already! Yes, the mist rises, furls off from those gates of pearl — for so they seem, as the light pours upon them through the dewy air. And how lovely looks Albion as she greets you thus! With what modesty, what sweet reserve, does she lift her veil, and disclose, one after one, the features that charm you — the shining town, just fresh from its bath, the silver vapours stealing under the hollow cliffs, the sheep that range their summits, and dot at times some sloping crevice of green!

We are not going to be ungrateful to those bright clear skies which we have just left,

and which take good care that no fibre of a leaf, no nicest pediment of gate or temple, shall be lost upon you, and having set off the region to the best advantage, naturally expect you to admire it. But there is a pleasure in finding out your wealth, in a sun that, like a discreet cicerone, can sometimes retire, and which, in place of dazzling you with a ceaseless blaze of commentary, is often content with a mere hint of light on upland or in valley. So we think, as the Express dashes through green lands that have not paid the penalty of a cloudless sky; by woods just tinged with autumn, now solemn and thoughtful, and anon brightening with a thousand chequered gleams, by hills on whose slopes the shadows sport, while, above, the mill whirls merrily in a white effulgence, and shrieks with joy to the riotous brook. This is our England, the land of homes! Blessings on her! May she forgive us, if ever in unfilial mood we have swelled the foreigner's reproach on her climate, if we have ever been bitter on her springs and split our coals with impatient expletives in the heart of her Junes. May she forgive us if we have ever thought the bloused peasant of France better informed and more courteous than honest Giles, who leans there on his pitchfork by the gate, and of whose hearty welcome to his bacon we are thoroughly assured. May she espe-



cially pardon us if we have ever considered the Barrière de l'Étoile, on the whole, a finer approach than the suburb of Peckham; or, if we have ever compared Trafalgar Square with the Place de la Concorde, to the disadvantage of the former. What! try our England by the laws of beauty, or any such abstraction? No such thing: we will try her by our love. Her features are beautiful to us, for they are hers.

Besides, whatever inferiority cold critics may assign to us, out of doors, we challenge the world to match our interiors. We can bear to think that we have no vine-clad steepes when we remember our firesides. We feel this more than ever when, arrived at last, we bask again in the glow of our own. The urn enters in a state of agitated enthusiasm, and greets us with a hiss of welcome. Dear, kind, Aunt Betsy has surrendered to us her charge. Mamma sits radiant between Harriet, Jane, and Carry, while the chubby fingers of shy, silent Freddy dive into mine. Now comes happy social tea, towards the end of which, telegraphic glances pass between the children, well aware of the one trunk left purposely in the hall, but resolved as a point of imperative etiquette to ignore its existence. Attacked at last, the cords fall off forlornly, the groaning lock gives way, to vigorous assaults, the stronghold of mystery is forced. O,

treasures of Lyons' silk for the delight of Aunt Betsy! O, inlaid work-box with shining implements, and silk, crimson lining, for Carry! O, veritable, full-sized poupée, literally overwhelming Harriet-Jane with the sudden burden of maternity! O, drum and bugle, that roll and blare through Gallic streets, and now, in miniature, alarm a garrison of nurses and house-maids to the rapture of military Freddy! "Arthur, lay aside that Molière for your uncle, till he leaves chambers!" And now let us to the fire, and pray that all home-comings — whether to mighty London, with its glare and din, or to woody suburbs thereof, or to country-towns with quaint old inns, or to bright, many-windowed halls, or to hilly farmsteads, glimmering for miles above the dusky wealds, may be happy as our own.

#### CHARTER-HOUSE CHARITY.

WE have no wish to write of charity in an uncharitable vein, and now that we again find ourselves forced to dwell upon the public scandal of the Charter-house, we shall endeavour to put the most liberal construction possible upon the conduct of its chief promoter. The genius of one of our best authors has touched lovingly of late upon Carthusian discipline — so lovingly and tenderly, indeed, that readers of future generations



who shall hang with generous emotion over the deathbed of Colonel Newcome, will be apt to see in the gown of a Poor Brother of the Charterhouse a badge of honoured poverty, that must, at any rate in Mr. Thackeray's days, have been most fit clothing for a ruined gentleman in whom the spirit of honour remained fresh and young. We would not have a line unwritten of that chapter which in the room of a Poor Brother of Charterhouse closes, in a spirit of generosity and human tenderness, a novel that the nation will not fail to take to heart and cherish. Let it be felt rather that, in the Newcomes, Mr. Thackeray shows what a Poor Brother of Charterhouse should be in theory, and is in fiction; and let the master and the governors betake themselves with all speed to the task of wiping out the sad discrepancy that now exists between the fiction and the fact.

Three years and a half ago (in volume fourteen of this journal), we described from substantial evienced and personal inspection the real nature of a Poor Brother's position. Since that time it has not changed for the better, whatever efforts may have been made to produce amendment. The Poor Brothers themselves have drawn up a case, in which they temperately express their sense of their position to the governors. The master of Charterhouse, Archdeacon Hale, has replied to the case in a

pamphlet. Somebody has put forward in another pamphlet the story of a Poor Brother's expulsion, and somebody else in yet another pamphlet has advised the complete destruction and reform of the degenerated charity. In the meantime, there has also been a charity commission before which the Charterhouse successfully resisted any attempt to make critical investigation of its management.

Now, we by no means desire to back every grievance that we find urged in the pamphlets we have mentioned, or to refuse credit for their good intentions and good deeds to the governors and master. The foundation was established for the free education of forty poor boys and for the sustenance of eighty ancient gentlemen, captains, and others, brought to distress by shipwrecks, wounds, or other reverse of fortune. It was liberally endowed, and the founder desired that its bounty might be more extended as its means increased. Its means have increased, and although purely of lay origin it has fallen more and more under ecclesiastical control. At first the master was a layman; but after the appointment of the third master it was ordered that the office should thenceforth be held by a minister of the church, who, however, "shall neither have nor accept of any place of preferment or benefit in church or commonwealth, whereby he may be drawn from his residence,



care, or charge." That order has remained in force to this day when the master — whose salary was fixed in the time of his predecessor at eight hundred pounds a-year, with various pecuniary extras; who is provided with a residence containing more than thirty rooms, with daily dinner and wine — is the Rev. W. H. Hale, whose attention is distracted by the cure of many thousand souls as vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in the vicarage of which parish he is supposed also to reside; who is resident canon of St. Paul's; and enjoys other pluralities to the extent of a sum that, in all, amounts to something like four thousand pounds a-year. By this gentleman, subject to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London, Charterhouse is virtually managed, for the other governors are busy statesmen who can rarely interfere in affairs which belong only indirectly to their necessary business. To the business of the great churchmen Charterhouse affairs belong very directly, inasmuch as the institution has become, in fact, a notable church seminary. The school has been cherished. To the forty poor boys of the foundation have been added several times forty others, who pay liberally to the masters for their board, while the foundation boys, clothed, fed, and charged only one item of five pounds a-year for washing, have consisted of such young gentlemen as the sons of the

grand masters (past and present), sons or relations of the past and present registrars and others, with names as significant as George James Blomfield, Alfred Plantagenet Frederick Charles Somerset, the Hon. W. Byron, Dawson Damer — certainly not legitimate objects of any other charity than that which may be required to forgive their presence there. Upon exhibitions at the universities of one hundred pounds a-year for four or five years, and donations towards the placing out of scholars, about two thousand pounds a-year are spent. The school, in short, has become the Charterhouse; to support the school as one of the great church seminaries for the feeding of the clerical profession, is the leading purpose of its clerical conductors, and the attendant necessity of providing harbour for the eighty poor gentlemen is an incumbrance to them; the Poor Brothers are, in short, a bore. Not long ago they were brought into harmony with the new form of the institution by the declaration that none should be admitted who did not bring proof that they were members of the Church of England; and a nominee of the Queen's was rejected because he was a poor scholar — pious certainly, but tainted with dissent.

Perhaps there is something not very unnatural in this course of affairs. Riches are akin to change, and the diversion of the Charterhouse funds into the lap of the



church was to be expected, when the distribution of them was left merely to the control of churchmen. Nor do we care to quarrel actively with that result. Such money as this may very possibly be better spent in giving a sound education to the sons of gentlemen, and in making them worthy clergymen and scholars, than in the mere diffusion of a knowledge of the A. B. C., the catechism, and the pence table among the poor. This, only, we would hint to pious fathers of the church. That as Sutton left his money in charity, and not having been very pious in obtaining it during his life-time, was particularly anxious that it should be put to pious use when he was dead, the church might be equally well served if the blessings of a gratuitous education, and support at the university, were offered to the sons of a class of gentlemen which surely does exist within the bosom of the church itself. We have reason to suspect that there exist a dozen or two in the country of hard-working clergymen, who give the food out of their mouths, and the clothes from their backs, to find for their sons that education which the Charterhouse politely offers as a dole of mercy to Plantagenets and moneyed men, to noble youths and holy offspring of some race that claims alliance with a bishop. The governors of Charterhouse must know that there are gentlemen in ample need of every indirect support that can be obtained for them, by the care of the church they serve with toil incessant. For, to be sure, the Charterhouse has in its gift eleven livings, and the fattest of these is a rectory which yields one thousand one hundred and four pounds per annum, for the cure of souls somewhat exceeding one thousand in number; while another yields six hundred for the cure of four hundred — one pound ten per soul; another, two hundred and forty-four pounds for the cure of fifty — nearly a five pound note per soul; while it has also the bestowal upon some industrious gentleman, of ninety-seven pounds a-year for the spiritual cure of two thousand one hundred and eighty-three parishioners — for each soul ten pence half-penny. We trust that we do not out-strip the proper bounds of charity in saying, that the benefit of Founder Sutton's money would be felt as a more real blessing by the Parson Adamses of England, than it can ever be by any members of the hierarchy or aristocracy of Britain; and that if Master Adams and his cousins had what is enjoyed by Master Somerset and Master Blomfield, Master Hale, and the Honourable Master Byron, there would be no desire whatever on the part of the public to complain of churchmen on account of their wish to appropriate the Charterhouse school to the use and comfort of their order. The school itself is



well conducted — Master of Charterhouse does not mean Master of the school — we utter no complaint against the management of that. We only point out how in its development it has cast out, as uncongenial, the element of charity, and how it might be what it is, even in the hands of ecclesiastics, and still be of a kind to make the memory of Sutton dear to many: a benefaction that might be enjoyed by the poor gentleman with no more of a blush than is now brought by it to the face of wealthier recipients.

From the school we turn to the department of the Poor Brothers, whereof nothing can be made. A presentation to a place on the foundation in the school, which to a boy entering at ten, and able to go with an exhibition to one of the universities, may be valued, under the present system, at something not far from a thousand pounds, is worth giving to one's nephew, or bestowing as a mark of kindness on the nominee of any noble friend. But a presentation to a Poor Brother's cell and badge of poverty.... Faugh! What sort of patronage is that! The dignitaries of the church are sorry, of course, for poor people; but, then, these brothers claim to be considered poor gentlemen; and who can grasp the idea of a poor old man standing upon points of gentility. Preposterous! The Master of Charterhouse in his pamphlet is sarcastic upon this; mentions gentility in italics;

and endeavours to show that the Poor Brothers have no rightful claim to such a thing. (We particularly entreat Mr. Thackeray's attention to this.) In fact, the whole Poor Brother business is a bore. It is now and then, openly so declared, and the Poor Brethren feel and know that it is considered a bore.

And so it indeed is, the moment we dismiss the spirit of the charity that offers decayed gentlemen in Charterhouse a place of rest and solace, tenanted not at the caprice of any neighbour, but by the goodwill towards them, and all men like them, of a money-maker whose bones long since crumbled into dust. Let it be granted that a churchman taking twenty shillings of the dead man's money for attending to the comfort of the brother who gets only one, can look on the shilling brother as an inferior being, because he has the inferior dole; and at once you may write for Poor Brother, Poor Bore. As to lodging, the deceased Sutton, is drawn upon by the Master for thirty-three luxurious apartments; by the Poor Brother for only one room, with, in some cases, a bed closet, one bed without sheets, one deal table, and a chair. How paltry a recipient of charity must the Poor Brother be in his great Master's eyes! And in what way the Poor Brother is made to feel that he owes his pittance, not to the dead Sutton, but to the pleasure of his living Master,



let the following little story tell.

Probably the most impracticable Bore who ever puzzled Charterhouse officials, was its hero, Simon Slow. The name is fiction, but the story is made public in a pamphlet wholly thereunto devoted, as a piece of fact. The author of the pamphlet does not see that Simon was a bore; we do. Mr. Slow had been for half a century a city merchant, a shipowner, and manufacturer, well known as a man not only wealthy, but beneficent. He suffered sudden shipwreck of his fortunes, and became a pauper, with unsullied character for honour and integrity; he became even as Colonel Newcome, and upon the nomination of a noble lord, this old man, in March, eighteen hundred and fifty, entered Charterhouse as a Poor Brother. Now, this Newcome certainly did grumble a little when he found that he was lodged in a room without curtains, or even shutters to the window; with a bare floor; and with the gaol allowance of one elm-chair, one plain deal table, and less bedding than is to be had in gaols; the whole, moreover, as it soon appeared, a nest of vermin. Of the vermin the old gentleman complained to a servant of the place, who told him in a familiar merry way, — for your Poor Brother is nobody in the eyes of any underling at Charterhouse, — that “he would find plenty of companions of that

sort.” The new Brother found that he was put down much more emphatically when he carried complaints against dirt to the manciple, and his dignity was hurt at finding that he was become a man for the porter at the gate to patronise, with a clap on the shoulder and a familiar, “How are you, old fellow?” A multitude of small daily reminders of his poverty taking such form as these, wounded an old gentleman tenacious of the respect due to his age and former standing in the world, which no misdeed had forfeited. But he suffered all quietly. His character of Bore grew out of a distinct department of his mind. Mr. Slow was, unfortunately for himself and his superiors strictly a religious man.

There is service in the chapel every day at Charterhouse, a morning and an evening service, at one of which, on pain of three-pence or a shilling, according to the holiness of the day, every Poor Brother is commanded to be present. There is no exemption from this law, except for the sick; one Poor Brother, deaf for twenty years, is nevertheless required to do his share of coughing in the chapel. Now, on the days that are least holy, when worship may be dispensed with for the charge of three-pence, — on the ordinary weekdays, — prayers in the chapel seem to have been got through by common consent with all convenient expedition. Every one



knows how such prayers of form are disposed of in cathedrals and other establishments before the presence of a dozen wheezy worshippers, and (consciously) before no other Presence, let us hope. Something of this kind was the case at Charterhouse; where it turned out that this old merchant was so strict a formalist as to be resolved on having time to think of what he said when he repeated his prayers. The Master, although himself bound to attend in chapel daily, was but seldom present to observe how service was performed. Probably he was too rich a man to be fined three-pence; or, if fined, was able to afford the money for a dispensation. The old merchant was not, — he, moreover, did not wish to stay away from chapel. His fault was, that he was obstinately bent on being reverent when there, and would persist in giving the responses audibly and slowly, with a full deliberation of their import. His fellow-brethren naturally looked upon this lengthening of daily penance with no friendly eyes, and the old bore was abundantly tormented by them. But he persevered. After all, may we not believe his to have been a weakness pardonable enough in an old man? The defect in his judgment was only, that he did not understand his place. He expressed his feeling to the preacher, who replied, that he had “no right to any opinion on the subject. Circumstanced as

you are, instead of making complaints, you ought to be grateful for the asylum the Hospital affords you.” The ungrateful man said, that he should attend another place of worship, if his sense of decency were further outraged. The reverend gentleman replied, “I dare you to do so, at your peril.”

On the tenth of February, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the old gentleman's impatience of what he considered an irreverent mockery of sacred duties, became manifested openly. He closed his prayer-book suddenly, and walked out of the chapel. The manciple came to know what was his reason for so doing. He replied, The irreverent manner in which service is conducted. On the following day, after chapel service (from which the Master himself was, as usual absent), the old man was summoned by a verbal message through a servant into the presence of the Vicar of Cripplegate. He was preparing to obey the summons, when the manciple burst in, crying, “If you don't attend the Master instantly, you'll be discommoded!” The old gentleman did what every young gentleman would have done — altered his mind and remained where he was; disposed in hot blood, to return the great autocrat for his polite message, an answer couched in the same style. No more was said; no charge was notified to the Bore; no witness was examined, until



the date of the following order, which contains the Master's revenge upon his sinful Brother; we italicise one or two words:

CHARTERHOUSE. — At an assembly of the governors, held on Saturday, the twenty-ninth day of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-one: — Upon hearing the *Master's report*, that complaint having been made to him of the conduct of Simon Slow, one of the Poor Brothers in the chapel, he had summoned him to attend and answer such complaints, and that the said Simon Slow had peremptorily, and in *very disrespectful* language, refused to attend. And upon hearing the said Simon Slow, we order that he leave the hospital on or before Thursday next, the third day of April, and be deprived of all benefit of his place for three calendar months; and we warn the said Simon Slow, that if, on his return to the hospital, such misconduct be repeated, he will be expelled.

And so the old gentleman who had been too obstinately reverent to his Great Master, and too impatiently irreverent towards his little master, was sent adrift to learn behaviour to his betters. During his absence, the order for his suspension was, in the usual manner, posted in the public hall.

When he came back, the knowledge that he had been posted in this way was the first wound to Slow's feelings. He appealed to the Master about that, and the great man poured in balm by curtly telling him, that the matter had been disposed of. But the old subject of contention still existed: the old man, with his stiff conscience, was as much a Bore as ever. Next year there appeared, accordingly,

another order, setting forth that upon the Master's statement relative to Simon Slow's usual conduct in chapel, it is ordered that he be deprived of all benefit of his place for three calendar months. With this order the reverend Master conveyed private intimation, that on the old man's writing an apology, it might be cancelled. But old Simon felt, of course, in his obstinacy, that he was a person wronged, not a wrong-doer, and so he went adrift into the world again. Upon his return he made an attempt, in which he had before been checked by an imperious Must from the head of the establishment, to assure peace by absenting himself from the chapel in which his sense of religious duty was offended, and betaking himself quietly to an adjacent church instead. He did this at his peril, but for several months did it unmolested. At last came the peremptory order of the Master that he should go to worship where there was for him — though not necessarily for others — only irreverence and discord; and, on the twenty-second of March last year thus the final order ran:

The Master having stated that one of the Poor Brothers had again offended against the regulations of the hospital, by removing from the place assigned to him among the Poor Brothers in the chapel; that although twice admonished, he had not returned to his place, but had absented himself from divine service in the chapel for a fortnight and upwards, the said Simon Slow was called in, and what he had to say in answer having



been heard, it was ordered that he be not permitted to reside in the hospital after the thirty-first day of March instant, and that he leave the hospital accordingly; but that he be allowed the sum of fifty pounds per annum, payable quarterly, during the pleasure of the governors, in lieu of his pension, and all other benefits of his place as a Poor Brother.

The fifty pounds per annum Mr. Slow, with the spirit of a gentleman still in him, refuses to receive, and there the matter ends. We do not wholly agree with the tone of the pamphlet in which a friend of Mr. Slow's has laid his case before Prince Albert, as one of the governors of Charterhouse. We see evidence in Mr. Slow of the existence of a temper difficult to deal with in a worldly way; the temper of an old gentleman extremely obstinate upon his sense of right, and perhaps more or less crotchety. But, in another way — in the way of Christian charity, which is supposed to be the mainspring of the Charterhouse foundation — how easily may all such cases be met! The preceding narrative shows how the formalism of the Poor Brother met the formalism of Charterhouse, and how one crushed the other. There is no hint that Mr. Slow was any other than a most orthodox churchman and a pious man. Would charity have been outraged if, now a kindly preacher, now a considerate Master, had dropped in at the old gentleman's room, sat with him, listened to him with respect, and, with the help of a spirit of kindness, and

the obvious Christianity imparted by their bearing to the whole tone of the place, had dissipated his objections, set at rest his scruples, put him at ease in his new position? If, after all, he did not like the chapel service, why must he needs be denied liberty to go where he could worship more at ease? Throughout the case, we see an old man fretted by imperious dictation.

Here and in other cases, insolence to the Master seems to be the crime into which the Poor Brother most easily falls, and for which he is most frequently punished by suspension from his privileges. The Poor Brethren resent the lordship of the pluralist. The Vicar of St. Giles's Cripplegate, and Archdeacon of London, and Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, comes among them manifestly playing turtle to their sprat: well benefited as he is, he draws large funds out of the institution which, though meant for them, barely supplies their wants, and therefore they readily resent all his authoritative dealings with them.

By this light let us observe what are the main points of their case as stated in a document of their own framing, and we shall see at once how even the best intentions of the Master (and that he has meant and has done well in many respects we cheerfully admit) are defeated by the false



position in which, as a pluralist, he necessarily must stand. With the case, let us take also the Master's answer to each point on which it dwells.

After reciting the origin of the charity, the Poor Brothers venture to remind the Governors and the Master, that three years subsequently to the founder's death, the hospital was opened by his executors, who had been solemnly enjoined by the old man, "as they will answer at the Day of Judgment, to endeavour to see my last will performed, according to my true meaning and charitable intent." Accordingly, it is urged, there entered into the hospital when it was opened by the executors — who knew what the true meaning of the founder was — captains and gentlemen (meaning the Poor Brothers), scholars, and officers.

Hereupon replies the Master, in his pamphlet, that the emphatic warning as to the performance of his true meaning and charitable intent "had not more direct reference to the interest which the hospital might have in his will, than to his other numerous charitable bequests and legacies." As to the supposed intention of the founder to constitute the society of the poor men in his hospital a society of gentlemen, it will be proved, writes the Master, that this idea is erroneous, and refuted by evidence the most conclusive — viz., the founder's own acts. Having boldly stated this, the

Master has supplied his proof and refutation, and assumes the question to be settled. The only most conclusive refutation of the right of the Poor Brothers to be selected from the rank of decayed gentlemen, and treated as such with proportionate consideration, is that which occurs three or four pages later, in this passage: "The founder, during the six weeks which elapsed between the completion of the foundation by the conveyance of the estates and his death, never exercised the power of making orders; but if the palace which had been purchased for the hospital had been ready to receive its inmates, it is probable that the poor, aged, maimed, needy and impotent people placed in it would have been persons such as the founder had designated for his hospital at Hallingbury — viz., poor men, who would have been maintained in diet, clothes and fuel, at the cost of ten pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence a-year." (No small sum, a quarter of a thousand years ago.) Upon the strong assertion, evidence like this comes as a strange anticlimax; but the Master of the Charterhouse appears to be an autocrat complete at every point. His method is: I say the case stands positively thus. Come to me afterwards with no rebellious arguments; because, if I have said a thing — as was observed to Slow — the matter has been disposed of.

But, the Poor Brothers in



their case show further evidence of the position it was meant, from the beginning, that they were to hold, and which it is now commonly supposed they do hold, notwithstanding any sneers of the Master, who repeatedly scorns in italics, as applied to Poor Brothers, the words gentility and gentlemen, — to which we again most earnestly call the attention of Colonel Newcome's patron. He even produces a table put into a peculiar form for the purpose of still further discrediting the notion of the Poor Brothers' gentility. The present Brothers are grouped by the Grand Master according to their former stations: —

|                                          |       |
|------------------------------------------|-------|
| Clergymen . . . . .                      | 1     |
| Legal and Medical Men . . . . .          | 5     |
| Military and Naval Men . . . . .         | 15    |
| Merchants . . . . .                      | 8     |
| Schoolmasters and Literary Men . . . . . | 7     |
| Land Stewards . . . . .                  | 2     |
| Tradesmen, Clerks, Servants . . . . .    | 41    |
|                                          | <hr/> |
|                                          | 79    |
| One Vacancy . . . . .                    | 1     |
|                                          | <hr/> |
| Total . . . . .                          | 80    |

Behold how the great pluralist makes out his case by winding up with a riff-raff of forty-one tradesmen, clerks, servants! Is the tradesman, in this land of shopkeepers, in no case to be reckoned among gentlemen? May he not be as wealthy with his honest gains, as any lofty churchman who pockets gains honest men condemn? Possibly, in a well-adjusted table of respectability, the pluralist might rank with people meaner than the servants.

But there is no doubt that many wear the gown of the Poor Brother, for whom it never was intended. That is one part of the abuse. The patronage of the school blesses the nobleman's young friend; the patronage of the Poor Brother's stall trumpery as it is, may allow your lordship to be charitable to your superannuated lackey. And so the worn-out lackey is sent as a companion, to the ruined gentleman, and the magnificent archdeacon as a haughty Master.

Furthermore, urge the petitioners: After the nature of the foundation had been settled and defined, it was declared in the letters patent of King James (after whom the place is called King James's Hospital), that in the event of any increase of revenue, all and every such increase shall be employed to the maintenance of more and other poor people to be placed in the said hospital; or to the further augmentation of the allowances of those persons that for the time being shall be in the said hospital, according to the true intent and meaning of those presents, and shall not be converted or employed to any private use; and that such construction shall be made upon this foundation and incorporation as shall be most beneficial and available for the maintenance of the poor, and for the repressing and avoiding of all acts and devices to be invented or put in use, contrary to the true meaning of these pre-



sents. It is then pointed out, that the salaries of officials have increased more rapidly than the revenue, and that the Master's salary, as now received by him, is increased sixteen-fold since the first establishment of the hospital, while the Poor Brother's income is only augmented to four times the original stipend. It was natural enough in the petitioners to add to this fact the prophecy of Lord Bacon, when attorney-general, that in a short time the Charterhouse would degenerate, to be made a preferment of some great person to be Master, and he to take all the sweet, and the poor to be stinted and take but the crumbs, and would be but a wealthy benefice in respect of the Mastership; but the poor, which is the propter quid, little relieved.

And to all this, what does the humble priest consider a sufficient answer? The answer to this complaint, writes the Archdeacon-cum-Canon-cum-Almoner-cum-Vicar-cum-Chaplain-cum-Master, is, that the division of the revenues of the hospital amongst its members, according to a fixed scale or perpetual rule of proportion, is a principle not recognised in any of the instruments to which the governors are bound to look for direction; nor is there any recognition of such a principle in their orders or proceedings. The fixed scale of justice, the perpetual rule of charity, the principle of right, are not written in the bond. The

pound of flesh is mine, and I will have it.

In all this, what can be more evident than that one half the cause of discontent in Charterhouse would be removed, if any other than a grossly overpaid man occupied the Master's chair? The dole of the Poor Brothers is enough, and some little increase of liberality, in a moral as well as material sense, taking the direction of a care for their comfort and consolement, would suffice to make them happy, if there were no spectacle of injustice constantly held close before their eyes. In truth, though by an accident, the dole of the brethren has increased exactly in proportion to the increase of the funds by which they are supported. For, it will amaze all men of business to hear, that the nominal value of the wide estates and possessions of the Charterhouse has increased only fourfold in two hundred and fifty years. The average yield of the extensive estates attached to the foundation, actually now falls short of ten shillings an acre. A revenue which ought to be forty or fifty thousand pounds a-year is only half as much. We note this by the way. The Master's share of such revenue has in the meantime increased, as the archdeacon tells us, upon no scale of proportion; and the Poor Brothers are scandalised because the money is paid to a gentleman who snubs them, and of whom they cannot help observing, that he is en-



gaged in laying up for himself treasure upon earth in many places. What the Poor Brothers think about the Master we have fully shown, and we have now only to add what the Master, in a moralising humour, thinks of them. "It is no uncharitable supposition, that such persons are often soured as well as disappointed; for it is a sad truth, that affliction rarely improves any who are not really religious men. It does not soften the temper of the irritable, nor humble the heart of the proud; it does not make men more distrustful of their own opinion, or to think less of their own merits." Does the writer of such a sentence say, with a loud voice, when he prays, I thank thee, O Lord, that I am not afflicted as these publicans! (?)

### PRINCESS ILSE.

At the Deluge, says my story, all the streams of the earth ran together, ascended the mountains, and let their wild waves roll over the highest peaks. When, at last, the land appeared once more, no stream or river would have found the way to its own bed again, if hosts of good spirits had not come to be their guides.

Order was almost restored among the streams when one spirit sat resting on an alpine peak. He saw the German rivers gliding onwards in the distance;

the main streams far to the front, the smaller following; while a mob of brooks and rivulets danced in the rear.

Steadily the waters flowed on; and the glad spirit watched them as he rested until his attention was caught by the voice of a small weeping streamlet almost at his feet. He found her behind the piece of rock on which he had been sitting. She was but a very little streamlet, and she lay wrapt in a white veil, weeping bitterly. He bent over her compassionately, raised her, drew aside her veil, and recognised the little Ilse, for whom there was a green bed made ready, far away among the valleys of the Hartz.

"Poor child," said the good angel, "have you been obliged to remain here alone on the bleak mountain top? Have all the others left, without a thought of taking you with them?"

The little Ilse, however, drew up her head and said pertly, —

"I have not been forgotten; the old Weser waited long enough for me, beckoned and called me to come with her, and the Ecker and the Ocker wanted to take my hand; but I would not go with them, certainly not. Was it for me to demean myself in the plains, carrying drink to sheep and oxen, and washing their muddy feet? I am the Princess Ilse! The sunbeam is my father, and the pure air is my mother; my brother is the diamond, and the dew in the rose-bud is my in-



fant sister. I am a princess of the first water, and really cannot come down from the height on which I have been placed."

The good spirit looked very earnestly at the pale face of little Ilse; and, as he gazed down into the liquid blue of her bright eyes, he saw dark points under the sparkle of their pride, which told him that a wicked spirit lurked within. The little demon of Vanity had entered Ilse's head, and driven all good thoughts away. This ugly spirit has already turned the head of many a foolish child.

"Dear Ilse," the good spirit said, "since you remain here of your own free-will, you should be very happy. I cannot in the least understand why you are weeping and lamenting."

"Alas!" answered the child Ilse, "after the other waters were all gone, dear angel, the Stormwind came to the mountain, and when he found me here he was quite furious. He raged at me, and tried to throw me down from yonder rock that overhangs a dark abyss, into which no glimmer of daylight will ever come. I trembled, and wept, and clung to the peak of the rock, and at last escaping from his hold, hid myself in this cleft."

"But you will not escape every time," said the spirit, "because the Stormwind is always searching; and, if it catches any one in a cleft like yours, it is a wind that bites most terribly. Come, let me lead you to the good old

Weser and your young companions. You shall travel through the night air in the woolly blanket of a cloud, and slide down to them merrily upon a sheet of rain."

"No! no!" cried the little Ilse, "I don't want to go down; I shall stay here: I am a princess!"

So the good spirit left her, and the princess, obstinate, crept once more into her rocky niche, rejoicing that she had shown so much character, and had given sturdy answers to the monitor who spoke to her, not then only, but many times, in vain.

The Princess Ilse, being at last quite alone, upon the mountain summit, wished to enjoy her dignity as much as possible. She came out of the rocky cleft, seated herself upon a projecting peak, spread her airy robes out in broad folds around her, and then waited for the mountains to bow down before her, and the clouds to come and kiss her. Nothing of this kind, however, came to pass; and, at last, her highness became tired of sitting still so long, and said to herself with a sigh, "A little ennui I should not have minded — it is only the consequence of my exalted position; but so much of it is more than even a princess of the first water can bear."

When it was quite evening, and the sun had set, and the raging of the approaching Stormwind was again heard in the distance, the poor little rivulet wept fresh tears of anxiety. It became



darker. Coarse blinding vapours rose from the abyss, and there was thunder in the air. There came a ray of light at last, but it affrighted the child Ilse, for it came with a dark man, wrapped in a long red mantle, who bowed low and spoke to her. But he addressed her as "Most high and serene princess." Such greeting was sweet music to the little Ilse's ear. She controlled her fear that she might listen eagerly for more of such words.

The stranger came, in fact, to beg that she would add her lustre to his court; said that he longed to escort her to his airy palace upon one of the loftiest and noblest of the German mountains; where she should reign far above all earthly rivulets and rivers.

The stranger opened his mantle and produced a wide-lipped shell, exquisitely carved and studded round its base with sparkling gems. He knelt to the charming princess and besought that she would seat herself therein, in order that she might be carried away to his beautiful Brockenberg, where servants unnumbered were already preparing to receive her joyously. Her serene highness's hesitation was at an end, and she sprang into the car with both feet at once. One ringlet of her flowing tresses touched the stranger's arm, and instantly it shrivelled up. Sharp pain throbbed through all the limbs of the rash little Ilse.

The poor child, affrighted, grasped the edge of the shell as

if she would have thrown herself out over it again; but they were already shooting through the air swift as a comet; and, as the pain was soon over, the streamlet soon became reassured; for she little suspected that she had given herself to the great spirit of evil, who was by when the demon of Vanity had prompted her to turn her own good angel away. It is in this manner that the sweet Princess Ilse was brought to a place so unhallowed as the Brocken.

Wild music and shouts of mirth, greeted her when she arrived; but the lord of the Brocken commanded silence, placed the car which contained her carefully upon a large flat stone, as if upon a throne, and ordered the strange beings flitting around to form a circle and do homage to the Water Princess.

That was a glorious moment for her ladyship. Gracefully she rose up in the shell and bowed her head to right and left, shaking her curls, like a half bashful coquette. She jumped and laughed with delight when the good old moon — who is not very thoughtful — must needs send down for her, vain as she already was, a crown of silver spangles.

Her pleasure, however, was a little marred by the taunts of a jealous young witch, who vowed that Princess Ilse could be no better than a puddle, until she was crowned Queen Boiling. Why should they be hot for her till she was hot for them. Ilse



thought of reporting this rude speech to the Lord of the Brocken, who stepped up to her soon afterwards; but, before she could open her mouth, he dipped his thumb into the shell and made her shake with pain. Then the bad spirit laughed, and said, "The night is chilly, gracious princess, you are cold already, and will soon be altogether frozen in this open shell. I am ordering to be prepared for you a warm bed, yonder, by the fire. Already your nurse is filling it with toys that you may pass your time agreeably." But you must know that this warm bed was the witches' cauldron, which an ugly ghost was filling with toads, snakes, and all venomous things.

Great terror of the wicked company into which she had fallen overcame the little Ilse. In mortal agony she shrank her tender limbs together, caught hold of her veil and pressed it against her face to stifle the cry which arose. "Ah!" she grieved to herself, "would that I had followed the good spirit! He meant well with me." As she looked round about her in despair, she saw that she was solitary upon her side of the mountain, all the witches and bad spirits having then joined hands to dance about the fire. Suddenly the thought of escape possessed her. "Away! away!" she murmured, "no matter whither." Quick as thought she stepped upon the edge of the car, allowed the whiteness of her feet and her transparent robes to

slip out over it, and held fast with both hands while she looked anxiously back to see that there was no one watching. Only the good old moon who stood overhead saw her escaping; but she looked up to the old moon with tearful eyes that there was no resisting, and the moon assuredly would have endured eclipse for twenty years before she would have told dear little Ilse's secret.

When Ilse saw that she was unobserved she dropped from the shell, and tried to do it gently, but the car was high and the block of granite upon which it stood still higher; so that, although the little one was very cautious, yet there was a slight splashing as she fell upon the earth, and, in sudden fear lest this might have betrayed her, she slipped underneath some stones. She had taken off her crown of stars and left it in the shell. This was no time for her to be a princess, and she must glide quietly and secretly away.

The little stream clung to the rocks, beseeching them to shelter her. The old stones, who had never before felt the touch of so young and bright a creature upon their hard bosom were strangely moved. They hung fondly over the Princess Ilse, and no eye — not even that of the moon — could see her as she ran. Then they directed her way to a sly hole in the earth, and into that she squeezed herself. It was a long gallery that had been ex-



cavated by a wood-mouse once upon a time. She felt her way through it in the dark, and perceived that the channel led her gradually down the mountain. After she had groped along quietly for some time, the passage became wider and rougher, it seemed to lead over loose rubble, and stones detached by her footsteps rolled before into the depths. A puff of wind penetrating downwards through the stones now and then chilled her; and, when the path, after making a steep and sudden bend, seemed all at once to come to an end, the stones ceased to hang over her, and she could see the midnight heaven out of which a few stars dropped their lights into the wild chasm she had reached. At the same time, the wind brought to her intelligence of the scraping and piping of the dancing witches on the Brockenberg; and little Ilse, who had hesitated for a moment, not knowing whither her path led, urged on by her fears, bounded forwards, springing and leaping down from stone to stone. Although she dashed continually against hard masses of rock, and tore her white robes to shreds, she never heeded that. "Away! away!" she cried, "far away, to where the Brocken prince and his wild crew cannot come nigh me!"

The dawning light of the morning troubled her. "The night," she thought, "is silent, and would not betray me, but the gossiping day will soon tell which way I am

flying." So she bent forwards, and slipped underneath the stones, only coming out now and then timidly, to drink a mouthful of sweet air. Between lofty, thickly-wooded mountain ridges lies a deep dark green ravine, sloping towards a valley. Into this the little Ilse ran. Numberless pebbles had rolled down from the mountain one over another, into the depths of this ravine; and there they lay entangled among pine-roots, overgrown with moss, stern venerable fellows, not too much inclined to make way for the little girl of a stream, who came trotting over them in so much haste.

But soon the forest spread out his great arms, and took the little Ilse to his bosom. The bosom of the forest is a holy place of refuge. None of the wicked spirits can come near it; least of all the demon Vanity — for how should it dare to stand before the solemn Pine-tree, who prides not himself on strength and majesty, but with his sublime head raised ever towards heaven, stands firm and unchanged in the place assigned to him by a wise Providence? The child of the rocks, Ilse, did not at first understand the children of the forest. She fancied that the pine-roots made wry mouths at her, and she glided past them shily; the skirt of the great wood was indeed all that she at first dared touch. The demon Vanity had long since swam away in the tears of repentance which she shed while



flying from the Brocken; and of his departure she knew no more than she had known of his coming. But she was conscious of a new kind of freedom when she fairly got under the forest shades. The farther she ran from the Brocken the freer she felt. She became a happy docile child, and the great forest took pleasure in the little wanderer, to whom it had given its protection. For the large and small stones, indeed, who lay dreaming on the earth, wrapped in their soft mossy cloaks, all quiet contemplation was quite over since the little Ilse had come dancing over them; nevertheless they were good friends with her. When one of the largest and most unwieldy, clumsily stuck himself in her way, and would not let her pass, she would stroke the old fellow's rough cheeks with her soft little hands, and murmur sweet petitions. If all was of no avail, she would grow angry, stamp at him impatiently, and push against him; then, if the clumsy thing began to waver, and if only he moved so as to leave the smallest cranny through which she might pass if she could, the little Ilse dashed into it with all her might, forced the rude gentleman aside, and rushed away from him at swiftest speed. Where the ravine was steep and rugged, it was a charming thing for the trees and shrubs, to see the little princess jump from rock to rock. She did it coyly, too, putting on always for the occasion, a cap daintily

crimped, and a soft white robe of foam that covered all her limbs.

The very youngest rivulets, who had scarcely yet learned how to run, were not so contemplative as the little pines; who did nothing but look at Ilse. When they heard her singing as she went, and splashing water playfully into the eyes of the grave little trees who crowded round her, they came oozing out of the fissures in the rock, and glided silently along under the moss, ever nearer and nearer to their merry cousin. She distinctly heard their gentle purling, saw them and beckoned them to come to her. When they — who were very weak-minded little streams — saw how the princess sprang over the stones far beneath, and timidly stood still, not daring to jump down to her, and yet unable to reach her without jumping, — Ilse would sing them a brave song, to give them courage, and place for them footstools of stone, thickly padded with the softest moss, by which they might get down without a bruise. When she received them, as they jumped awkwardly enough into her lap, she took them by the hand, and said, "Come now, my baby cousins, you shall run with me; you have only to do as I do, spring when I spring, — I will take care to hold you so that you shall not be hurt." The streamlets did as they were told, and hopped over the great stones, holding the hand of little Ilse,



The spirit of the Brockenberg was angry at the flight of Ilse. He knew well that such pure streamlets were properly no prey for him, and that the demon of Vanity had left her; how then was he to entrap the child again? Remembering her fear of the storm, he called the Northwind to him, and ordered it to rage through the valley straight in the face of little Ilse. "That," he thought, "if anything, will drive her back." The Northwind did what he could. He roared and howled, shook the trees, hurled broken boughs down upon Ilse, flung a young pine across her path, and laid hold of her fluttering veil, as if he hoped to carry her away with him. But the princess tore herself loose, not caring how much of her veil remained in the grasp of the Northwind. She was no longer a little maiden thinking only of herself, and she feared nothing for herself: she took to heart only the sufferings of her dear friends, the trees, and would willingly have helped them to fight out the storm, had she been able. She went down weeping to the fallen pine, threw herself over him, flooded him with her tears, and compassionately washed his wounds. The small green branches of the oak and beech which the Northwind had rained upon her, she held tenderly in her soft arms, kissing the drooping leaves, and bearing them along until she saw where she could gently lay them

down beside her in a mossy bed.

The wicked spirit standing on the Brocken gnashed his teeth when he saw how vain were all the efforts of the Northwind.

"Revenge!" he muttered; "I will send the Winter out; he shall arrest her, and lay her up in chains. Ho, below there! Thou Northwind, bestir thyself, and lay down the dead leaves upon the path of Winter."

The Northwind obeyed; the tops of the oaks became red with cold; and at last there was no tree left green except the ancient pine. The young stream at his feet was puzzled by all these proceedings. "Stupid trees," she said, "what are you thinking of? Why are you throwing all the dead leaves in my face? Do you no longer love the little Ilse, that you try to scratch out her eyes with brown acorns and hard beechmast?" She sprang away in anger, shaking the dry leaves out of her ringlets.

Winter, meanwhile, had arrived at the Brocken. At first, he was not an unwelcome visitor; he came with kingly presents in his hands. He put jackets upon the naked trees and brambles, glittering with diamonds, and the snow-flakes that he scattered broadcast, were at first sweet sugar-plums for little Ilse, who thought that the clouds themselves were about to visit her in her own valley, and renew the acquaintanceship that was begun upon the Alpine peak. But Win-



ter soon began to look less liberal and gracious; his rule became severe. Ilse's courage failed her. She was very sorrowful already, on account of her plants, whom she could no longer see; and, as she was working busily, freeing the tender little mosses, and washing away the snow from all the stones that she could reach, she discovered with horror that sharp icy points were sticking into her own tender limbs, and saw the Winter forging chains about her. Upon all the stones and roots over which she glided there were sharp links and spikes, ever becoming heavier and longer; and, with these, her beautiful free limbs were at last firmly fettered. Then, Winter laid his clutch upon the tender breast of the poor child; a cold shudder ran through her, and she embraced, trembling, the knotty roots of the Pine-tree, looking up imploringly to the wise patriarch of the forest.

She saw that he, like the dead figures around him, was dressed in a white shroud; but, from beneath the snow, all his boughs smiled with a strong smile upon her. A mild breath, as of spring, warmed and comforted her bosom, as she cried, "O Pine-tree, how do you contrive to defy the Winter, and remain green and living in his icy arms? Cannot I learn also to defy him?"

"I send my roots into firm soil," the Pine-tree said, "and look straight up to heaven. Therefore strength is given me

to remain green through every season. You, too, my little Ilse, stand upon rock, and receive undefiled the light of heaven. You will overcome the Winter. Do not fear."

With a strong effort she broke loose from Winter's chains of ice, dashed away from the rough hands that held her robe between the stones, and rushed in wild course down the valley, breaking with a crash all bars that had been set up to stop her progress.

As the little princess was still springing merrily onward in the joy of victory, the mosses on her path called to her, "Ilse! dear Ilse! come and help us! The snow presses so heavily upon our tender heads, we can no longer stand upright on our weak stalks. Help us, dear Ilse!"

Princess Ilse willingly stooped down to them, and lifting up a tiny piece of the heavy snow-clod carefully, put her sweet little face underneath it, and whispered to the mosses what the Pine-tree taught her. "Fear not, little mosses, you grow on the rock. Be strong; there is a divine life in you." Immediately the mosses began to bestir themselves till the work made them warm; and after a little while, they cried joyfully, "Ilse! Ilse! we stand upright again and grow! The snow shrinks when we push it from us with our little hands." Thus Ilse taught the mosses and the grasses how to use their strength, and all the time she fed them with her own provisions.



For many centuries they lived thus in the stately forest. Winter came again, indeed, every year, playing the same tricks with the trees and plants, and laying his bright snares for the glad Ilse. But she was seldom fairly caught, and never kept in them. Swift as a lizard, she could slip away from any hold. The trees, too, were green every year, and were never greener than in Spring, as if the sturdy battle with the Winter only strengthened them, and gave them a fresh life. Ilse, too, was most beautiful and brilliant when the snow had melted on the mountains, and she rattled away through the forest gloriously gay. Snow is the sweet white milk provided for all tiny mountain streams; the more they drink of it the more they thrive — the more they dance and sing.

Ilse by this time had forgotten that she was a princess: therefore every one else remembered it. Trees, flowers, stones, grasses and mosses did her homage in their quiet way. When she ran through the valley, herbs and flowers lined her royal path; some kissed the hem of her robe and her fluttering veil; and others — the tall slender stalks of grass especially — waved vivas with their graceful feathery plumes. The contemplative bells — fairest children of the forest — took pains to be near her always. They even stepped upon the wet slippery stones to be the closer to her, and get many of her kisses. The ferns also ventured

to climb high on the damp rocks. However small a place there was for them they stationed themselves there, and cooled the wandering princess with the waving of their beautiful green fans. Down crowded the sunbeams too, to play with her beneath the trees, whenever they were not kept in by the grey clouds upon the mountains, who are their strict guardians. The churlish behaviour of the dull old clouds, who could sometimes be content to sit on the mountain-tops and do nothing but smoke by the week together, would often make the merry sunbeams terribly impatient. When that was the case, the grey old tutors generally found that the young fry made such hot work behind their backs, and worried them till the place became too warm to hold them any more, that at length, since they could no longer bear to remain where they had settled down, they rose and stole away as quietly as possible. Then down to the forest came the sunbeams, every one riding on a drop of rain, and played at hide and seek among the grass the livelong day with little Ilse. There was the good moon, too, Ilse's old friend, who didn't mind the weary journey over the mountain, and came often to visit her.

There had long been men dwelling in the valley of the Ilse, before the princess paid any attention to them. At first she was by far too pert to them, and the Pine-tree had a great deal to say



before he could bring the child to regard them with goodwill. The first who came into the valley were two charcoal-burners; who built themselves a hut, felled trees, and lit their kiln. The flames which burst out of the kiln, and the vapours which arose from it, reminded Ilse of her night of horror upon the Brocken, and at first frightened her sadly. But the Pine-tree talked a good deal of philosophy. Again, after a considerable time, men brought into the valley axes and spades, sheep and goats. A short distance below the Ilsenstein, they felled trees by the side of Ilse, cut them into beams and rafters, dug a large hall for her, with walls of stone and turf, and a great wooden gate. They built also houses with the beams and rafters, for themselves, their wives and children, and, when all was ready, came to the princess, praying her to take possession of her hall, and be a blessing to them. The little Ilse thanked them, and would gladly have sprung away, but her own chosen way was stopped with stones and earth, and the way into her new hall being opened suddenly, while she was in full course, she could not stop herself, but tumbled through it. The men called her hall a mill-pond, and when Ilse, after boiling with wrath at the trick played upon her, had at last stood still a little while, and patiently collected all her waters and her thoughts, she looked up doubtfully enough at the Pine-

tree, who stood at the gable-end of the new house.

The Pine-tree smiled and said, —

“Civilisation, little Ilse, wants our help and countenance.”

“Civilisation!” said the princess with a sigh. “Ah! this is assuredly the work of the evil spirit. Whoever fells so many of God’s trees, tears off their bark, and chops them in pieces, can have no good in his thoughts.” But she was under a good preacher, and the Pine-tree expounded to her everything so well that she left off murmuring.

Peeping through a chink in the great wooden gates, she saw a monstrous wheel, and the miller’s curly-headed boy, who stood on the bank, cried to her:

“Ay, ay, look you down, Princess Ilse, the gates will be opened in a minute, and then the dance may begin, for round you go!”

“Shall I be broken on the wheel?” thought Ilse, looking down upon the machine with a beating heart.

But at that moment the boards of the wheel began to crack and to snap, and they whispered:

“Do you not know us, Little Ilse, we are your darling trees; cannot you recollect us? Fear nothing; we shall never hurt you!”

So, when the miller came out, raised the sluice gates, and cried cheerily, — “Come down now, little Ilse, you have rested long enough; come down, and help



us poor men to live by our work," — the good little princess saw that she could comfort men as well as mosses; and, no longer timid, ran over the wheel, gathering up her robe around her as she went, and placing her white feet tenderly and carefully, first upon one spoke, and then upon another. Then, when the wheel began to move under her light-some tread, she sprang bravely from step to step, let her veil flutter in the breeze, wrapped herself in her foam-dress, and having given her kind help, capered away down the mill-stream, while the wheel went round with a mighty sweep, and the whole mill beat time to it.

Little Ilse soon offered her services to other men, gave her own pure water for the nourishment of all, worked with men in the mills, and in the iron-works, got into convenient carriages made for her service by the people of the valley, and so visited the mothers and the daughters in their dwellings, and helped them all the day long in their household work. She saw to the growth of vegetables in the garden, bathed the children, scrubbed floors, washed clothes, and cooked dinners. But — while the serene princess was thus to be seen busy at work, early and late, never weary nor impatient of hard labour — whoever met her in the valley, pure and bright as when she stepped out of the forest, saw at once that she was no stream of low origin, but in

good truth a princess; daughter of the sunbeam, and that her baby sister was none other than the dewdrop in the rose.

A dusty road came and desired to be her travelling companion.

"No, indeed," she said. "The venerable woodland path was quite a different companion. He used to come decked in his best, peep round the point of the rock, and beckon to me from beneath the green shade of the oaks."

"Ilse, Ilse!" cried the Pine-tree from the precipice by the roadside. "Fie! what foolish talk is this?"

The Pine-tree is the friend of man; but, in spite of all it could say, Ilse would have as little to do as possible with the highway, though she would not hinder it from passing down the valley. Through byeways, through the deepest shades of the forest, she sought, by serpentine courses, to keep it out of her sight. Often indeed when she sprang away over the rocks in mad speed, and thought to have escaped entirely from her dusty, prosy neighbour, she would run all at once against him. Once, when this happened, the highway even dared to put an arm over her neck, or, as men phrased it, threw a bridge over her, and the wise Ilse gliding along, kept her displeasure to herself, in order to escape as soon and as quietly as possible.

Little Ilse's anger is now always brief. Lower down in the valley she is to be seen journeying tranquilly beside the high-



way. She is to be seen; for she lives to this day, and still goes daily into the mills and iron foundries of the valley, following her modest avocations. When, on a Sunday, the mills are at rest, and the industrious inhabitants in holiday garments, pray in the ancient little church, the silvery tones of little Ilse's voice are to be heard chiming harmoniously with the voices of the bells and of the pealing organ, which float far and wide over the valley.

And Ilse, as she glides along, learns to forget her fear of the witches on the Brocken. She will even venture to play Princess Boiling in the kettles of the pleasure-seekers who go to drink coffee on the greensward of the valley, and the only tribute she demands is, that all who enjoy the privilege of making tea or coffee in the fresh air from her waters leave one or two morsels of sweet-biscuit as a fee due to the wood-mouse.

This story does not wish to follow little Ilse into the flat country, where she meets the Ocker and the Ecker, and afterwards the Aller, and is borne by them onwards to the Old Weser, who carries Ocker and Ecker and Aller and all into the open Sea, which is of all waters the first in rank, and lowest in position.

## LITERAL CLAIMS.

HAD Homer lived at the present day, he would have suppressed one of his famous epithets — an epithet as admirable as his *poluphloisboio*, were it only half as true. Homer speaks of mankind, in the genitive case as *meropoon anthroopoon*. The printer need not trouble to put these words into Greek characters, because all that the word *meropoon* means to say is, that men are a distinctly or a dividedly-speaking race. Learned commentators on the above phrase explain its force by remarking that brutes are capable of uttering vowels only — consonants being an elocutionary achievement which they are incapable of executing. Of course, birds that have been taught to imitate human speech do not upset the general theory. The cow says "o-o-o;" the sheep says "a-a-a;" the cat says "eou;" and the dog barks "ou-ou." The labial consonants prefixed by the popular version of *mo*, *ba*, *meou*, *bow-wow*, are merely the accidental parting of the lips when the respective beasts open their mouths to address the public. When once the lips are opened, and their proprietors have begun to say their say, they continue their allocution in vowels; and, to vowels alone they are restricted.

Homer would hardly allow the modern English to be *meropoon*, nationally speaking. Certainly not, if he were a good English



scholar himself. Although he would be too reasonable to expect Britons (with the exception of the Highlanders, who have Gaelic for their mother-tongue,) to give the guttural utterance of the Greek x, chi, or to be quite clear how the digamma was sounded, it would have made his flesh crawl on his bones to hear his great poem spoken of as Omer's Hiliad, or to listen to the specimen of a fashionable rhapsodist who should undertake to read the Odyssey in the Tyburnian style of, "The oarse wough towwent wushes woaming by." Distinctness will not be utterly banished from the land so long as the Queen and Fanny Kemble are left to us; but the million stand greatly in need of the Demosthenic discipline of sea-side oratorical practice with a mouthful of pebbles to act as dumbbells for the development of their lingual powers.

There is a grammatical rule touching the gender of nouns, which is allowed to be infringed with impunity, by attributing the qualities of sex to objects which, in strict truth, can have none. Thus, virtue, the moon, and a ship, are made feminine; "she is her own reward," "she fills her horns," and "she is a good sailer." Imagination is even allowed to go further than that; inanimate things, implements made for our use, are permitted to remonstrate in their own person, when we treat them unjustly and pervert them from their le-

gitimate employments. Thus, sundry letters have lately raised the voice of complaint, each one considering himself the most ill-used member of the alphabet. The clever author of P's and Q's (well worth national perusal), has thrown his soul into the suffering carcase of poor letter H, and made it utter most tragical mirth; while letter R conceives he has no right to do the work of letter W, in cases such as when "poor fellers swallow poison, which they had better have thrown out of the winder."

Letter H, in addressing his Dear Little Vowels, — a, e, i, o, and u, — reminds them that he has long held a very useful and honourable place in the family of letters; that his special office has been to put himself at the head of the said vowels, to the end that people might know how to call them; that, though sometimes he has most honourable aspirations to be first and foremost, at other times he is so humble that he only wants to let his next little brother speak, and does not wish any one to take the least notice of *him*; that he has heard both himself and his little friends talked about so much and called such curious names, that he could bear it no longer; that a little prattling child told his mamma that he had 'urt his 'and, and to his (H's) great surprise, his mother did not ask him what he meant; that a person who was very well dressed, and looked like a lady, asked a gentleman,



who was sitting by her, if he knew whether Lord Mumble had left any Heir behind him; that the gentleman blushed and stopped a little, to think whether the lady meant a son or a hare; that his nerves received a fearful shock from hearing an old gentleman read aloud from his newspaper something about the Russians and the Hottoman Hempire; that an attendant in a music-shop, when a lady had forgotten the name of a song she wanted, suggested that she should 'um the hair; that a democratic statesman told his brother politicians to hagitate, hagitate, hagitate, till they had gained their hobject; that a person while dining, actually told his servant to take down a dish of meat, and to 'eat it and bring it up again, when it was a little 'otter: — that these atrocities are unbearable; that poor letter H cannot stand it any longer; that he, therefore, calls on his little comrades the vowels, to hold a meeting, and see if they and he cannot do something in concert together to stop the mockeries they receive in common, and also to prevent the thousands who mock them from being laughed at themselves, and thought nothing of. Fancy the Queen calling for the 'Igh Steward of her 'Ousehold; or the Prince Albert 'oping that Hadmiral Dundas would not hannihilate the Russian fleet, which he kindly 'asn't! H's idea is good and laudable; but the restitution and reparation of in-

juries is easier in theory than it proves in practice.

It has been remarked that it would be an excellent lesson to see ourselves as others see us; and, this mode of instruction would be considerably extended, if we could hear ourselves as others hear us. "My dear girls," said a managing matron, who always thought everybody wrong but herself; "what an 'abit you 'ave got of dropping your aitches!" She, good soul, had no idea of being referred to Æsop's fables, to study the anecdote of the mother-crab and her daughter. She would have been astonished if Mr. Punch, with his politest bow, had presented her with an enormous capital H, on a sheet of card, with the observation, "I beg your pardon, madam, but I fear that you have yourself dropped this!" The worst of dropping letters habitually for too long a period is, that it is not easy to pick them up again. Certain vocal organs, for want of training and exercise, at last become utterly paralysed. Even in the case of life and death, we know that not every Ephraimite could pronounce the Shibboleth. I have heard cockneys gasping to get out an H, and unable to do it.

"'Tis a lovely morning, Tom," said my cousin Westendish (a native Londoner for three generations past); "I'll drive you to 'Ighgate in my 'orse and chaise." "You shall," I replied, "when



you can say Highgate and horse; but I am not going to sit in public by the side of a fellow who can't pronounce his alphabet."

"Nonsense, Tom; I can say 'orse. There; wawse! And there (coughing), o-o-orse and 'Ighgate. What would you 'ave, I should like to know?"

The want of a defensive aspirate exposeth a man to many hard hits.

"My 'orse is very 'ot," observed a fashionable confectioner, at the conclusion of a hunt wherein he had risked his tongue as well as his neck.

"Very 'ot, is he?" said a bystander; "then you'd better hicc him."

"Pray, sir," asked a cross-eyed youth, who ran down by the train to look at the sea; "pray, sir, is it 'igh water 'ere?"

"Yes, young gentleman, it is eye-water," growled Mr. Respirator, "and I advise you to use some of it to cure your squint."

In the weekly rotation of our bill of fare at Mr. Mashup's boarding-school, Friday was the day dedicated to pies and hashes. Though the pie and the hash smelt and tasted exactly the same still pie was the almost universal favourite. To be sure, you got a slice of crust (a good thick one) to boot; but that was not the reason of the preference. The secret motive lay in the chance you had of recovering the pie bones which you had marked with your knife during the previous week. There was

the excitement of a lottery in asking for pie. The attention of the boys on your right and left was riveted on your plate to see whether you had drawn a prize or a blank. Still there were a few cold-blooded and backward boys for whom betting on the resurrection of bones had but feeble charms as a means of sport. One Friday, Mrs. Mashup was carving away. "Which do you choose, Tucketin, — pie or hash?"

"'Ash, mem, please," said Tucketin, unwittingly.

"Ash! — ash! What do you mean by ash? There is no such thing as ash in Mr. Mashup's establishment. You deserve a good ash-stick on your back; and I shall report the shocking expression immediately after dinner, master Tucketin."

Now, Mr. Mashup, before turning schoolmaster — all schoolmasters have turned from something else, which they couldn't get on with elsewhere — had been a country actor, in which glorified state he had smitten Mrs. M.'s heart. Tradition reported him to have appeared on the stage in the shape of a walking gentleman; calumny insinuated that he was only a stick — an upright bit of wood with a round knob at the top. Never mind that: he had been an actor; he read well himself, and he made us read and speak distinctly and accurately. Mrs. M.'s pun told, and so did her denunciation. We had no more 'ash from that day forward;



though we had plenty of hashes, and pies, and bones, which bore the tokens of auld lang syne.

John Kemble astonished Covent Garden pit, by insisting on completing the metre of a Shaksperian line by pronouncing the word aches — pains, as if it had been h's. The amount of ear-ache caused by the letter h, both by its absence and its un-called-for intrusion, between that time and this, is incalculable. But, as the toad, ugly and venomous, bears yet a precious jewel in her head, so have I known the misdemeanours of a letter, productive of beneficial and sanitary effects. A lady in a depressed and exhausted state of health, after the doctors had shaken their heads, was recommended as a remedy by her good old nurse, to walk out in the garden "to take the morning hair, and then to come in and heat a hegg for breakfast." Nurse's vowels were no more irreproachable than her consonants; and in her broad pronunciation the hegg was converted into a hag. Nevertheless, she insisted on her prescription being followed; and the patient recovered, partly from its material influence, but mainly from the moral stimulus imparted by the fun of first swallowing a wig (taking the hair), and then boiling a witch (or heating a hag).

A respectable tradesman, from London, had transplanted himself, and had taken root in a populous provincial town, where

he largely manufactured, advertised, puffed, and sold, matchless anti-eructative sausages. The sausages were good, and were anti-eruc —. Mr. Greentree's friends guessed that he put a little chalk and magnesia into them, himself talked grandly of an antibilious receipt, which he had purchased of a court physician at a ruinous outlay. His morning toil of compounding mincemeat was solaced every evening by the sweet converse of the porter-room hard by, where Mr. G. was rather looked up to than otherwise. During the day, the sausage-chopping machine did its work, as right as the mail; and as punctually as the cathedral clock struck seven, entered Mr. Greentree, to unbend his bow and wet his whistle. One summer evening, at half-past seven, no G.; at a quarter to eight, still no G. At five minutes to eight, in rushed G's ghost, pale, trembling, perspiring, and faint. He called for a pot of porter, to save his life.

"What is the matter?" sung the company, in unison.

"O!" panted Greentree, redivivus a little; "I vent hout to take a valk; and before I could get 'ome again, I was tossed into an A-field, over an 'olly edge, by an 'orrid cow."

Not all the virtues of his sausages could earn for poor Greentree a grain of condolence.

Be not deceived, therefore, ye who suicidally murder your mother-tongue; your crime acts



as a neutraliser to all your respectability, and throws a wet blanket over your every talent and your every virtue. In vain will you drive your carriage-and-pair, if you talk loudly about your pheayton, which you bought from seeing a hadvertzement in the 'Times; your temperance will be unavailing to edify your neighbours, if you make tea either with a kittle or a hurn; your philanthropy will be only mocked at, if you profess that you are not crule-earted; your fortune will be scorned, when you reelize it; you will travel in vain, if your hobject is to wisit the Watican, and hadmire the Hantinous. Your darling boys and girls, though ever so smartly dressed, will fruitlessly invite their play-fellows to spend the evening, if they state that they must go 'ome to the 'ouse, to 'ave dessert with their parr and their marr.

Surely, when we have only six-and-twenty letters to manage, the task is not so herculean to set each its proper work to do, and to keep them all in their proper places. If we had five-and-thirty, like the Russians, we might claim a little excuse for occasional misdirections. People who will not mould their throat and tongue to give the sounds of h and r, should be condemned to |short commons till they can pronounce the Slavonic letter *и*, or chtcha; or they might like to take to the study of Chinese, a language whose words show no indication of number, gender, case, declen-

sion, or conjugation, but which is not a bit the easier for that. One European dialect (the Venetian) would exactly suit the vocal organs of our indolent talkers: it cuts out all the consonants, and leaves only the vowels. A discussion between a couple of gondoliers is a flood of a, e, i, o, u, in inconceivable permutations and combinations. Goldoni, who wrote comedies in this well-battered tongue, uses "siora mare," for "signora madre," and "fia mia" for "figlia mia." It appears that an experiment in Venetian English is to be tried in a forthcoming Adelphi farce, in which Mr. and Mrs. Malaprop and all the little Malaprops are to give a lesson in polished delivery and correct forms of address, which is sure to be received with screams of approbation.

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### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

It is true that the waters of the Canal St. Martin, which runs through the Old Marais, at Paris, are neither of the skyeyest blue, nor of the most pellucid emerald; that no gondola glides over them; and that no gay gondolier wakes the heart with his merry song; — it is true, moreover, that the Canal St. Martin is used, as we use the Thames, for an open-air drain; that it is made the receptacle of the waste waters of dyers, gas-makers, chemical manufacturers, soap-boi-



lers, and tanners; that barges of every degree and fashion, pass and repass along it continually; that a population of a nondescript character — neither landsmen nor watermen; neither citizens nor boors — dwell on its surface or swarm upon its banks, clad in heavy dirty habiliments, hustling one another about, and shouting furiously; and that sometimes a wall of fog barricades the houses on one side of the quay, from the view of the houses on the other.

I came to Paris very young, passed my apprenticeship here, and am now foreman in one of the manufactories which convert my favourite canal into a Styx. Number twenty-seven Rue Ménilmontant is a corner house, facing, on one side, the street of that name; on the other is the quay. For eight years I have lived in an apartment commanding both views.

Opposite number twenty-seven is number twenty-six, for the streets in Paris are wisely distinguished by the odd numbers on one side and the even numbers on the other; and in the troisième étage of that house, and in every way corresponding with my apartment in number twenty-seven, is the abode of M. Jules Gigot, a retired butcher. His family, when I first knew him, consisted of his wife, two daughters and a black and white plethoric spaniel, called Eda. M. Gigot possessed qualities surprisingly agreeable and sterling.

He had taken a prominent part in the political movements of 'forty-eight, both as an orator and a fusileer; and, on the occasion of the first grand national election, was within an ace of being returned a representative of the people. His souvenirs of these events formed a perpetual topic of conversation with him. He was, in every sense of the word, a good fellow. He had a large head, large hands, large heart, large stomach, and a deep double chin. Madame Gigot was of the same noble proportions as her husband; but a habit, early contracted, of counting up centimes behind the counter had somewhat sharpened her naturally benevolent disposition, and had angularised her chin and cheekbones. Julie, the eldest daughter, was a modest, (I am speaking of four or five years ago), sensible brunette, short in stature. Georgette, on the contrary, was what is called a fine girl — tall, fair, and infinitely animated; with features rendered radiant by a couple of large light laughing eyes. They both played prettily on the piano, and sang as prettily little French sentimental songs and duets.

In less than three months, I was installed a legitimate friend of the family. I went in when I liked, dined there when I liked, accompanied them to the theatre, visited the Bois de Vincennes, Charenton, Joinville, St. Maur, whenever there was a jour de fête to be passed in that direction. In



the evening I played at piquet with the old man, or dominoes with madame. There was no one of their acquaintance who could approach me in my relations with this excellent family, unless it were Antoine, a fellow-workman: who had, indeed, introduced me to the Gigots. He was a little my senior, and had drawn a good number at the conscription of 'forty-seven. But if he enjoyed similar privileges with myself, he made use of them less; and rarely entered into very familiar conversation with either the father, the mother, Julie, or Georgette. His favourite at first seemed to be Eda. This was attributed to a habit of reserve.

Julie, when I first saw her, was scarcely seventeen. But seventeen in Paris does not mean the same as seventeen in London. The peaches of Provence ripen earlier than the peaches of Chaumur; and though Julie would be young for our cold climate, in reality she had acquired all the habit and the finish of a young lady of twenty. She was gay, though reserved; calm, yet capable of great excitement. Occasionally her dark eyes shot from beneath their long lashes glances of fire; whilst at other times, her raven hair, clustering tranquilly in ringlets over her shoulders, and a soft smile playing upon her bright lips, gave her the appearance of a gentle being, whom it was scarcely possible to rouse into deeper feeling than belongs to a child of ten.

I have often stood at my windows in number twenty-seven, to see if Julie would appear at hers in number twenty-six, or in any way make herself visible. Even the factory-bell, which might be heard a mile beyond where I lived, hardly aroused me from my vigils. Night and day I had Julie's image in my head, and night and day I asked myself, in the name of common-sense, how it had got there? I would and I would not get rid of it. My admiration humbled me. I argued with myself perpetually, I had no right to aspire to her hand. It is true that her parents were not above me in their social position. They had retired from business, and were living on the fruits of their honest labours. I was beginning as they had begun, and might I not leave off as they had left off?

Two years elapsed before I could gain sufficient courage to regard the matter in a sensible point of view, and believe that M. and Madame Gigot were not on the look-out, either for a coronet or a plum for their eldest daughter. Having, therefore, laid aside this enemy, I took unto myself another — the demon Jealousy. I became a self-tormentor. This arose, too, from the playful, satirical conduct of the girl herself. I could not understand her; felt annoyed, and, therefore, charitably placed the worst construction I could upon her manner. She appeared warm in her welcome one night, cold



the next, so that I could not help naming her the vilest of coquettes. Any slight failing that I exhibited was made the most of to create a moment's mirth, or display a little wit. Antoine was not so frequent a visitor to the family as myself, but when he came, although he was always reserved and shy, I fancied the father and mother lavished upon him more attention than they did on me, and that Julie made it a special occasion for redoubling her pleasantries against me. If there were a dance, I perceived that he engaged so many times Julie as a partner, and also Georgette so many times. This I conceived to be simply a ruse to disarm suspicion. Yet he and I were always on friendly terms at the factory.

I burnt with a desire to bring matters to a close, but was blinded by a foolish diffidence from perceiving her real sentiments towards me, till the summer of 'fifty-one. Then it was that matters were hurried to a crisis, yet in a way by no means devoutly to be wished for. The fourth of August was the anniversary of Julie's fête: I was determined to make such a demonstration on the occasion as should reveal the strength and nature of my feelings towards her, and if possible obtain some clue to hers towards me. Why had I not done so before? I feared the result. To have popped the question and have

met with a refusal, would have crushed my hopes for ever. No appeal could have been made from such a decision. The barrier to happiness would have been shut irrevocably. As long as I was silent, the course was still open, and this bare chance seemed to me at times a state of paradise. I could endure it better than risk the future at a single throw. Like the gambler who holds the die for an indefinite time in his trembling hand, knowing that when it descends his fortune will be decided for ever, I stood and hesitated. However, the morning for action came, and the occasion seemed a legitimate one. I purchased a trifle — a gold cross — and procured an elegant bouquet, the usual present. I had determined that the manner in which Julie should receive my bijou should be the test how far I might hope, or how far I ought to fear.

Early the next morning, I was hastening across the street. It was not eight o'clock. On mounting the staircase, I met Antoine descending, and whistling incautiously the *Marseillaise*.

"Bon jour, mon ami," he said gaily, as we passed each other.

I scarcely replied to his salute. My head was too much pre-occupied with the task I had set myself; and besides, I fear, a feeling of jealousy arose that even flashed across me at the mo-



ment, for I remember that I trembled, and my heart sank suddenly within me. However, I rushed. I entered the room. Julie was alone. *Quel bonheur!* I went up to her to offer my tribute of—what? Would that I could have called it friendship. She held in her hand a bouquet of white roses. Yes, every one was white as the untrodden snow. Not a stain, not a speck, not a defect of any kind marred their perfect beauty. She was eyeing them with evident pleasure, and when she looked up at me as I advanced into the room, the brilliant glance she gave me turned my blood as it were into a stream of burning lava. My cheeks glowed with fire.

“Look!” she said, it seemed with an air of triumph, “what Antoine has brought” —

“‘Sdeath!” I cried, dashing my nosegay on the floor, and trampling on it. “Be it so; take his gifts, if they be then so preferable!” and with these words rushed out of the room, descended the staircase, and left the house.

I wandered along the banks of the canal. I ought to have been at work, but thoughts of work had entirely abandoned me. Mid-day found me in a state of misery. By this time reason had taken the place of passion. I began to reflect that I had acted, under any circumstances, in a most unjustifiable, a most Quixotic manner; that I had exhibited myself to Julie in a character that, what-

ever might have been my former hopes, must now extinguish them for ever. If she regarded my conduct as an expression of attachment, what could she think of a person who put such small restraint upon himself as to imitate rather the tricks and antics of a monkey than the reasonable behaviour of a human being! I felt, too, that I had perhaps allowed my feelings to carry me beyond what the actual circumstances of the case merited. It might be, after all, that the bouquet of Antoine was only the expression of a friendly sentiment, and, that being the case, how absurd, how worse than absurd, must I appear henceforth to the whole Gigot family. I had been my own undoer. It was late in the afternoon ere my senses really assumed their proper place. Then I tried to convince myself that Julie would not think my conduct so absurd as I did myself, — in fact, that I had made an exaggeration of it in a moment of perverted feeling; and that an explanation and an apology would set all to rights. I remembered, too, the touchstone I carried in my pocket. In the morning it was to have been the test of her regard for me; could I not now make it a talisman to regain my peace with her in the evening; the thought came across me like a flash of sunshine. My hopes sprung up fresh again; I resolved, therefore, to return and spend the rest of the day at M. Gigot's as though nothing had



happened. Circumstances served to conspire in my favour. No one was in the room at the time of my trampling the flowers under foot, and I felt assured that if Julie loved, she would conceal the heroic exploit from her parents. There was to be a *soirée*, too, given in honour of Julie's birthday; I could, therefore, more easily obtain an opportunity of apologising and explaining. I followed, therefore, the impulse of the moment, and regained the Rue Ménilmontant, just as the moon was breaking through the clouds to the east of Belleville.

As I mounted the stairs to my apartment, the concierge called me back to put a letter into my hand. I glanced at it. It was from the *père Gigot*. In a moment all my bright anticipations of peace fled, and my worst fears came back upon me like a flood. I stood trembling and hesitating before venturing to ascend to my room or open the letter. At length I did both. It was as I expected. The note referred to my conduct that morning. The style was cold, the writing irregular and hurried, as if penned by a hand shaken by passion or excitement. It forbade me the house, until a satisfactory explanation had been entered into. There would perhaps have been no great difficulty in this, had I been calm. An explanation was what I had intended to give, backed by a sincere apology. But no one is always in his right senses, and mine had been wofully put to flight that day. The character too of Julie did not derive any new lustre in my eyes from what I could not help regarding as the treachery she had been guilty of. I took this letter to be an unequivocal proof that she had played the part of an informer against me, and therefore could have neither affection nor respect for me.

I threw myself down upon the divan, buried my face in my hands, and gave full vent to my crushed feelings. And then, cruel mockery! I went to the window, where I had so often watched, to catch a glimpse of Julie. I know not what strange fascination, what powerful spell dragged me to it. I drew aside the curtain. The windows on the opposite side were brightly lighted. Shadows passed and repassed upon the blinds like figures in a puppet-show, and I fancied I could hear the music and the laughter. Occasionally a person whom I instantly recognised came to the door below, rang the bell, and ascended. Then, by the movement of the shadows, I could tell that there was a bustle and a stir as he entered. But where was I—I, who for several years had never failed on such an occasion?

The last of the visitors I saw enter was M. Griffe, a pettifogging lawyer with whom I had some not very agreeable relations, he in fact holding against me a bond which I had obligingly



signed to accommodate a friend, and which in due course of time neither of us had the ability to discharge. M. Griffe's leniency towards me was the result of my friendship with the Gigot family; but I never liked — never trusted him. Whether it was the relation in which we stood to one another, or that I could see more deeply into him than my friends, I know not. As I saw him now enter, with his wife and son, the house of M. Gigot, I felt this antagonistic feeling in fuller force than ever, and I turned away from the window in very loathing for the man.

I paced up and down the room; I stole towards the window; I sat down on a chair; I buried my face in my hands. Nothing would do; one long deep heavy aching seemed gnawing at my heart.

After upwards of an hour and a half, I heard a step approach my door; a knock was given, and, without waiting an answer to the signal, a person entered. I recognised by the moonlight — for I had not arranged my lamp — that it was M. Griffe. My first idea was that he had come, a messenger of reconciliation, to hear my explanation and act as mediator. He quickly undeceived me. I was about to light a candle.

"You may spare yourself that trouble and expense," he began, in a dry caustic tone; "the object of my visit is short and simple. Should the money which is due to

me from you on the bond be not paid by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, the arrest I hold against you will be put in execution; and" — he said this as he stood before the door and the landing-place — "you shall not come out of prison till you have paid the last centime."

Had this friendly admonition been given at an earlier period — say, the day before — it would have produced a different effect. But when we are busy about a very large calamity, we have no time to think of minor misfortunes. The thunderbolt M. Griffe had launched fell harmlessly upon me. Rather it was a diversion, a relief. It set my brain — my busy toiling foolish brain at work; and before an hour was over, I had matured another plan which might bear the palm away from any I had that day executed, for stupidity and want of common sense.

I had not eaten since the morning, nor did the desire of eating oppress me. I felt faint, but not from the want of food; so once more I threw myself upon the divan, determined to wait patiently till morning came, that I might carry my resolve into execution. Accordingly, at ten o'clock on the morrow, I arrived at the office of M. Griffe. That complacent gentleman was at his desk.

"Ah! ah! you are come, then — you want the bill, I suppose?" he said, in half-alarmed, half-disappointed tone



"No;" I replied, shortly. "I have not a sou in the world."

"But your friend, M. Gigot?"

As he uttered this, his whole being changed. He thrust his long lanky fingers into his waistcoat pocket, leant back upon the chimney-piece, and gave a malicious chuckle with his throat. There was irony in his whole manner and voice. I felt he intended to insult me; and for an instant meditated a violent assault upon his person. Probably he had himself some suspicion that he had roused the demon within me, for he escaped into a side bureau, and whilst apparently rummaging for papers, sent his clerk into the room where I was.

"I am come to deliver myself up," I remarked, on his reappearance — for I had allowed my thoughts of sweet revenge to cool down. "I have no intention, and no wish to pay a single centime, and you may proceed with me, on these grounds, before the juge de paix."

"That goes well," he replied. "There will be no serious delay. Will you have a cab, or shall we walk?" All this was said with the affected amiability of one friend obliging another.

The Rue de Clichy is a long street leading up from the neighbourhood of the Boulevards to the heights of Montmartre; but is, moreover, celebrated as containing a prison for debtors. To this locality I was in due time conducted, although not so spee-

dily as I desired, for there were many little obstacles in the way — obstacles which had been raised in favour of debtors who were not so willing as myself to obtain a lodging at the public expense; and these could not be set aside without admitting frightful precedents; and many an error, by the same example, might rush into the state. However, before evening, I had undergone a full-length examination, by our lean-faced warden, and was recognised as a member of his august family.

It is not my intention to give the order of the day at the Prison de Clichy. It is enough for me to say that a week — a long, dreary, seven-day week, in which every hour seemed to move with a drag on each foot — passed away. Nor will I weary my readers with details of what reflections I made during these leisure moments on the absurdity of my conduct, of the strange obstinacy with which I resolved to remain absurd. Suffice it to say, that in my more wicked moments I thought my sudden disappearance would create consternation and alarm in the breast of M. Gigot and family; and that this strange revenge savoured of consolation.

The eighth day arrived, and nearly every one except myself was waiting impatiently for the clock to strike the signal of admission to a crowd of mothers, and sisters, and wives, and brothers, and friends and relations,



who were outside, anxious to come in, and cheer, or at least lighten, the life of those incarcerated. There were some, however, who had waited till the heart grew sick with expectation, till its very strings had ceased to vibrate to the impulses of the outer world, and who had sunk down into an apathetic state in which neither hopings nor longings found a place. I was talking to such an one, who had been an inhabitant of the prison for years, and who never troubled his repose with the idea of release, when I was startled by a lusty voice behind me.

"The scoundrel Griffe!" it exclaimed, and at the same moment a hard palpable substance weighed heavily on my shoulders. It was the hand of the père Gigot.

"Why did you not send to us? What is this all about? That villanous Griffe (this was said with a clenched fist) — let me know the truth — I will have nothing more to do with him." And a flood of questions followed, which it was impossible to reply to for the flood of exclamations that overtook them.

When M. Gigot had sufficiently exhausted himself to be for an instant calm, he explained to me, that it was only late the evening before that they (for Antoine was with him) had learnt where I was; that he and the whole family had been in the greatest distress about me; that he loved me better than a son; that there was nothing that he would not do for

me; that he only wished to know if I really did owe that rascally Griffe the money, to release me at once from my confinement.

A man must be in a most dismal state of mind who could feel unmoved by, or would dare to resist, such a torrent of generosity. I felt foolish, to say the least of it, and would willingly have found a corner wherein to hide my diminished head, could I have found it. Shame and confusion of face overwhelmed me; and it was with difficulty that I could respond to these fine sentiments of M. Gigot, and confess the right of M. Griffe to five hundred of my francs. No sooner, however, had I done so, than my worthy friend was off at a tangent. I should not remain there an hour, he exclaimed, and vanished through the doorway.

Meanwhile Antoine remained, and gave a history of the week. He spoke it out plainly. "It appears," he said, "that you had offended the Gigots; but how, I don't know. They say so; and that is, I understand, the reason you were not at the dance on Julie's birthday. When it was found that you had been absent that day from the atelier, and the next, and the next, and that you were not at your own rooms, but that everything was found there in its proper order and disposition, it was noised abroad, that you had made away with yourself. The père Gigot knew not how to restrain himself. He declared that it was all his fault.



The mère Gigot tried to console him the best way she could. Julie was always in tears, and Georgette, I fear — but no matter. Persons were sent to watch at the Morgue, and information given to the police; and it was not till late last night that we knew where you were, and that you were detained by means of Griffe. The père Gigot has been in a restless state ever since. It was impossible to get at you last night, and this morning we had to wait three-quarters of an hour —”

“And a mighty deal can be done in three-quarters of an hour, when one is determined,” quoth the same sturdy benevolent voice that had once before startled me that morning. “It is not three-quarters of an hour since I left, and in the meantime I have paid that scamp Griffe, given him his congé, and liberated a friend,” continued M. Gigot, giving me a grasp of the hand that at any other time would have made me wince from such amiable demonstrations. “Not a moment must be lost,” said this worthy father, dragging me off almost unconsciously; for, it must be confessed, I was still stupified with shame. “Madame Gigot is waiting breakfast for us, and she does not love to have her hours interfered with.”

In less than half an hour, we were at the Rue Ménilmontant. It did not take long to explain and apologise. It appeared that M. Gigot, in the first heat of his

indignation against me, had made a confidant of M. Griffe, and related the whole affair of that morning, which especial performance I found had been witnessed by Madame Gigot through a small open room that escaped my notice. Griffe had seen through the action, had got me out of the way, and a day or two afterwards had come to make a formal proposal of the hand of Julie for his son. Gigot would not hear of it, though Madame Gigot thought it would not be so bad a match. Julie was astounded; and before any of them had time to appreciate M. Griffe's proposition, news came of my disappearance. A re-action took place in my favour. The rest is known.

The path I found sufficiently smooth for a rapid advance. That afternoon I brought matters to a crisis. Spare me, my gentle readers, the description of an event upon which hang often the destinies of our life, and which but too often takes place in the most awkward, not to say ridiculous, manner. I will only say, that I presented Julie with the cross that was to have had such wonderful powers eight or ten days before, — not, however, as a plummet to sound her sentiments towards me, but as a first offering of affection after we were engaged.

That very night, too, Antoine came to my apartment to ask my opinion of Georgette. I gave it to him frankly.



"If she had not a sister, I would have married her myself."

"That is just what I want to do," said he, interrupting me. "But what do you think old Gigot would say if I proposed" —

"Why what he has always said, that you are an honest hardworking fellow, have good stout principles, will do well in the world if you persevere steadily, and" —

"And will you come over with me this evening; you can help me." I understood him.

"It is dangerous for a third person to interfere," I said; "but what does Georgette say?"

"She is content."

"Bah! then the old governor is not one to thwart his daughter's wishes. I give you joy of your enterprise. Put on your hat and let us go across."

We did so; and that same night it was arranged that Antoine and Georgette should be married on the same day as Julie and I. We chose the fourteenth of February; and if the day on which one is married can influence the future destinies of a man, I advise all who aspire to be happy husbands to select that day.

## POPE'S SIR JOHN CUTLER.

IN the Church of St. Margaret's, Westminster — that church immediately adjoining the north side of Westminster Abbey, wherein Fast-day sermons are

still preached to the collective wisdom of the House of Commons — lies Sir John Cutler, Knight and Baronet, citizen and grocer of London; whom, in his eighty-fifth year, Heaven was pleased to remove from a further pursuit of money-making, on the fifteenth day of April, sixteen hundred and ninety-three. The stone which covers his grave is uninscribed, and the precise place which holds his body is unknown to either sexton or pew-opener.

In the hall of the Company of Grocers of the city of London — a fine hall still dedicated to good dinners — is a full-length portrait of the aforesaid Sir John Cutler, Knight and Baronet, together with his statue, — drawn, cut, erected, and placed, at the expense of the Grocers' Company, in the life-time of the said Sir John; and repaired and renewed by the court of assistants of the company, some of whom are still alive to do full justice to the dinners of the aforesaid company.

In what was once the College of Physicians in Warwick Lane, was to be seen, while Cutler was still alive, a portrait-statue of the city grocer, with this inscription: —

*Omnis Cutleri cedat Labor Amphitheatro.*

Both statue and inscription were erected and cut at the expense of the fellows of the college, and the building itself was known by the nick-name of Cutler's College.



Cutler promised more than he gave, and the too grateful fellows resented their ill-usage by obliterating the inscription, though they suffered the statue to remain; and it is still to be seen in what remains of the old College of Physicians. Gratitude in advance is not very common, and, in the case of the college and Cutler, it met (if we trust the physicians) with no reward.

We first hear of the City knight and baronet in the year of the Restoration: —

In days of ease, when now the weary  
sword  
Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles  
restored.

Mr. Cutler was then in his fifty-second year, and his contributions to the needy exchequer of King Charles the Second were such that he was made a knight and baronet by the king in the first year of his return. He was at that time possessed of the advowson of the living of Deptford, and the "good" Mr. Evelyn spoke to him about presenting a fit pastor to his parish church.

Our next information relating to the citizen and grocer is derived from Mr. Pepys. The Clerk of the Acts met Sir John at a coffee-house, where his discourse was well worth hearing, "and where he did fully make out that the trade of England is as great as ever it was — only in more hands; and that, of all trades, there is a greater number than ever there was, by reason of men's taking more 'prentices."

Here we see the sensible merchant: his remaining entries reveal the observing and the worldly-wise man. A year later Pepys met him again at a coffee-house, and among other things heard Sir John Cutler say, "that of his own experience, in time of thunder, so many barrels of beer as have a piece of iron laid upon them will not be soured, and the others will." Mr. Pepys's next entry stands thus: — "To Sir R. Ford's, where Sir Richard Browne, and here, by discourse, I find they greatly cry out against the choice of Sir John Cutler to be treasurer of Paul's, upon condition that he gives fifteen hundred pounds towards it; and it seems he did give it upon condition that he might be treasurer for the work, which they say will be worth three times as much money, and talk as if his being chosen to the office will make people backward to give; but I think him as likely a man as either of them, and better." The work to which Sir John was to be chosen treasurer, thus conditionally, was the restoration of the Cathedral Church of London, which was interrupted by the revolution.

Through what particular channel of trade Sir John amassed his money no one has told us. After the accumulation of wealth, his next ambition seems to have been a West-end connection, with a view, no doubt, to mortgages and loans, on sound security. In his time the offices of sheriff of



London and lord mayor were highly-coveted posts, — held by the Barings and Jones Loyds, of London. Yet Cutler had no liking for such honours; they were expensive, and the sage Sir John was fined for not becoming either sheriff or alderman.

Among the courtiers of Whitehall, to whom his wealth and habits of business introduced him, was the second and last Duke of Buckingham of the Villiers family, whose character is drawn by the master-hand of Dryden, and whose death-bed is so forcibly depicted by Pope. The duke was needy and lavish, the knight and baronet was rich, covetous, and miserly. The duke's end is said to have been foretold by Cutler: —

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could fore-  
see,  
And well (he thought) advised him, "Live  
like me."  
As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir  
John;  
That I can do when all I have is gone."

A happy reply from a prodigal to a miser. But which shall we prefer?

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is  
worse,  
Want with a full, or with an empty  
purse?  
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was con-  
fess'd;  
Arise and tell me was thy death more  
bless'd?  
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses  
fall;  
For very want he could not build a wall.  
His only daughter in a stranger's power,  
For very want; he could not pay a dower.  
A few grey hairs his reverend temples  
crown'd;

'Twas very want that sold them for two  
pound.

What, e'en denied a cordial at his end,  
Banish'd the doctor and expell'd the  
friend?

What but a want, which you perhaps  
think mad,

Yet numbers feel, the want of what he  
had!

Cutler and Brutus dying both exclaim  
"Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a  
name?"

This celebrated description is, it is said, a libel. Sir John was, it is now alleged, anything but mean. Nay, that he was liberal in building matters. The great parlour and entertaining-room of the Grocers' Company in the Poultry, was built, we are told, at his expense, after the Fire of London. Part of the College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane, was erected (so liveried grocers allege) at his cost. The north gallery of the church in which he is buried was rebuilt, for the benefit of the poor, at his expense. The poor of Westminster are still relieved by his legacy to the parish. His will contains legacies to his servants and their children, with directions to his executor to distribute two thousand pounds among such of his friends or relations as his executor shall imagine that he had neglected or forgotten in his will. Instead of an only daughter, he had two daughters; one married to Sir William Portman, Baronet, to whom he gave a portion of thirty thousand pounds; the other, to Charles Bodville Robartes, Viscount Bodmin and Earl of Radnor, to whom, on her mar-



riage, he is said to have given the house and estate of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, equal, at least, to thirty thousand pounds.

Such are the facts recently ad-duced by Mr. Heath the pains-taking historian of the Grocers' Company, who calls upon us to disbelieve the poet, and trust the historian. But Cutler's character for avarice does not solely rest on Pope's picture of his life and death. Dr. Arbuthnot has preserved a striking instance of his parsimony. Sir John Cutler, he tells us, had a pair of black worsted silk stockings which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings! Wycherley, who was his contemporary, and might have been his creditor, has addressed a copy of verses to him, called *The Praise of Avarice*, in which he sarcastically alludes to the scurrilous jests that accompany every mention of his name:—

Live on then, Cutler, in despite of fame  
That gives each quality a bastard name.  
Fools only can thy frugal life despise,  
Thy heirs will call thy conduct just and wise.

Other proofs of his avarice might be afforded. The most remarkable has escaped Mr. Heath's researches. The witty Earl of Chesterfield amused his old age by composing characters and dialogues. One of the best is a dialogue in the other world, between Cutler and the Duke of Buckingham. "How," asks Cutler, "did your grace enjoy the worst bed

in the worst inn in Yorkshire, when you died? At least *I* died in my own house." To which the Duke replies: "I do not doubt it; for nothing could live in your house." — "If I denied myself anything, it was to make my only daughter a great fortune," observes the sage; to which, more pertinently, the Duke rejoins: "A true miser, like a true poet, must be born such; no accident can make either." Other queries and replies are equally to the point:

*The Duke.* I was myself an idle squanderer; now do you own yourself a complete miser?

*Cutler.* Will not economist satisfy your grace?

*The Duke.* By no means; were your darned stockings, patched coat, and the rags and pins which you painfully picked up in the streets, merely the effects of economy? Fie, Sir John, be franker; we are upon honour now.

*Cutler.* Well, I will own, I carried my economy too far. I had no one pleasure in life but thinking of my money, counting my money, watching my money, and increasing my money.

We are told of a miser's will that was set aside, because he had ordered twenty penny loaves to be given to the poor. A will with such a bequest could not be genuine.

Cutler, whose avarice Pope has made immortal, was twice married. Strange mistakes have, however, been committed and repeated about his wives. His first wife (we have looked into his story with more care, perhaps, than the subject deserves) was Elicia, daughter of Sir Thomas Tipping, of Wheatfield, in the



county of Oxford, Knight; so says the Baronetages and the records of the College of Arms. To which we have to add, that he was married to her in Stepney Church, in Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh of July, sixteen hundred and sixty-nine, and that he was then in his sixty-first year. His second wife was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Foot, citizen and grocer of London, Knight and Baronet, Lord Mayor of London in sixteen hundred and fifty, and one of Cromwell's peers. This Sir Thomas had four daughters, all married to knights, or baronets, or both; and his likeness (he is in his robes as Lord Mayor) is still to be seen in marble, in a standing statue, in the church of West Ham, in Essex. He was a native of Royston, in Cambridgeshire, near to Wimpole, in the same county.

Cutler died a widower, leaving only one daughter — old Tipping's grand-daughter. She was married to the earl in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, died (childless) on the thirteenth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety-six — seven; and was buried at Lanhydrock, near Bodmin, in Cornwall. Both Lady Portman (old Foot's grand-daughter) and her husband, Sir William Portman, died before Sir John Cutler. Lady Portman is buried in the Church of St. Bennet, Grasschurch. If there is truth in Pope's picture, the "only daughter" of the Moral

Essays was the Countess of Radnor. Was Pope likely to be well informed of Cutler's story or is his picture only in parts true?

Of Pope's means of information there can be no doubt. His near neighbour at Twickenham was that very Earl of Radnor, who was married to the only daughter of the miser, Sir John Cutler.

Last requests and dying wishes, what are ye but a name? Cutler, who desired, by will, that he should be buried without any sort of pomp, as near as it may be to his last wife, if he died within ten miles of London, was buried at a cost of above seven thousand six hundred and sixty pounds. It was with Cutler as with Hopkins —

When Hopkins died, a thousand lights  
attend  
The wretch — who living saved a candle's  
end.

My Lord Cromarty, after four-score, went to his country-house in Scotland, with a resolution to stay six years there, and live thriftily, in order to save up money that he might spend in London. Cutler, "sacred to ridicule his whole life long," scraped and saved to please the Grocers, disappoint the Physicians, and to descend, through the pages of Pope, immortal for his avarice.



## MISS DAVIES.

IN the fishing village of Penlanrhyndoldovey, in North Wales, I spent the very longest day of all my life; the place had several more syllables than I have written down, but I think I have given enough for practical purposes. The Tremadoc coach had dropped me there on Saturday evening, because it had begun to drizzle; but I made up my mind that the Tremadoc coach should pick me up again on Monday morning, though it should rain cats and dogs and Welsh rabbits. I made it up at breakfast-time, and kept on making it tighter all day long; for I had nothing else to do — it was a wet day, and it was a Sunday. The Leck was, I doubt not, situated in the most picturesque portion of the principality; but at this particular time it was located between two living walls of perpendicular rain. That Penallyn frowned down on it from a gigantic altitude, I took on trust from the guide-book; that the falls of Leckwymn at Pontiniog could be easily reached by a short mule-track, I credited with readiness, and only trusted that the short mule-track might not have been taken advantage of by the torrent to reach us. The village, they said, lay close behind us, and the sound of a little bell came up from it through the pauses of the storm, as the still small voice of conscience makes itself heard amidst human pas-

sions. That image suggested itself to me after seeing my landlady going to church for the second time — taking the steeple upon her head with her, I thought, — upon a couple of as comfortable legs, as far as I could see (and I saw a good way) as any Jumper in the district, leaving me alone in the house with Aprhys, her husband, and two Jenny Joneses, who could not speak one word of English. There was, at the Leck, in the way of literature, a Bradshaw, a work (selling sixty thousand daily, it said) of one of those Americanesses who have struggled in at the gate of the heaven of popularity before it could be shut after Mrs. Beecher Stowe; and a medical book upon the ear, left by a deaf tourist, the summer before last. There was, too, a single half-sheet of note-paper and a pen, the feather of which had been used in varnishing; but, after a few attempts at composition, which resulted, as they often do, in my masticating the latter instrument, I folded up the paper, and moodily devoured that also. There was one more thing to be done; but I had done it these three or four hours consecutively already; and that was to stare at the picture of Penlanrhyndoldovey, suspended over the mantelpiece. Like most views found in such places, it comprehended little of the beauty of the surrounding country; but the public buildings of the town (if it might be called so), and the har-



bour, and the little pier, were executed with apparent fidelity and exactness. The church itself, though small, was a very pretty one, with the massive grey tower, which becomes so well a mountainous district. The market-house for fish might rival that of St. Peter's, at Guernsey; and there were also two other well-built edifices, whose use I could not at all discover. When Mrs. Aprhys returned, with her rather less comfortable legs, I interrogated her on this matter. The rows of cottages, with porches and gardens, were almshouses, she said, for the widows and families of men who had been lost at sea (an accident which happened often on that dangerous coast); as pretty and pleasant places to end one's days in as one would wish to have; and, thinking that to be more in my line, perhaps, she added: "There's a bittock of Latin over the outer gateway: In memoriam, R. O., ob. eighteen hundred and twenty-five. Miss Davies built it; and the little house at the pier-head, she built that also; and night and day there were fires kept in it, and brandy, and blankets, and what not, to recover, if it might be, any of those that were found drownded."

"Dear me!" said I, coolly; for I was out of temper with Penlanrhyndoldovey, and didn't think the people much worth saving, "she must be a worthy person."

"You may say that, sir, in-

deed; and we should never have had church or market if it had not been for her."

"Bless me, my dear Mrs. Aprhys," for I was a raw bachelor at that period, and quite prepared to run the risk of matrimony for an adequate consideration, "why, this Miss Davies must be very rich?"

"No, sir, not very; for when folks spend no money on themselves, and only live for other people's good, it is surprising what may be done in thirty years."

"Thirty years," said I, little interested again. "O dear me, she must be oldish, then?"

"Well, sir, you may see her soon, and judge for yourself. I wonder she has not been here before; but she's sure to call this evening, upon her way home. She lives, with a servant or two, all alone in the cottage on the hill there."

Now I perceived that, for some reason or other, my dear landlady was in a quarter of a second or so of a good cry; so, by way of changing the conversation, I said, "And what a beautiful view she must have from it, both of land and sea."

"Ah, yes indeed," she sobbed, and the tears stole over her plump cheeks, and into the dimples about her little mouth, in a flood that only Mr. Aprhys could (with propriety) have dried up or impeded in quite the correct way. "And sad and sore sights she has seen from it, as



ever woman's eyes have borne to look upon."

"Good gracious! What a charming—I mean, what a dreadful—mystery! Pray tell it, Mrs. Ap"—But just as the tender-hearted little woman was making herself ready for a start as improvisatore, there came a knock at the door.

"Hush! it's her!" she said; and she trotted off on her comfortable legs like—metaphor fails me—like anything.

Now I am not naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind; but, as a late philosopher observed to his friend, "we must stop somewhere;" and I stopped at the parlour-door and looked through the crack. I felt conscience-smitten and rightly punished the next instant: they spoke in Welsh, and the lady was sixty, if she was a day. Yet her face had not only the remains of beauty, but a present charm and loveliness of its own. Her hair was snow-white; and her blue eyes, though far from bright, were full of tenderness and expression; her voice was as soft and musical as a girl's; and I fancied that I could discern in it that she was accustomed to speak with the sick and sorrowful; for her part, it was clear by the deep, though quiet, mourning that she wore, that she had had woes irreparable of her own; woes not recent, for a settled resignation seemed to possess her features, as if where the harrow of trouble had once passed, the seeds of

patience and benevolence had sprung up, and effaced its cruel traces.

I backed cautiously to the fireplace, and waited for the interview to be over with some eagerness; for I was getting interested, in spite of myself, in Penlan-rhyndoldovey and the house upon the hill. I beat up the cushions of the arm-chair, and placed a foot-stool for the accommodation of Mrs. Aprhys. I even put a chair for the landlord in the middle; in case "her" should be of a jealous temperament, and desire to be present. I was meditating as to what would be the correct drink for me to offer so obliging a hostess, when she appeared suddenly herself with my tea.

"Another cup, if you will be so good," said I.

So over that cosy meal she told me the story.

"It so happens," she began, "that this very day is the properest of any to tell you this sad tale. I forgot the date, which no poor soul in this village is likely to have done, but remembered it so soon as ever I saw Miss Ellen's face. She has been with the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, since early dawn, and now she is gone back to her lonely home. Though the storm has been driving down this ten hours, she has brought calm and sunlight to many a dwelling; and amongst the huts by the sea-beach, where there live men that would seem to you mere brutes,



she has carried such help and comfort, that they would risk life and limb for the sake of her. Them that the waves and winds make mock of she cares the most for, because she mourns night and day for one beneath the seas; and especially them that are lovers, the fisher lads and lassies, for whom she speaks to their parents, and makes a little golden road for true love to run smooth on — perhaps, because she once was loved herself, and loved again, and she knows what it is for two fond hearts to be sundered."

"My dear Mrs. Aprhys," I said, "I perceive this is going to be something of a love story. If you will permit me to run up-stairs for my slippers, I shall be back directly, and will not interrupt you again on any account; but, in the first place, it seems likely the tale may be a little protracted, and secondly, I have always found it impossible to appreciate sentiment in boots."

This arrangement having been completed, I nodded to my companion, who had apparently remained in deep thought during the interval, and she continued her recital in a low and feeling voice, as if soliloquising, rather than addressing another person:

"I can just remember what she was about five-and-thirty years back; but my old man could tell you of her much earlier. She lived up on the hill there with her blind father, and was as bonnie a maiden as any Snowdon

top could see. Many and many a time I've seen her lead him through the town to the market (there was no market-house then), and there the old carle would chaffer and wrangle about a penny; for he was awful miserly, and the folk always let him have his way in the end, for the young lady, they well knew, would suffer nobody to lose, but made it right at last, herself. I cannot say I ever liked the look of him; but Miss Ellen would gaze upon his white head and sightless eyes as though she were a-worshipping. I suppose there is a love which child bears to parent, and parent to child, such as I, who never knew either, can scarcely understand. Anyways, she doted upon him, and, indeed, he on her; but there are, you know, two kinds of affection — one which only cares for the happiness of its object, and the other, which looks after its own as well." (I objected to Mrs. Aprhys' putting the remark in this personal form, but gravely nodded my assent.) "She would have died to save his life, and he would have died for grief perhaps — afterwards."

"They used to sit together in the summer-time under their cottage porch, which was then, as now, a mass of round red roses, for he loved their beautiful perfume, although of course their colour was nothing to him; the lilies in the tarn close by, too, and all the wild flowers on the hillside, were lost to him; but he liked to hear the wind coming



through the treetops of the copse, and bending the feathery tops of the brook-rushes. He knew all the fairness of nature that way, he said; and perhaps she does whisper more things to the blind than she does to us; — not but that Miss Ellen was always by, to guide his finger right from east to west. She told him of the wood-crowned hill Penallyn, which the sun makes golden in the morning, and over whose shoulders rises old Snowdon's hoary head from far away; of the harbour and the pier, and the great black nets on the shingle; of the red-sailed vessels putting out to sea. They could hear, if it was a calm day, the shouts of the sailors as they heaved their anchors, the roll of their oars in the rullocks, the dip of the oar-blades and all the pleasant stir of the little town. She read aloud to him, as from an open book, all things that passed, and through her music, I warrant, they lost but little. From quite in the early morning to sunset, when the damsels would be crossing the stepping-stones that lead from the pasture meadows, each with her uplifted arm and her full pitcher, and when the mountains to westward were reddening and burning, the teacher and the taught would sit there — the girl and her blind father. Now, I don't mean to say but that poor Miss Ellen had a delight of her own in this, besides that of pleasing him. There was, indeed, one fishing-boat in Pen-

lanrhyndoldovey, which carried in her eyes a richer freight than all the rest beside; and she knew when it was on board by a little white flag. I think, too, Richard Owen, whose vessel it was, had generally a glimpse of a white handkerchief waved from the cottage on the hill when he set his red sails or furled them; and it took him, in the latter case, but a short half-hour to come from the pier to the porch of roses. It must have been a great convenience, after all, that the old gentleman who made the third of that little company was blind; and I think Aprhys would have preferred it, at one time, himself, under the like circumstances. Mr. Davies soon saw, or heard enough, at all events, to tell him those two were lovers, and he hardened his heart against them from that time. I believe that he was jealous of Richard Owen because he could see, because he was young, and because he was generous; and that he hated him because he had divided, or stolen a portion of his daughter's heart, which he wanted wholly for himself. The old man's ear was keener than that of love itself to catch young Richard's footfall, as he came over the hill; and then, upon his sightless face a shadow would fall, which Ellen could not but see. He would never speak out about it, but would mutter, 'They are waiting for my death — they wish me dead!' And she heard him, and wept bitterly. This went on for



a long time, and the poor thing hoped and hoped; but never, I think, had any intention of leaving her old father. Richard was no tardy or backward wooer, and had not much patience to be so sorely tried; and one day he spoke to her boldly in the old man's presence, telling her how she was sacrificing herself when there was no cause. 'For he can live with us,' he said, 'and be tended by you, even as now; but it is twelve long months that I have waited for you, Ellen dear, and you are no nearer to me now than at first. I shall come up to-night for your final answer, and I pray that your father's heart may be turned towards us; but else I leave the town to-morrow for good and all; and it may be, you will be sorry never to see the bonnie white flag again.'

"The old man said not a word all that time, and never let go nor ceased stroking his daughter's hand; but, when Richard was gone, he so worked upon her feelings with his piteous selfish talk, that she told him to have no further trouble for her sake. 'I will never leave thee alone and blind, my father,' she said, 'although my own Richard loves me so well.' And what a bitter struggle that must have been for her, we now know.

"When her lover came up, then, for that last time, she gave him a steadfast answer, although it nigh broke her heart, and it stirred his man's pride within him so, that he strode away

through the windy night without so much as a good-bye.

"I well remember that same evening; for he came into the Leck to bid adieu to his old friends, whom he was about to leave; and my uncle, who then kept the inn, but had been a sailor in his youth, besought him not to think to put to sea in such tempestuous weather; for the October gales had set in, and the waves swept right over the pier-head, and made the very harbour unsafe. What a fine brave young fellow I thought him, when he replied that he would sail the morrow morning, although there was no hand to be got to help him work his ship. And he did sail as soon as the day dawned; and, for all it was so early, the whole town was as near the beach as they durst go, to see him and his little crew off; and there was one, we may be sure, in the house on the hill, whose tearful sleepless eyes were fastened upon the bonnie boat more than all. She watched it for hours, as it now lay upon its side in the heaving bay, and now sank out of sight except for the white pennant (which he had nailed to the mast) that shone out against the black water, and now rose high, as if upon a mountain. She saw it grow dimmer and dimmer, in spite of the gale, and the points rounded one after the other, and nearly into the open sea; so far had the good ship got at last, though it scarcely seemed to move; but while it was beating



up opposite Hell's Mouth, and near to Bardsey Island, she lost all sight of it for that time. She saw it again the same evening, alas! for the wind and the tide brought it back to harbour, keel uppermost. She was not more than twenty or so, poor girl; but her hair turned from that hour as white as it looks now. She grew thin and pale but never let a word of complaint escape her, nor her father know how her heart had lost its hope, or her form its beauty; only once, when he attempted to condole with her, and thank her for what she had done for him, and suffered for his sake, she stopped him with a word or two in such a tone as he never dared to draw forth from her again. She tended him hour by hour, while his feet were treading the downward way, for years, and the flowers upon his grave are kept alive till now by her loving hands; but her heart is not buried, I think, with him at all, but somewhere under the deep sea with her drowned lover's.

"The old man left her very wealthy (for these parts), which I dare say he thought would make up to her for all the rest. Our town is quite another place in consequence; and, as I told you at first, the poor folk whose trade is on the great waters, she seems to consider as if they were her own children; them that are laden with the like trouble as herself especially, who have lost husband or kinsman at sea, and

for whom her almshouses were built, she visits and cares for continually; and on this day, above all — this day, thirty years ago, upon which poor Richard Owen perished, she comes to them in the morning as sure as the sun itself, and keeps his memory green amongst them by good deeds.

"And," observed Mrs. Aprhys, in conclusion, as she wiped her eyes and rose from her seat, "'tis the best way of keeping a death-day that I know, sir."

"It is, indeed, my dear madam," I said, "and I thank you very much for your affecting story. And do you think the dear old lady, poor Miss Ellen, is happy now?"

"Not like she might have been with her lover, perhaps. I have no right to say that much, with so good a man as Aprhys yonder for my husband; but happy she ought to be; for I think God must love her, and I am sure her fellow-creatures do."

I put on my slippers, which had entirely dropped off during this feeling recital, and retired to my bed. I had all kinds of pleasant dreams and angelic visions; but none came up to the reality of that dear old lady in black, Miss Davies.

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## THE OLD AND NEW SQUATTER.

THE OLD SQUATTER.

IN the year eighteen hundred and thirty-five wonderful rumours



spread themselves over the pleasant little island of Tasmania of new regions on the other side of Bass's Straits. At little more than a hundred and fifty miles distance, it was said, there spread beautiful pastures, green and fertile and beautiful woodlands, where the forest trees were so lightly and airily scattered, that the turf grew strong, and fresh, and sweet beneath them, as on the openest plains, or the fairest downs. These park-like expanses, stretching themselves for hundreds of miles in all directions, were here washed by the ocean, and here stretched at the feet of far-off blue-glancing mountains. Rivers and lively brooks wound invitingly through them, and occasional lakes gave their refreshing charm to plains of most luxurious fertility.

Certain adventurous men who had assumed the profession of whalers, it was said, had for some time haunted these elysian shores; now skirting their lofty and more thickly-forested portions, and now anchoring in secluded creeks and bays, where they varied their ocean-life by hunting the kangaroo and the emu through the lovely pastures and the pleasant evergreen woods. So charming had they found this life, that they had resolved to enjoy it continually, and had therefore built huts on the shores of a fine bay, and had stealthily carried over in their whale-boats flocks and cattle, and all that was necessary for a

jocund and plentiful Robinson Crusoe life.

But such fairylands, wherever they lie, are too alluring to remain long *terræ incognitæ*. King Arthur is supposed to have lain hidden some thousand years or more in the Isle of Avalon, waiting for the day when it shall be necessary to turn out and save his country, and as said country appears yet very able to save itself, he may, with our consent and that of posterity, probably stay there another thousand. But that is the only instance in which a man can keep such a desirable country to himself. Little Tasmania having been only inhabited by the white man about thirty years, was already become glutted with his flocks and herds. Fertile as were the valleys of Van Diemen's Land, a great portion of the island was occupied by wild, rugged mountains, and still more by dense and often barren forests. In these thirty years of European possession the population had reached the sum of forty thousand, of whom no less than seventeen thousand were England's expatriated criminals. The little more than twenty thousand free men already found themselves masters of eight hundred thousand sheep, which were palpably becoming too many for the capabilities of the pasturage, especially in summer, when the grass was scorched, and, as it were, dead.

The news of the new regions of fertility and boundlessness, on



the other side, as the phrase became and remains, were, therefore, listened to with avidity. Not only did individuals hasten to get over, but companies were formed, to purchase vessels, and large tracts of country from the natives, when they had reached the promised land. First and foremost amongst these adventurers were John Pascoe Fawkner and his associates, who, procuring a ship from Sydney, steered across with their cattle and people from the heads of the Tamar in Van Diemen's Land to the present bay and site of Port Phillip.

But the spirit of enterprise was awake, thousands were on fire to expand themselves over limitless regions of fertility; the cry of the whole island was, tomorrow to fresh fields and pastures new; and others had contrived to outstrip the Fawkner party. As their vessel bearing, as they supposed, the nucleus of a new colony, made its way up the spacious bay of Port Phillip, a man descended from an eminence, now called Indented Head, and warned away those who had hoped to be the first patriarchs of the soil. This was one John Batman, who, with a company of fifteen others, including a Mr. Gellibrand — an eminent lawyer of Van Diemen's Land, destined to perish by the tomahawks of the natives, and give his name to several hills in the new country — had not only outstripped Fawkner, but had

purchased a tract of six hundred thousand acres of the natives.

Thus he came down on the people of the little ship *Enterprise*, not only as a prior arrival, but as a proprietor of the ground. But John Fawkner, who was destined to cut a much greater figure in the new country than Batman of the Indented Head, sailed coolly up the bay, and planted his standard on a rising ground at its head, and near the mouth of a pleasant river. Here, disregarding the aboriginal claims of Batman, he built the first hut, opened the first inn, ploughed up the first ground, issued the first newspaper — a manuscript one — and became the founder, if not of the colony, as he yet styles himself, the undoubted founder of Melbourne. The Messrs. Henty, a year or more before, had established themselves as the first settlers at Portland Bay, Batman had established himself at Indented Head, but neither of these were to become the capital of the new *El Dorada*; Melbourne was to be its Rome, and John Fawkner its Romulus.

Of the strifes and rivalries of the new pastoral invaders, — how John Batman came indignantly and sate himself down face to face with the equally indignant but imperturbable Fawkner, on that pleasant round hill still called Batman's Hill; how the British government, claiming to have a much better title to the land than the natives, the all-prevailing one of



He shall take who has the power,  
And he shall keep who can,

disallowed Batman's purchase from the wild tribes; how Batman dwindled and Fawkner grew, till he became, and remains to this day, a conspicuous member of the legislative council, and has seen his settlement expand in twenty years from a knot of six individuals to a city of ninety thousand inhabitants;—all these wonders are to be found written at length in the chronicles of Victoria.

Amongst the tribes of adventurers who followed in the wake of Fawkner and Batman as circumstances permitted, we shall select one group, and follow it as descriptive of the fortunes of the many. The group consisted of three men; a tall, active young fellow of not more than thirty years of age, accompanied by two sturdy, rough-looking louts of considerably maturer years. Tom Scott, the leader of the party, had the air of a clever young farmer. He was full six feet in height, of a fair, fresh-coloured complexion, with brown hair, and a brown somewhat thin beard, kept short but unshaven. His face was inclined to the oval, his nose good and straight, his eye clear and intelligent, his frame muscular, but remarkably light and active. He was quick in his movements, decisive in his manner, and seemed to possess the most absolute influence over the two heavy but resolute-looking fellows who accompanied

him. Tom Scott was mounted on a leanish, wiry black mare, and wore one of those stout cabbage-tree hats resembling straw, which were already exported from Sydney, a shooting-coat of coarse grey cloth, and stout leather gaiters, all somewhat dashed by exposure to weather and the woods. Before him, rolled up tight, he carried a blanket to wrap himself at night, and his two companions bore on their backs a similar roll, with sundry tins, axes, and knives hanging from their belts. Every man carried his gun, that of Tom Scott being slung on his back, while a brace of large pistols showed themselves at his side.

These men drove before them what would there be called a little flock of six hundred sheep. They had made the whole cargo of one ship, some eight or ten of which vessels were bringing over from thirty to forty thousand a year. Our friend Tom Scott had therefore no expectation of finding a free pasture near the coast. He had, indeed, made an exploratory trip beforehand; and following the greatstream of pastoral immigration which flowed westward, had found a rich, fine country, but already occupied by numbers of people, who were wrangling and even fighting about encroachments on each other's claims and boundaries. Tom Scott, therefore, resolved to steer northward, in which direction boundless wilds seemed to invite him. But, in truth, his



sheep were in no hurry; probably they had not found much store of provender on ship-board, for both they and Tom's mare began voraciously to devour the grass of the green slopes where now run the busy streets of Bourke, Swanston, and Collins, displaying their gay shops, townhall, banks, newspaper-offices, and churches, raised on ground as costly as if it were of solid gold.

But all then was open forest, fresh and pleasant. It was the vernal month of September. The ground was scattered with flowers, the grass was luxuriant as in the meads of England. The dusky gum-trees were but sparsely scattered over hill and dale, giving to English eyes the aspect of a park; and along the clear river side grew masses of acacias, heavy with a weight of vegetable gold, which spread their fragrance over the whole scene. Our Arcadian trio, seeing their flocks were well employed in the green glades of the forest, threw themselves down under a venerable red-gum tree, drew forth provisions from their swags, and one of the bushy-bearded comrades being dispatched to Fawkner's public, a little bark hut on the opposite hill, and the other down to the river for supplies of brandy and water, they were soon lolling in great comfort on the sward, taking a leisurely survey of the scenes around them, and considerably approving of this first specimen of the new country. This scene consisted of the cheer-

ful open forest slopes, trending downwards towards the river, with wooded plains and low hills beyond; and amongst the trees around them the white gleam of scattered tents. Here and there were open spaces where the trees had been felled, and huts of bark or slab, thatched with reed, or long coarse grass from the river-banks, were erected, with some little enclosure for a garden, fenced in by heaps of the gum-tree boughs with all their dried leaves upon them. A few fowls, goats, and a stray cow or two — these were the sum total of the Melbourne of that day.

So soon as the party found that the flock was willing to trudge forward a little, they slowly ascended the slopes, and as evening drew on, took up their station for the night on the crown of the hill, which displayed to them beyond a wide stretch of unknown country, looking one unbroken mass of forest, with different mountain ranges showing themselves over it. As near as we can guess, they camped their flock for the night on the very spot where another shepherd now watches his — namely, the Bishop of Melbourne, whose palace of solid native trap-stone marks unintentionally the first pastoral resting-place of Tom Scott and his sheep.

Here they saw sights which their successor, the chief shepherd of the Melbourne of to-day, is too late for. Numbers of the natives were scattered



about over the hill and on the plains below, where the river wound along between its deep banks, and overhung with lofty trees. Each family was squatted down under a few gum-tree boughs, which reached their highest idea of domestic architecture, all except the unmarried young men, who were located in groups at bougheries of their own. Fires were burning in the centre of these sable family groups, at which they were roasting pieces of the flesh of the kangaroo or the opossum, and of fish from the river; and they seemed to have a particular penchant for meat done rare. Miserable groups they looked, some with worn and tattered mantles of opossum-skin, some clothed only in the bare skins provided by nature. Lots of little tun-bellied children, innocent of all wrappings, tumbled about amongst a tribe of hungry, fire-singed dogs, and women whom the graces never deigned to recognise, cowered behind their lords, and caught, ever and anon, some half raw and inferior morsel flung to them over their spouses' shoulders.

As the night approached, throngs of the natives, men, women, children, and dogs, were all seen moving to one spot, now the quarters of a different race — the mounted police. No sooner fell the darkness, than outblazed a number of huge fires round this space, made of the boughs and trunks of trees. Round one of

these, a number of women took their places, squatting on the ground. Then came numbers of naked men, their swarthy bodies hideously painted with red, and striped in various barbarian figures and lines of white with pipe-clay. Everyone carried in each hand a small branch of the flowering wattle, and anon they ranged themselves in a wide circle, all with elevated, outstretched arms, crossing between man and man their wattle-twigs. At once the women burst forth with a wild kind of song, beating time simultaneously with the right arm, and away went the dance of the men in obedience to the chant and to the directing motions of a native band-master, who stood on the trunk of a huge fallen tree at hand. Wildly whirled the demon-looking crew — now in circles, now in crescents, now in squares, and strangely intersecting lines. Still wilder grew the cries and songs of the women — quicker, quicker, quicker; shriller, louder rang their notes — faster, furiously, frantically waved their arms, and rapidly, rapidly, wildly, weirdly, madly danced and shrieked the men. Top! — all was still. Then slow and low and plaintive awoke once more the song of the women, and slow and mournfully moved the now long lines of dancers. There was something spectral, haunting and unearthly in the scene. The movements were as silent and flowing as those of spirits; and the fluttering of the



fire flames, and the wind in the trees, were the only sounds which mingled with the faint and mournful dirge of the women. But once more the scene changed. The songs of the women became gradually louder and more agitated; the grim dancers accelerated their motions and threw fresh force into their bounds. Again the dance grew fast and furious, and the shrieks of men and women, the barking of dogs, the flashing of fires on blood-red bodies, wild glaring eyes, and grinning teeth, the whirl and change of the madly-leaping and bacchanal route, produced a scene of appalling wonder that can only be expressed in the words, savage life.

A day earlier, and our adventurers would have been arrested in their progress by having to witness a native battle, where boomerangs and spears flew in marvellous confusion, and heavy waddies thumped on bark shields; and where each contending army might have reported, in the true Gortschakoff style — the enemy did us no harm whatever. This was the feast of reconciliation.

These did not seem very auspicious circumstances under which to make a progress up a wild country; but they were, in truth, the very best. The natives were drawn to this one spot from many a score of miles of wild woodland, and all the securer the little party drove on their little flock. But in the absence of

natives, there were still many dangers and difficulties in the way. The wilds were untracked. They made their way by noting every day, the quarter in which the sun arose and set, and where it cast the shortest shadow at noon. Sometimes they found themselves obstructed by miles of bogs, and had to wander round them. Occasionally, at this early season of the spring, they were overtaken by several days of heavy, incessant rain, and, destitute of a hut to flee to, as in their abandoned home in Tasmania, they were drenched through and through. Fire they found it impossible to kindle, or keep in; everything, like themselves, being soaked with wet. Occasionally, they could find a hollow tree into which they could crowd, and where all day they stood steaming and shivering; but at night they were compelled to be on the alert, for troops of wild dogs came down upon their flock, and at the first furious bark of their own dogs, giving the alarm, they must out, though it poured torrents, and chase away the sneaking, wolfish beasts, or their flock would speedily be dispersed through the bush, and scores of them killed.

In the course of a fortnight, they had made considerable progress; but they had almost perished with cold and wet during the rainy weather; and inured as they had been to years of forest life and labours in Van



Diemen's Land, they were now attacked with rheumatic pains, and were hoarse with colds, from living day and night in their wet clothes. What flour and tea they had they carried with them; there were here no shops, or road-side inns to resort to; and though Tom Scott had turned his mare into a pack-horse, and carried along with them their stores in panniers covered with a bullock's hide, they were compelled to be extremely sparing of their resources, for they did not know when they should get more. Their only chance of supply was from stations, and stations yet were few and far between, and only newly settled. The inhabitants, therefore, were themselves mostly at their wits' end, and when they had the necessary commodities were not willing to part with them. Their only chance of maintaining subsistence was to arrive at a suitable location for sheep, that was still unappropriated, and then to build their hut, and send down to Melbourne for fresh stores.

Meantime, they spared their flour as much as possible, by killing game, but ammunition too was precious, and they rarely expended it except on the amply remunerating mass of a kangaroo. Parrots and bronze-winged pigeons flew in flocks around them, but they could not afford to waste powder upon them, and the opossum, dragged from his hole in the hollow tree, furnished

them and their dogs with meat, when better failed.

Thus they wandered on, looking daily for the desired spot, where they should build their hut, and call the place their home. And many such they saw. Here pleasant undulating lands, thinly scattered with trees, and clothed with richest turf, offered amplest pasture for their flock. Here valleys stretching between forest hills, and watered by clearest streams, presented all the elements of a pastoral home. Here richest meadows, lying at the feet of the mountains, suggested dreams of roaming herds, and the uplands on the spurs of the hills for their flocks. Vast plains, capable of grazing boundless flocks, and green conical hills, which gave immense prospect over them, invited them to stay. But it was nature alone which invited them; man bade them sternly move on. Other adventurers were already tracking these wilds; other flocks and herds were already seen streaming up through the woods, as it were in inexhaustible trains. Men, eager, in hot haste, keenly fired by the spirit of acquisitiveness, as in the most crowded city, were running and riding onwards to seize and to possess the world that had so marvellously opened upon them, with its rich pastures and green-swarded woods. Meum and Tuum were abroad with all their furious, jostling, hostile-hearted tribe, and sleepless eyes were restlessly, fiercely glancing



before, and behind, and sideways, to descry a goodly heritage, and strong, clutching, armed hands were quivering to clutch, and pounce upon, and hold. To clutch, and hold, and defend. Wherever our travellers stopped to camp for noon, or for night, some strange wild object came riding from the forest, and cried, "This is mine! move on!"

When they thought themselves all alone in the woods; far, and immensely far from any human being, the first blaze of their evening fire was the signal for some one to start forth, from what appeared the desolate and manless woods, and cry, "What are you doing here?"

How far these men of the woods, these self-constituted lords of the wilderness, extended their claims; how many scores of square miles they grasped in their giant embrace; what boundaries of seas, rivers, lakes, or mountains they had set themselves, our travellers did not know, and it was vain to ask, for whether they turned right or left, these large-souled men still cried, "This is ours!" They could not see the extent of their assumed domains, but they could see the men themselves, and that was enough. They were of a countenance and a kind not only to take but to defend *vi et armis*. They rode well foreseen with rifle and pistols, as well for the resistance of their countrymen as of the blacks. They were from

the Tasmanian Isle many of them, where they had been accustomed to shoot down, indiscriminately, kangaroo, wolf, native, and marauding felon. Years of conflict and danger, of onslaughts from banded convicts, and onslaughts on natives, when a Michael Howe led the one, and a Musquito the other. Days of rough riding and nights of watching, years of climbing rugged mountains and threading dense forests, far unlike these which they now inhabited, in search of new fields or of old enemies, with their homes suddenly burning about their ears at midnight, and their families rushing forth from the flames, and anon carrying the conflagration of vengeance into the retreats of their assailants — these were the men that they often found themselves front to front with; these were the men that they must fight with for the land if they had it.

Of the seventeen thousand criminals, burglars, highwaymen, assassins, *et hoc genus omne*, who flourished on the island they had left, many had found this a brave opportunity to escape, and try a new life of adventure in these boundless forests. And of others, who came with the name of freemen, who could trace all the secrets of their origin and career?

Enough, the Tasmanian knew his fellow; he was familiar with the marks and signs of the various descriptions of his brother islanders; Cain's mark is broad



and indestructible; the various shades of character are shades, the various lines of life are lines, and the practised eye reads them off as readily, as rapidly, as infallibly as you could read the title of a book in boldest type. Tom Scott and his faithful followers, Ben Brock and Joe Kitson, still moved on.

Once or twice they thought their opponents' pretensions so unreasonable that they were inclined to dispute them, and, looking at the comparative apparent strength of the two parties, they thought they could make good their ground. Scott was a bold fellow, a first-rate rider, a dead-shot, active, vigorous, undaunted, and indefatigable. He wanted no amount of spirit when he saw cause to exert it, and his stalwart associates were the strong and unflinching instruments of his will. Strong as oxen, slow, but ponderously powerful, they were like the very trees around them in solid resistance, and where their blows fell men fell under them. But in these cases where they stood somewhat inclined for battle, a few days brought up allies on the other side. Once settled on the soil, there appeared to spring up in the squatters a principle of mutual defence, and men ready for the fight seemed to start by magic out of the ground and come forward to the rescue. There were no justices of the peace, no crown land commissioners here to settle disputed claims, and, as Scott and Co. had

come out to seek a fresh chance of life and not of death, they prudently went on.

They went on through scenes of strange contrast. Over those plains, under the interminable trees, amid those monotonous wastes, where one score of miles of unbroken country looked exactly like that before, and that behind it, in those deep valleys at the foot of far-stretching and wooded mountains, by those deep and solemnly journeying rivers, by those lesser streams enveloped in the dense shade of the tea-tree and the acacia, amid the barren, grey, and desolate region of granite, or on the green and airy down where only the graceful tresses of the shiok sighed in the wind, Nature seemed to have established the peace and the brooding solitude of ages. But that reign of profound calm, varied, but not disturbed, by the many voices of birds, the whirr of the cicada, and the audible breathings of the wind, was now over, and men, greedy, grasping, insatiate, and pugnacious, were encountered in loud and angry altercation. Fierce defiance, resolute intrusion, calls for division, denunciations of unreasonableness, and taunts, and scoffs, and jeers, and blows, and vows of vengeance, these were the scenes and sounds that stunned the ancient heart of the wilderness. The fairest place excited the foulest contention. Men had not to seek out and sit down upon their claims: they had to fight



out their possession of them, and maintain it by right of conquest.

At length Tom Scott and his companions reached a spot where Nature smiled on them, and no man was present to frown. It was a region of low hills, where the trees grew pleasantly apart. The turf was fresh and clear of underwood, or in the colonial phraseology, scrub. Two or three little runnels followed the course of the valleys, and promised water. Here they set to work, and built a small hut of stringy bark, and made a pen of boughs for their flocks. They had not lost more than a hundred sheep in their advance up the country, in the intricacies of the scrubby forest, by the wild dogs, and by the natives or low squatters who had managed to drive stragglers to their own folds. That was no great matter: they had five hundred sheep to begin the world with in a clean, open country, and they were full of hope. Their hut was of the humblest description. The earth was its floor, and its only furniture were their beds raised on a framework of boughs on three sides of it, and consisting of a mass of leafy twigs on which they lay wrapped in their blankets. The luxury of changing their clothes they never knew. Their great refreshment was washing in the little stream below, and there also washing their extra shirt. Their fire was made in front of this rude abode against the bole of a huge tree

that had long lost its head in some tempest. Their cooking was of the simplest. They had long ceased to possess flour or sugar; their daily food consisted of the flesh of opossums broiled on the embers, without bread, and thankful they were still to retain a little salt and a little tea. Their ammunition, with all their economy, was exhausted, except a few charges which they kept in case of attack.

But the heart of the adventurer is not made to sink at small difficulties; hope in a brilliant future still bears him on; and Tom Scott was adventurously sanguine. In every struggle he was patient, in every annoyance he was buoyant, and cheered on his fellows, in the worst provocations he remained calm, though the colour often flushed into his face, and his hands longed to inflict chastisement on vulgar insolence and selfishness. But he looked onward, and resolved to achieve a position of his own without contention. And here he seemed to have it. Neighbours, as yet, he could find none. Dreary and sandy plains on one hand seemed to extend for many leagues, low and swampy grounds on the other, which some day might become a rich summer run for cattle.

But now famine impelled, and he and Kitson must away to the embryo Melbourne for stores. Ben Brock must be left in charge of the flock, and strong and resolute as he was, it was an an-



xious matter. While they were absent, he alone must bear the brunt of all visits from natives, wild dogs, or unprincipled adventurers. There was, however, no alternative, and the only thing was to make as expeditious a journey as possible. So black Peg, the mare, was mounted, and ridden alternately by the travellers, and they made all speed through the woods. They had nothing to carry; their provision for the way was a few handfuls of tea and their tin cans; an opossum, dragged from its hole during the day's journey, and broiled on their evening fire. Before this fire, wrapped in their blankets, they slept; and one day was like another, till they reached the town. Tom Scott purchased as much flour, tea, and sugar as Peg could well carry, and they made their way back again with all speed. But it was now late in November; the heat was become intense, and the country already bore traces of its withering effect. The grass was brown and crisp, the streams and pools had wonderfully shrunk, and it required a good long rest at noon to enable both men and horse to continue their journey. But by degrees they neared their station, and saw with increasing anxiety the change that a fortnight only had made. The plains over which they passed were scorched to a pale brown; the water had wonderfully vanished. Where there had been pools, there were dry hollows; where there had been streams, there were grey ravines. With difficulty they gained their own location, and stood riveted in consternation. The whole was one black waste; fire had passed over it, and mowed the grass cleaner than any human scythe. The fallen boughs were reduced to white ashes; the shrubs and young trees were burnt black, or singed into the ruddy hues of autumn.

After a moment's paralysis of terror, Tom Scott sprang forward, leaving his companion to follow with the horse. He was soon on the hill where their hut had stood. There it lay, a heap of ashes; the ashes of the sheepfold fence marked a melancholy circle on the ground; and all around was a burnt waste. Where Ben and the flock had escaped to, if they had escaped at all, was the question. Scott snatched the panniers from the mare as Kitson came up confounded with wonder; leapt upon her back, and commenced galloping in a wide circle. In this circle he came upon the singed carcass of a sheep, on another, and another. There was his clue; and still following it, he soon found himself in the swampy hollows—swampy which had been, but which now were baked as hard as a stone floor, and covered only with thin withered grass and shrubs. It was not, however, till towards night that he caught sight of Brock, with the miserable remains of the flock, in a deep



hollow where there was yet some grass, and one small pool of muddy water.

Ben's tale was soon told. The heat had speedily dried up the little streams, burnt up the pastures, and compelled him to seek food for his flock in the swamps. These rapidly dried up; and to add to his anxiety, not being able to quit the neighbourhood till their return, every night he had been visited by troops of wild dogs, which, spite of his dogs and his own exertions, overleaped the fence of the pen, and committed havoc amongst the sheep. A week's watching had quite worn him out, when he found himself also attacked with ague, from lying with his sheep by day in the vapours of the drying swamps; and while prostrated by this despot of a complaint, he suddenly saw the hills on fire, amid the screeches and halloos of a number of natives. The fire, kindled with practical regard to the wind, swept the whole district with a flying roar, and the blacks then came down upon him with showers of spears and horrible cries. Ben gave himself up for lost, and determined to sell his life dear. There were six of the natives, and sheltering himself behind a tree, he coolly watched his opportunity, and shot down two of them. Before he could charge a third time, they rushed in upon him, flinging showers of stones as they advanced, and in another moment he fell sense-

less, struck on the head by a waddie.

How he still remained alive, he knew not; but on recovering consciousness, he found his gun still lying beside him, the natives gone, and the remains of his flock scattered in the woods. With infinite pains, still weighed down by the intermittent fever, consumed with thirst, his head dizzy and inflamed with the effects of the blow, he had hunted up the fragment of the flock — now only a hundred and eighty — the dogs and the natives having destroyed or driven the rest beyond recovery. Ben himself presented a woful spectacle; his head bound in an old handkerchief, his flesh wasted, his lips parched and cracked, and the whole man reduced to a something betwixt a spectre and a scarecrow.

This was a miserable result of the expedition to Australia Felix. And here we may say that Tom Scott, born to no heritage but his hands, a brave heart, and a clear head, had raised his little flock by years of care, constant watching, and self-sacrifice. Every individual sheep was to him as a child, and he sate down at this blow, and resting his head on his knees, gave himself up for a few minutes to despair. But in Van Diemen's Land he had left a fair and strong-hearted wife and two infant children, and at the thought of them he sprung up, wiped his hand across his eyes, as though he would whisk away his troubles, and cried: "This is



of no use, my lads. Let us on, and try again."

And here, too, we may as well let the reader into another secret. The two followers of Scott were originally two convicts, two ticket-of-leave men. He had given them employment, found good in them, persuaded them to make a fresh effort for a good name and honest fortune, and had found them ready to follow him to the world's end. If he succeeded, they were to reap the benefit of it.

The three sad, but not utterly daunted men, went on once more. This time they selected a place where there was more show of permanent water, and all seemed to go on well. Once more they built their hut, and employed themselves in attending to the autumnal increase of their flock; for in that country the flocks often produce lambs in autumn, and another portion in spring. But winter came, and with its rains they found their station laid almost wholly under water. Again they were compelled to go on in search, and at length came upon a tolerably fair stream, now called the Loddon. Here were wood and rich valley and upland, a change and a resource for all seasons. Here Tom Scott built himself a log hut; found himself in as fine a country — beautiful with its wooded hills, its broad expanse of rich meadow lands, its grassy uplands, and unfailing river — as the colony could show. Here, if ever, he must prosper.

But his flock was terrifically reduced, his means of purchasing more were small, and nothing but a life of incessant care, activity, economy, and perseverance could enable him to avail himself of the splendid lands on which he had sate down. For ten years our squatter maintained himself there, and we may now in a few sentences relate the upshot of his fortunes.

Miserable were the first few years of our settlers. The lands on which they had settled were splendid, and therefore they were soon beset by rivals, endeavouring to get each a good large slice of the run. One sate down here and another there, and Tom Scott saw himself likely very soon to have to pasture his little flock on something less than nothing. He set about therefore lustily to drive off the invaders, who drove his sheep as constantly back again. Then came hard words, blows, threats, and animosities. Luckily, this state of things all over the colony compelled the establishment of Crown Land Commissioners and a mounted police, to protect the squatter both from black and white neighbours; and Tom found himself legally the master of an ample run. But his flock was miserably small, and he and his fellows must live. And they did live, but such a life as none but men in the utmost extremities, and with nerves and resolutions of iron, could endure. All their hope was in the increase of their



flock; money they had none to purchase more; and sheep then were excessively dear, for the demand to supply a whole new country was immense. To spare the flock, they lived chiefly on tea and damper, a heavy unleavened cake, and never indulged themselves in the taste of meat except when the wild dogs had destroyed and left some of their sheep on the ground.

These wild dogs were a terrible and incessant nuisance. For ages unmolested by the natives, they had increased into myriads, and nightly came down on the folds in crowds. As yet the grand blessing of the squatters, strychnine, which has now reduced the destructive troops of these animals to an insignificant number, was unknown; and daily and nightly it was a constant stretch of watching and anxiety to preserve his little remnant of a flock from their jaws. Sun and rain, the cold — intensely cold — nights of that otherwise fine climate, had to be constantly endured by Scott and his companions, and told in woful cramps and rheumatisms on their frames.

Still the flocks grew and multiplied wonderfully, almost doubling themselves every year; and in four years the flock had actually augmented itself into the number of two thousand. Tom had fetched over his wife and children, having previously built them a hut, and, encouraged by his wife's cheerful spirit and un-failing sympathy, Tom looked

forward to some day when sheep should be worth something, and repay all his cares. But sheep multiplied, and the population did not multiply in proportion. Wool was low, and there was no demand for mutton. Tom had to pay his hard money, that is, so much per head for his sheep and cattle, to pay for stores from Melbourne, to purchase a dray and a bullock-team, and wool-bags. Yet his flocks still wonderfully increased. People began, in 'thirty-nine and 'forty, to flock over to the colony, and a bright future seemed to dawn. It was a delusive one. Lord John Russell's order that no colonial land should be sold at less than one pound per acre arrived; immigration stopped short at once, as at the command of an evil genius; and the squatters gazed in consternation on their wonderfully multiplying flocks, which were thus absolutely reduced to no value at all. In eighteen hundred and forty-two came the crash of ruin on the land, and sheep were valued at a shilling a head.

Meantime Tom Scott had had to pay heavily for labour in splitting slabs and shingles for his wool-shed, for the fences of his paddocks, for plough, harrow, hurdles, and watchboxes; for stores, stockyard-fences, milking-bail, calf-pen, garden-fencing and planting, and heaven knows what besides; for all which a huge balance had run up against him at his merchant's, in



Melbourne, spite of his wool sent down, which seemed, indeed, swallowed up as nothing; while sixteen per cent. interest, which was charged on all the balance, and had been growing like a foul monster from year to year, stood there against him, in the books of Davy Macleod, as a most formidable something.

In eighteen hundred and forty-three, you would have said, had you looked on Tom Scott's station, that he was a flourishing and happy man. He had come thither with something less than two hundred sheep, and now they numbered eight thousand! Four shepherds regularly watched as many flocks, at four different huts, on the noble run, which included hills and woods, emerald meadows and beautiful uplands — an estate befitting a prince. But if you looked on Tom himself, the delusion vanished. That clean-built, clever-looking fellow, with that fair and good-souled countenance, had shrunk into an old man. Not seven, but seventy years, seemed to have settled on him. His face was withered, his head was bald, his body stooped; his bony and knotted fingers clasped a stout staff, which enabled him to drag along a pair of legs that stooped feebly at the knees, and feet that seemed too large for the man, and were shrouded in shoes slit and slashed, to give ease to their rheumatic deformity. That was the work of outward exposure, and the inward drag of a mon-

strous oppression. Care, and the fear that kills, had done their work, as well, or rather worse, than the elements. Tom Scott was actually perishing of past adversity and present abundance. His flocks had flourished and grown till they had positively annihilated their own value.

That year, douce Davy Macleod sent him word that the balance against him, on his books was seven hundred pounds. That his eight thousand sheep, at one shilling each, reached to the value of four hundred pounds; that the colony was ruined for ever, and that, therefore, his hut and few other traps must be thrown in, the station made over to the said unfortunate Davy; and he must endeavour to content himself with a bad bargain.

Behold poor Tom Scott suddenly reduced, after all his years of enormous exertions and incredible sufferings, from a squatter to a mere overseer! In the midst of a flock of eight thousand sheep, and on an estate of a beauty and extent worthy of the best prince that ever lived, a pauper and a cripple. Old in comparative youth; destitute in the midst of abundance; a ruined man in fortune, frame, and mind. Poor Ben Brock, one of his faithful companions, had long ago wandered away in that strange kind of insanity which attacks the lonely shepherd of the lonely Australian woods. The waddie of the native had destroyed the equilibrium of his brain. Kitson



still lived, hale, faithful, and gloomy.

For three years poor Scott continued to manage the station of the soi-disant unfortunate David Macleod, who absorbed, in raking together, from the wrecks of his neighbours' fortunes, in the great commercial tempest that had passed over the colony, good pennyworths, had never come up to look at his bargain on the Loddon. Besides, David had not ventured to journey so far up into the wilderness. He possessed all the prudence of his nation; and there had been awful rumours of the doings of the natives.

At first, as in all new countries, these natives had been friendly, and inclined to rejoice in the presence of the white fellow, in his mutton, his brandy, and his blankets; but deep and shameful outrages on the part of numbers of low and sensual wretches, who, in one character or other, spread themselves over the country, produced their invariable effects; and then came vengeance and retaliation. The flocks were attacked and massacred; the homes of the squatters were fired, and their families destroyed. The native knew nothing of the principle of property. To him, the white man's kangaroo (the sheep) was as much the free growth of the woods as his own. The white man preyed on his kangaroo, and he preyed on the white man's. The white man injured him, and he speared the

white man. But the squatters soon mustered their steeds, collected in bands, and pursued the natives with the deadly onslaught of fire-arms. The natives repaid the murderers' visits in stealth, and perpetrated deeds of horror on unprotected women and children, in the absence of the men. Thus, returning from one of these commandoes, Tom Scott, who could still mount black Peggy, and forget his pains in his indignation at the cruelties of the blacks, found one day his hut burnt to the ground, and the bodies of his wife and children buried in the ashes.

Like Logan, the American chief, no drop of his blood now flowed in the veins of any living thing, and giving a dreadful curse to the spot of such year-long disappointments, and of such a tragedy, he plunged into the woods followed by the faithful Kitson, and disappeared. That was the fortune of the old squatter: the original pioneer of the wilderness, one of the forerunners of the present great Australian race of pastoral magnates, one of the founders of the present magnificent trade in wool. But Tom Scott was no solitary victim: he was only one of a thousand. The same causes swept off the majority of the same class of men. Some yielded sooner, and some later, to the irresistible momentum of adverse circumstances; but small was the remnant which escaped altogether. Theirs was the fate of



the first heralds of human progress, and the whole victim race of discoverers, inventors, and projectors, the advanced guard and the forlorn hope of the army of the world's destiny. They laboured, and others have entered into their labours, lay claim to their honours, and put forward marvellous demands on the strength of their misfortunes. Thy poverty, poor Tom Scott, has evoked the affluence of the sleek and prudent Davy Macleod. The racking of thy sinews, and the aching of thy bones, have smoothed his pillow; thy pains are his pleasures; thy battles have produced his peace; thy watchings his sleep; thy drenchings in the midnight forests his dryness of lodging. On every pang and grief and care of thine he has built his present heaven; and the last blast of desolation that laid prostrate in the burning ashes all that the world held dear to thee, is the grand godsend to him, on which he boldly asks that the rewards of his country shall be added to his already unwieldy affluence.

We will look a little nearer at this wondrous son of fortune, this great lord of the antipodes, this man of many merits — the New Squatter.

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### THE RAILWAY COMPANION.

I know nothing more charming than the discovery, that one has

got an agreeable companion at the commencement of a long and fatiguing journey; if he has earflaps to his cap and a neat portmanteau made to go under the seat, so much the better, for they mark the traveller who is almost always more worth knowing than the stay-at-home. Before the train has cleared the platform he has made a pleasant observation in a cheery friendly way, and going on to break a lance with us in wit, or to make a pet quotation of our own, he exhibits generally little nuggets on the surface which may promise any amount of gold-field underneath.

On the other hand, if he grumbles at the light, or gives us a surly answer, or sits on one newspaper while he engages himself with another, how the milk of human kindness curdles within us! We say in our haste, all men are bears alike. The greatest one I ever travelled with was on a short trip from London to Brighton, when I was a wicked young cadet at Sandhurst, and in company with two others of the same college. We three had been, of course, late for the train; and, while it was on the move, bundled into the first carriage we laid hold of, and it turned out to be the den of a white bear. He had a white hat and a white great-coat, and growled in a polar manner at our sudden incursion. I was but fifteen, and felt inclined to beg his pardon, but Darall and Goit were elder and stiffer-necked.



"Sir," said the former, after a minute or two, "have you any objection to our smoking in this carriage?"

"I'd like to see you at it!" was the grim response.

"Your wish, sir," answered my friend, "is our law." And his cigar was alight in a twinkling.

"Have a weed yourself, sir?" said Goit, generously; but he did not dare look the infuriated animal in the face.

For my part, I had enough to do in the judicious management of my Havanna; for, although I smoked regularly at that time because it was forbidden, the amusement nearly always made me ill. So I said nothing.

Presently Darall produced a pack of cards, and appealed to our companion's sense of duty to induce him to take a hand at whist, "For otherwise," he pathetically concluded, "we shall be positively reduced to play dummy."

"Never mind, young gentlemen — never mind," was the answer; "we shall see when we get to Reigate who has got the laugh on their side."

On approaching that station we prudently threw away our cigars. And not too soon; for the instant we reached the platform, the white bear rushed between us, and, putting his head out of the window, called lustily for the guard. "I give!" said he, with immense excitement; "I give these boys in charge, for smoking in my carriage!"

"Gentlemen! what have you to say to this?" said the official.

"Simply," replied Darall, while I shuddered at his presence of mind; "simply, that it was not we who were smoking at all — it was the white gentleman himself — smell him. Is it not so?"

We assented to this monstrous statement with eagerness.

"And, moreover," continued our leader, "he wanted us to play at cards with him for money!"

At this the old gentleman absolutely foamed at the mouth. This gave a colour to our next proceeding, which was to tap our foreheads with our forefingers, and to whisper in chorus, "He is mad, we think!" The foe, being overpowered by weight of evidence, and in the state we had described him to be, got straightway into another carriage.

I told Aunt Dorothy these circumstances, and she said we ought all three to have been well whipped — perhaps, indeed, it was for my sins on that occasion that I have been so unfortunate in my railway companions since. I have been twice in my life shut up with a stark staring madman; one of them particularly stark, inasmuch as he had not a single article of clothing on, except his boots and an enormous cavalry cloak, which he took an early opportunity of dispensing with. There were several other people present, however, and he was secured without much resistance. But the other business was a far



more serious one. I was seated in a first-class carriage of an express train about to start from Paddington, when, to me, as the plays say, entered a tall gentleman, with his coat buttoned tightly over his chest in the military style, and apparently padded in front. Directly we began to move he asked in a quick, decisive, and rather impertinent, style —

“Where are you going to, sir, — where are you going?”

“To Bristol,” I replied, quietly.

“Bristol,” said he, “was burnt to the ground last night, — the whole of it burnt to ashes!”

“What, sir, — nonsense — it is impossible; I have a considerable property there!”

“I am glad of it,” answered the stranger, hissing between his clenched teeth; — “it’s all burnt.”

Then, of course, I knew that he was a madman. He kept watching me eagerly, like an animal in act to spring, but I tried not to look afraid, and made conversation as carelessly as I could, but I dare say it was not very brilliant. In passing Hanwell, for instance, I remarked (forgetting altogether the purpose to which it is devoted) “How well Hanwell looks from the railroad, sir?”

At this he placed his hands upon his knees, stared at me straight in the face, and replied, very deliberately:

“Ah, you should see how the railway looks from Hanwell!”

A cold perspiration broke out all over me, as I replied, “Ah, indeed!” and made an abortive attempt to yawn. I confess I never felt less sleepy, nor more interested in any conversation in my life. He kept quite quiet for a mile or two, only regarding me with a wistful and curious countenance, which gradually changed to an expression of disgust and annoyance.

“Sir,” said he, at last, emphatically, like a man who has made up his mind upon the subject, “I don’t like your nose! But I have got something here (tapping his breast) the eighth wonder of the world, and we’ll cut your nose off and substitute that.”

I said, in order to gain time, that I should like to see this wonder before the operation took place.

“I would not show it to everybody, mind you, but I will to you,” he said; and, unbuttoning his coat, he took from an inner pocket a small white pig, quite dead, which had been born with five legs. He held it by one of the legs between his finger and thumb, and regarded it with much complacency. “You see it’s just the same colour as your nose, and ever so much better looking; besides which, the singularity of the thing will be so remarkable; why, sir, you will be followed about the streets by hundreds, and perhaps attract the notice of royalty itself.” He stopped a little, as if in admiration of the picture he had thus



conjured up; then, with an expression of diabolical malice, he returned the precious treasure to his casket; and, with a tone of biting sarcasm, concluded his remarks with, "And now, you shall not have it, after all!"

We had just rushed past Reading like a cannon-ball, but to me the train seemed moving like a snail; there was no stopping, no chance of a rescue, until we reached Didcot; and I could scarcely hope the madman would abstain from violence for another twenty minutes. In hopes to preclude further talk, I got out a book and pretended to be deeply engaged with it; but, as it turned out, this was a most unfortunate experiment.

"Sir," observed my terrible companion, "I perceive that you are addicted to study; it is one of the worst vices I am acquainted with — bad in itself and ensnaring to others;" then, with ferocity, he added, "how *dare* you read in my presence, sir?"

I apologised, and put the volume by, as he continued, "When the Genius in the Arabian Nights, whom the fisherman rescued from the vessel sealed with Solomon's seal, was first shut up in it, he promised riches to whomsoever should release him; but afterwards he promised death. So, sir, was I used to benefit him whom I found ignorant, but now I tear him limb from limb; — beware, then, how you answer my questions. Are you acquainted with Shakspeare?"

"Yes, sir," said I, confidently — "I am."

"Do you know Milton, thoroughly?"

"Yes, sir, — I think I do."

"But are you well up in Boswell's Corsica, sir? tell me *that*! I don't believe you if you say you are; and if you say you are not, I will break you to fragments!"

Now, thanks to a disposition that had led me into out-of-the-way paths of literature, I did happen to have perused that dreary work, and so I had the great pleasure to tell my tormentor. In order to try me, however, he harassed me with questions about the book as pertinaciously as any senate-house examiner; and, unless my memory had happened to be of the best, I do not doubt that he would have more or less executed his threat. At last the whistle sounded shrilly our approach to Didcot, and it seemed to me the sweetest music I had ever heard.

"We go to Bath together, I believe?" said my companion, breaking off his queries and speaking in the most silvery tones.

"We do, sir, I am delighted to say," I answered.

But in five minutes from that time I was narrating my adventure to some people in another carriage, and my poor friend was in the custody of the Great Western Railway police.

When I told this to Aunt Dorothy she remarked, that nothing



should induce her to travel on the railway alone, as long as she lived. Not, however, she added, that she was alarmed in the slightest degree; but that she did not think it becoming of a lady of her rank to do so — Aunt Dorothy's strong point being exclusiveness and devotion to the aristocracy; in consequence, I believe, of her grandfather having been knighted because he was a mayor. I was, therefore, much astonished to hear that she was coming up to London last week without an escort; and, of course, went to Paddington to see the dear old lady — from whom I have expectations — and her luggage, safe out of the train. There was no mistaking that bonnet of hers with the bird of Paradise perched upon the crown of it, or else I do believe I should not have recognised her, she looked so pale. A red-faced and rather slang-looking old gentleman, who bowed to her as he stepped out of the same carriage, whispered to me, that he feared his travelling companion was far from well.

She was got into a cab quite speechless, saw her silk umbrella and her last band-box safely about her, and then, in the act of feeling for her smelling-bottle, fainted away. It was a dreadful position for me to be in while we drove to Southampton Street, Holborn; and her coming-to was even more alarming than her going off. At last, when she was settled in the house and got more

calm, she unbosomed herself as follows:

“Your cousin John is a wicked and designing fellow, James; but he shall never see a penny of my money — he has not killed me yet, I can tell him, and he'll never get another chance!”

I was pleased to hear all this of John, who is her only other nephew; but I confined myself to saying, that I had always expected it of John.

“He saw me off at Bath, James, and I don't think he could have harboured the dreadful thought before we got on the platform. He was dutiful enough — officious, I now think — in seeing after my things, and at last he led me to the carriage in which you found me, because, he said, there was a person in it whom I should like to be with — that very same man you just saw get out at Paddington. Not till the train was moving on, and I locked in the place alone with him, did John put his face in at the window, and whisper to me, with a look of dreadful malice, ‘Aunt, dear, you've got a maniac in the carriage with you!’ I fell back half fainting into the seat as we left the walls of the station behind us. The madman had just cast one of those swift, sly glances — such as they are all used to give — towards my corner, but he now seemed to be buried in his newspaper. It was my belief, James, and is now, that he was waiting until we got into the tunnel; my heart beat as hard



and fast as the engine itself puffed and panted — but I made my preparations for defence. Directly we got into the dark, I brought my umbrella forward so as to put it up at the shortest notice, and made myself ready to scream; moreover, having read of the power of the human eye upon these persons, I stared at him hard and continuously, and to this, in a great measure, I attribute my safety; for I observed throughout the journey he would cast down his eyes, as if cowed, whenever he perceived mine fixed upon him. Presently he observed, that the day was likely to turn out fine after all, which was itself as mad a speech as could be made, considering that it was raining at that minute harder than ever; but I said, 'I think so, too, sir;' for it is always best to agree with this sort of people, I had been told, under every circumstance. After a good deal of conversation, conducted with some skill on my part, I think, he asked all of a sudden if I was going to London; to which I answered that I certainly was; although, of course, I intended to get out at the very next place we stopped at sooner than travel another mile with him. He then said, he was very glad to hear it, and hoped that no damp and disagreeable strangers might get into our carriage on the road. At Swindon I thought to have escaped, under pretence of getting refreshment; but, he insisted with great politeness — which, however, was just of that kind which might have changed to the wildest ferocity had I objected — on bringing the provisions to the carriage door. I was not really in the least hungry, yet he made me take ox-tail soup, and buns, and a glass of cherry brandy there and then, and afterwards a couple of oranges, and I don't know how many pears, which he produced from his pockets. He drank such a deal himself, too, out of a case-bottle, that I was afraid it must have developed his most frightful symptoms; once, indeed, after a long draught at it, he softly though distinctly exclaimed 'hooray!' but, finding my eye as usual upon him, he apologised. He offered me his newspaper, which was that very unladylike one called Bell's Life, and I dared not refuse to accept it for the world — ay, and even to read it, too — for he asked me whether something or other on greyhound puppies was not a capital article, and I had to give a most favourable and detailed opinion on it. At the few stations we stopped at he made me look out with him at the window, to give the idea that the carriage was fully occupied, so that I myself helped to put aid out of the question. I really kept him in the most capital humour — but, O James, at what a trial to my poor nerves! — and only once ventured to cross him, when he offered me a drop out of his bottle, because I looked pale, he said. He was not angry at my



refusal, but finished it himself instead, wishing me happy returns of the day, and many of them — though it was not my birthday, nor anything of the sort. Soon after that, the dreadful man fell asleep, nor did he wake again until he arrived at Paddington, and I saw you."

"Bless me, my dear aunt, what a terrible adventure! But are you sure the man was mad after all?"

"Why, I suppose, nephew James, I know mad people from sane people, and though I am getting old, I think I've got my hearing. Didn't I tell you at first what John said when he put me into that place to be murdered? 'Aunt, dear (the hypocrite!), you've got a maniac in the carriage with you!'"

Now the fact is, Aunt Dorothy is as deaf as a post, and invariably takes one word for another, although I said nothing more then, because, in her own words, "It is always best to agree with this sort of people under any circumstance." Only, next day, a letter arrived from John, hoping she had had a safe journey up to town — "I remembered your aristocratic predilections, you see," he wrote, "and I hope you found the old baronet an agreeable travelling companion."

## DEW.

"O! dearest mother, tell me, pray,  
Why are the dew-drops gone so soon?  
Could they not stay till close of day,  
To twinkle on the flowery spray,  
Or on the fields till noon?"

"My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,  
Too often loved with vain excess,  
Are swept away by angel wings,  
Before contamination clings  
To their pure loveliness.

"Behold yon rainbow, brightening yet,  
To which all mingled hues are given;  
There are thy dew-drops, grandly set  
In a resplendent coronet  
Upon the brow of Heaven.

"No earthly stain can reach them there,  
Woven with sunbeams, there they shine,  
A transient vision of the air,  
But yet a symbol, pure and fair,  
Of love and peace divine."

The boy look'd upward into space  
With eager and inquiring eyes,  
And, o'er his sweet and thoughtful face,  
Came a faint glory, and a grace  
Transmitted from the skies.

With the last odorous sigh of May,  
That child beneath the flowers was  
laid;  
Like dew, his spirit pass'd away,  
To mingle in eternal day,  
With angels perfect made.

## CHIP.

### THE COMMUNITY OF GAULT.

THIS community was composed of seven families, all springing from the same source, and bearing the same name. Lands, flocks, and houses belonged to all alike, and the labour of each went into the common fund. The daughters who married out of the community, were paid a marriage-portion of about fifty-five pounds, but they could come back again in



case of widowhood or desertion. Those women who married into the community did not lose their dower in the common funds, and they could always retake it if they were left widows, and wished to return to their own friends. The father left no private heritage to his children, only the rights belonging to all the members of the community. The authority of the chief was absolute. He and the aide who was to succeed him, managed the whole affairs of the association; apportioned the work, regulated the internal arrangements of a jarring household, bought and sold, and in all things exercised unlimited and unquestioned authority. He eat at a table apart, with his aide; the rest of the family together in the hall. Each section of these seven families lived in a separate part of the house, and the principal part of their furniture was provided out of the common funds. Linen, clothes, and smaller matters came out of the wife's dot, or any private work they might have done. The chief used to distribute flax and linen, &c., produced by the community, to each mother of a family, and she used to spin and make the clothes of her own separate household. Gault was irreproachable in its morals. Prudent, sober, honest, virtuous, it set an example to the whole district, and was regarded as the moral mirror of Saint Bénin des Bois. But things changed. In eighteen hundred and sixteen, Stephen, or

Étienne, son of François, then master of the community, withdrew; giving the first example during five hundred years, of any one voluntarily renouncing the advantages of the community of Gault. He received the same sum as a woman's marriage-portion — fifty-five pounds, — and went off with it. In eighteen hundred and forty-three, François, son of this Étienne, a youth who had been born and brought up out of the community, sued the members of the association before the Court of Nevers for his share. Judgment was given in his favour, not as the representative of his father, whose affairs had been duly settled, but as the heir by representation of his grandfather François, and of his grandmother, both of whom had died in the community after the retirement of Étienne. The Court of Bourges, where the case was carried, in appeal from the decision of that of Nevers, quashed this verdict, and upheld the community. But the internal dissension to which the case had given rise, broke up the unity and good feeling of the whole, and in eighteen hundred and forty-six, the community of Gault had ceased to exist. An old and intelligent member gave the following version of the affair.

“The oldest master whose name I know was Father Nicé. I never saw him, but I often heard my grand (father) speak of him. He was all at once invested with the authority of mas-



ter at thirty-four years of age, in consequence of an epidemic which ravaged the community, and left him the oldest of all the surviving members. His government was wise and respected. He had the entire disposition of the common property, which he divided justly amongst all, according to the needs of each. The members on their side performed with a good grace the labours he assigned to them, sure that the master who had seen them all grow up around him, and who had always treated them as his own children, knew better than they what was right to do. In a word he ruled well, and all were submissive to him.

"During his lifetime Father Nicé chose Étienne le Gault, called le Petit-Tienne, brother of my grand (father?), whom he took about everywhere with him, and who succeeded him. Under the administration of Master Petit-Tienne all remained as in the past; things went only by the orders of the master.

"But under François, my grand (sic), who died towards eighteen hundred and thirty, aged eighty-four years, the spirit of insubordination crept into the community; the young men became proud, and would no longer listen to their elders, whom they wished to guide; seeing which Father François often said, 'A hundred devils, my children, you will see that you will no longer prosper.'

"From this time, and under

Master Claude, who closed the list of the masters of the community, things went from bad to worse; religious duties were forgotten; the young men began to swear; they would only work according to their own fancy for the community, diverting all that they could, either in work or of other common property, to the advantage of their own private possessions, though the laws forbade the direct cultivation of these. They also arrogated to themselves the right of requiring the accounts, and of watching over the partition of the harvests and produce. From thence distrust, and often quarrels. And from this time the days of calm and of happiness which the community had known disappeared without return."

## THE CROWN OF IONIA.

SWIFT speeds our little boat over the flaunting billow as we bear down from one of the Greek Islands, and fly like a seagull into the breezy bay of Smyrna. A man must be a nautical sort of genius, however, to like this kind of thing, pleasant and dashing as it reads. We are crammed, six or seven of us, in one of those rakish little Greek boats that do the coasting trade in these parts, and a very brisk trade it is. We crowd on such a press of canvas that most of us cling devoutly to one side of the boat, the other being scarcely an inch removed



from the angry water. We bend, and dip, and swerve, and then shoot on like an arrow over the waves. I mentally resolve that the sun shall never again shine upon the day which sees me clinging on for dear life to the slippery sides of a little Greek boat in the coasting trade; wondering with each gust of wind whether the lithe, bending mast will break at last, or whether the swelling sail will not prove too much for us, and turn our crazy little bark fairly upside down. I am in no wise reassured by the cold, sneering, philosophical expression of the boatman, who sits perched on the prow as easily as a groom at Tattersall's would sit a plunging horse. I know that his countrymen are as rash in running into danger as they are entirely wanting in presence of mind at a crisis; besides, I should not be surprised if the rogue is a fatalist, and so would not even try to avert any unfavourable event; in a word, that he would expect us all to go down like a cargo of stones with the placid conviction, that our hour was come and could not be postponed!

In consequence of these reflections, my spirits revive considerably when we come to an anchor opposite the British Consulate; and the broad sail collapses at last, so that we can sit straight again.

The Bay presents a bustling appearance enough. Besides a whole navy of coasters, there are

the great steamers of the Austrian Lloyd, and the French *messagères*, Cunard's fine Liverpool boats, and the dismal old vessels of the Turkish Opposition Company. There is quite a fleet of transports, all labelled and docketed like so many floating despatches. Long, stout, seaworthy caiques, very different to the graceful, but flimsy craft of Constantinople, go skimming about with spread sails; bearing parties of passengers to and fro; and barges laden with coal, or provisions, or luggage, toil painfully after them.

Nothing can be more cheerful than the first view of the town. It has not that grand poetical appearance which belongs to Stamboul, and one or two other Eastern cities; but there is an unmistakeable air of solidity and prosperous business about it, which does quite as well. You feel sure, before you have landed, that there is likely to be a good deal of dining among the inhabitants.

You land at a pretty *café*, fitted up in the French style, and crowded with saunterers all day long. Here may be seen with much delight the adventurous British midshipman struggling with a pipe considerably taller than himself, and trying hard to look as if he liked it. Here the unsuccessful French speculator, who has come out with some "*biftek à domicile*" scheme, consoles himself for the failure of his hopes with the soothing re-



freshment of a cigar and coffee. Here the brisk young merchant plays at odd and even with his father's gold pieces, and smugglers drive hard bargains together in corners, over a glass of cold brandy and water. Here Miss Emily Pentonville, a young lady travelling on artistic principles (and very odd principles they are), may be discerned by the most near-sighted observer, arrayed in a straw hat of curious dimensions, looking excessively interesting from among her gay flaunting ribbons, and elaborate dress. She is engaged in the novel and promising pursuit of sketching a Turkish water-carrier. She states plainly to her admiring attendant, a shining Levantine exquisite, that if she had only been born a man, her paintings would be considered among those which the world would not willingly see die. A little farther on, again, is a cheerful little gathering. They are engaged in the invigorating occupation of discussing ices and small talk. Their flow of spirits is wonderful, their humour delightful, their wit apt and sparkling, yet it is deserving of note, that no one of them would like to be seen in Europe, an insignificant quarter of the world, which they have, so to speak, exhausted. Their lively proceedings have procured them such an extensive acquaintance in the West, that to avoid the inconvenience of frequent and disagreeable recognition, they have

come here, and set up with brand new characters. What a pity it is that a brand new character is so much like a cleaned glove — which does not look well half so long as it did before.

Let us leave these revellers and take a walk about the town. At the north end of the town is the stone bridge over the Meles, a bridge without parapets, which spans the shallow stream of the unnavigable river; it is a stream that partly gurgles over scattered rocks and pebbles, partly soaks its way through clumps of reeds, which shut out the adjacent sea from view. On the bank of this river, over against Smyrna, the road from the Plain of Hajjilar and the Bath of Diana, is seen, leading straight towards the bridge, and flanked by cemeteries. On the town side are posted one or two detached coffee-houses, and a hut for the custom-house officer who examines firmans and other papers which give free passage to travellers and traders. A certain toll is also paid here by the caravans; and because, in the summer, thousands of camels pass over this bridge in a single day, it forms a favourite lounge for the Smyrniotes, who never fail to conduct strangers to the spot. Beyond this bridge, the road on the left leads to Bour'nabad, and the two roads on the right lead to Boujah and Kooklujah, all villages in which the Frank merchants have country houses. For the journey to these places by



Frank ladies I found donkeys to be the steeds in most request. The stranger who is a good pedestrian should make at this bridge his first halt before passing on to the right to see the two famous aqueducts over the Meles, near which there are some fine petrifications; or before visiting, also on the right, the ruins of the old castle. In either of these excursions it is better for him to have a companion than to stroll about alone. The environs of Smyrna, are not at all times as safe as the environs of London. Before we made our way to the caravan bridge — where three robbers had recently been hung — I was taken by my friend to a barren space of ground, above Windmill Point, which is washed by the waters of a broad inlet, running up to Bour'nabad. There I was to see the tents of "the Compromised." For I should say that my first visit to Smyrna, about eighteen years ago, was made during one of the most terrible of all the years of plague.

Straggling cases of plague occurred during the first two months of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, during which period the inhabitants suffered dreadfully from influenza. Strong winds, with heavy rain, occasional cold and snow, seemed to retard the progress of the plague itself; but, early in March, the weather became calm and hot, and the sky cloudless. On the seventh of March there were six deaths among the Franks, where-

upon many houses established quarantine, by causing a wooden gate to be fixed at the entrance, and kept close against all comers. On the thirteenth of March, three cases were reported as having occurred in the house of Mr. Paizer, the Russian consul, and this circumstance hurried the Frank families out of the city and into the neighbouring villages. Opposite Mr. Paizer's house, in a Greek café, a case also happened, which was thus accounted for. A few days before, a woman had died of the plague at Cooklujah, a place near Smyrna, among the hills; a man who had once had the disease acted as body-washer; and, being a Greek, ever on the look out for his "honest penny," he cut off the dead woman's hair and brought it into town for sale. He reached the coffee-shop in question at a late hour in the evening, and obtained leave to sleep there for the night. One of the children of the house handled the bundle which contained the hair, and shortly afterwards there appeared in the poor child plague symptoms. Inquiry was made, and the boy remembered having meddled with the stranger's bundle; the Greek then acknowledged that it had contained the hair of a woman dead of plague. The consequence of all this was that the speculation in hair "compromised" about five hundred people who had visited the café during the few days' interval between the stranger's arrival



and the appearance of disease upon the boy. For this event happened during the last few days of the Greek Carnival, when all the taverns were crowded and the town was full of masquerade and mummary.

Standing one day at the back-door of the Swiss boarding-house I saw a crowd gathering about a little dwelling. A man was pointed out to me as one who was to pronounce whether the plague was or was not in the family by which it was occupied. He strode through the mass of people which shrank from his touch, for he was a plague-doctor; a man, who, because he had once himself passed through an attack and escaped, was exempt from farther risk, and therefore added to his trade of shoe-making the profession of plague watcher. Upon his nod now hung the decision of the question, whether the sick household should remain under its own roof or be consigned to the much dreaded hospitals. He declared the house to be infected. There was no appeal. His myrmidons immediately began to clear the premises; even live poultry was thrown out of the windows into a subjacent ditch, where the poor fowls struggled painfully against their fate, unaided by any one, because they were "susceptible." A bearded Greek priest then arrived and headed the procession, formed by guards, who cut off the afflicted family from contact with the people. The mother,

struck with plague, was taken off to one hospital, and the children, still apparently in health, were led off in a contrary direction to St. Roque. Their wild screams almost overwhelmed the sound of the priest's voice as he prayed his way through the bare-headed crowd.

But for the compromised in the case of the coffee-shop just mentioned, there was no public asylum. "To your tents!" was the cry. And so they became outcasts on the common above Windmill Point — men, women, and children huddled under whatever cloth or canvas they had hurriedly procured, crouching misery under shreds and patches, and awaiting so the stroke of the destroyer. Few were the visits paid to this wretched community; and when their friends brought out provisions to them they were laid down at a distance, for no nearer communication was permitted. For a week or two each suspected person suffered this probation, whereof not the least torture was the ceaseless croaking of large frogs, which are the rightful owners of the common. Men in such a position might well envy the Turk, who has no fear at all, and who will even buy and wear the clothes of the plague-stricken, glad to have them at a bargain-price.

Smyrna has been much visited by our yachtsmen; and it is worth while for travellers by yacht to remember that there is one point



in Smyrna Bay particularly perilous — namely, off the Flag Castle, just two leagues from the town to seaward. There the Eurotas, French steamer, and the Yankee Mississippi have, among others, taken the ground. From this point to the city of Smyrna, the bay spreads into a tranquil lake, of seven miles in length by about three in breadth; but off the Flag Castle the passage in and out is narrow and beset with spits of sand. The thousand sailing-vessels annually visiting the port seldom fail to escape the danger by not endeavouring to pass this point at night. The steamers, however, run in at all times, especially those making a forty hours' passage from Constantinople.

We shall find that it has not received its name of the Paris of the Levant without as fair a title as to that which the old poets gave it, of the Crown of Ionia. There are smart little French arcades and French shops everywhere. The Europeans you meet in the street are of course much more French than Frenchmen. There is a fine club in the Frank street: it is not much frequented. The Smyrna folks are too fond of visiting, to spend their time at a club. Mr. M'Craith, the pleasant English surgeon over the way, has no end of their society. They may be found in friendly little clusters and coteries at his surgery all day long; and very busy they are indeed with respect to the affairs of the nation and the

affairs of their neighbours, — of which latter business there is even more than desirable. It is a marvellous matter how scandalous and garrulous all Europeans grow who are settled in hot countries. The natives are by no means talkative or spiteful; but we — mercy on us! — how we do chatter, and how censorious we become. There is more slander spoken among the virtuous Christians of Smyrna, in one lazy lounging morning, than among all the Turkish population of the town in twenty years.

The British Consulate (pass-ports always on sale at reduced prices, efficacious against the law of the land, and warranted) is opposite Mr. M'Craith's. It looks a cool, somnolent, agreeable kind of official residence. Armed men lounge about the doorways, and travelling gentlemen twirl their moustaches under the doorway, mildly wondering why they called there, or what may be the sleepy secrets of the mysterious temple within. An uproarious sea-captain loudly complains that he has paid twice over a consular fee, which should never have been levied at all; and an Ionian subject, much flustered and discomfited, is going away with a Turk from Magnesia, still more puzzled and hopeless than he. It is evident, that whatever may have been the nature of their business at the British Consulate, its termination has not been so satisfactory as might have been desired. In-



deed, one of the dragomen seems to have silently taken note of this; for presently he bustles out and enters (quite by accident, of course) into conversation with them. It is a curious matter of observation for the candid inquirer how magically the puzzled faces of the two persons who have last issued from the British Consulate appear to clear up at the voice of the dragoman. Then they all walk briskly off together to the nearest café, and presently the dragoman returns alone, and smiling as if something of a nature by no means displeasing to him had unexpectedly turned up.

All down the pleasant Frank street, you could hardly go into a single European merchant's house without being asked to lunch with him at twelve o'clock, the great feeding-time. It would be wise in you to accept, for though a lingering fear of cholera would prevent you witnessing any great display of vegetables, the Smyrna cooks are by no means to be despised.

Meantime, if you look out, you may have an opportunity of witnessing an open air auction. Property to the amount of a million piastres (ten thousand pounds) may be about to change hands. When the lot is put up a small taper is lighted. While it burns the bidding goes on, so do the auctioneer's praises. When it is burnt out the lot is sold.

Suppose it is not twelve o'clock yet, and you made a visit, the chances are that you would be

requested at once to invest your leisure on cold brandy and water and cigars. The odd part of the story, however, is, that in spite of the blazing heat, you may drink almost any quantity of that beverage with impunity. Indeed the practice is at Smyrna steadily to keep on refreshing yourself with it all day. Perhaps the climate is so relaxing that Britons really require a larger amount of stimulant here than elsewhere. When the hot wind blows, the heat is stifling. The same when the periodical sea-breeze fails. Fearful fevers stalk about the narrow, ill-drained, ill-ventilated streets, and the poisonous bazaars; and here the plague and the cholera have often fixed their stronghold long after they have retired from other places. Smyrna is so unhealthy, so pestilential a spot, that no men stay there during a great part of the year, save during the short hours of business, if they can possibly afford to live away. Smyrna has, however, hitherto been happy in possessing the invaluable services of Mr. Wood, by far the ablest medical man in the Levant.

From one to three, there is almost a perfect lull at Smyrna. Everybody is taking a noontide nap. You will meet none but natives in the streets, and even they are sleeping in the shade: some of the shops even are closed, and the deep sleep which seems to brood over the city lasts till three or four o'clock.



Then the shops re-open, and the streets and balconies are crowded with beautiful girls and swains in their best array. Now the Levantine gent may be seen worrying his wretched horse into spasmodic curvets, with his heels pressed down in the stirrups, and his toes a yard and a half from the horse's flanks. His hat fiercely cocked on one side, and his wonderful moustaches twisted wildly into excruciating points. There he may be seen, loud, theatrical, vulgar, laughable; the very soul and spirit of a snob made perfect. He is going to the coffee-houses beyond the town, so to misconduct himself as to become a weary visitation to all men.

A little later, with cavasses to clear the way, ride the great merchants — the Whittalls and Hansons. They are going in gay little parties to their country houses at Bournabat, or the other villages, where they will entertain all the strangers in Smyrna with hospitality quite royal. They have fast trotting horses to try along the road, laughing parties of ladies who will canter out to meet them half way. Kind homely English words will pour among them, such as are music to the traveller who has so long had his ears excoriated by the shrill frantic yells of the Greeks and Levantines. Then there is the last news to be told. The last wonderful vagary of the Padishah Bashi at Pera; the last cold news from the camp.

So now, hurrah for a canter as we draw near the pleasant woods and fountains of beautiful Bournabat! The iron gates of the pretty villas are all thrown wide open as, one after the other, the great hospitable commercial magnates ride in, each with his little band of guests and followers. And laughing children come shrieking out with glistening eyes to meet papa, and hang back timidly when they see a stranger, but make friends also with him by-and-by.

An hour later, riding or walking parties of friends, countrymen, and lovers, daintily dressed, roam out on pleasure parties. New horses are to be tried, a boaster unveiled, a sorry cavalier to be discomfited, or amusing nothings to be whispered gaily in the pauses of the thundering German band in the shady hollow.

Yet a little later, and they will all come curvetting homeward — may be, through one of those grand solemn eastern moonlights. So, slowly from balconies looking in upon pleasant festivals, the sobered lamps flash out. Hence, and thence, comes the sound of a piano, the tinkling of a lute, or rich trembling voices singing. And dainty dames come out in bevies, like moving parterres of living flowers, and pass the gay half hour before dinner, seated at the portal, or wandering in the gardens, after the fashion of the East.

A capital uncereemonious din-



ner is followed by music and dancing, a ramble in the garden, visiting, or cigars in the open air. There is an extensive assortment of amusements always on hand. Only take care you do not meet any robbers, for now and then they pay these wealthy villages a visit, and do such things that the high road to Smyrna is not safe at noonday — far less by night.

In no city of the East is there a more motley assemblage of people than in Smyrna. Porters are seen carrying live sheep on their knots; Zeibecs strutting by in fanciful attire; and men of other tribes whose costumes have, perhaps, scarcely suffered alteration since the time of Xerxes; there is the howling Dervish, for whose cutting and slashing practices Dr. Clarke considers him to be a traditional descendant from the Priests of Baal; there are Turkish ladies with black masks, like the masks of harlequins; Persians in pointed sheepskin-caps, for which see Marbles of Persepolis; monks with their shaven crowns, and Jews with kerchiefs about their brows; there are Italians in every variety of dangling head-gear, and, ugliest of all, Englishmen in beaver hats. Then there are also the cocked-hats of naval officers contrasting with the squat cap of the Greek priest and the sugar-loaf geulaß of the Dervish. Policemen are sublime in turbans, besides carrying the terror of six or seven loaded pistols and

a yataghan each in his girdle. They are the crowning glory of the town.

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### OUR SHAKESPEARE.

Our Shakespeare is a small club of gentlemen, chiefly of the long robe, who meet upon certain nights, for dramatic readings of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Wycherly, Congreve, and Farquhar. It was originally founded, as its name implies, for the exposition of the Bard of Avon; but we have of late degenerated, and read that author only too rarely. Plantagenet Smythe Vincent has effected this, upon the plea that we have already got through Shakespeare; and he makes a rule, he says, never to read any writer more than once, and very seldom that.

There were at first but two members, the true founders of the society, who, like the early Greek dramatists, were obliged to admit a third party, because they quarrelled over the disputed passages and had no referee. These three great ones are all dead, and many generations after them have followed their example; but their memory is held in veneration by us to this day. Brown has the reputation of having introduced coffee into the club; Jones — the Raleigh of his day — of suggesting tobacco; and Robinson, of concluding our feast of reason with



supper. Our great reformer is of course unknown, and unacknowledged. We speak of him only as the sublime someone, who caused a quart of bitter beer to be placed at each man's right hand, and drained in five legitimate acts.

On every Wednesday night, at seven o'clock, our eight assemble, each with his book under his arm, and his heart attuned to any fate. He may be a beggar the next hour, or a myrmidon, or the captain of the guard, or the third messenger, or an emperor of the Indies, or a fool, besides many things worse, and hardly to be named; it all depends upon the drawing of a slip of paper —

The simplest accident on earth,  
And one may be High Priest to Mumbo  
Jumbo.

Our cast is carefully made, so as to keep the characters as separately as possible — that a lady may not make love to herself, nor a monarch insist upon his own decapitation; but beyond that, fortune settles all. This arrangement prevents ill feeling being generated by any favouritism; and Lady Mortimer assumes her somewhat condensed part as good-naturedly as loquacious Falstaff his. What changes can be effected voluntarily are permitted, but they are not frequent. Our excellent De Courcy insists upon his right to play the jester, and even, perhaps, considers it a character peculiarly his own; while our pleasant,

lively Pottle, sticks by his kingship or archbishopric with all the pertinacity of office. It is a grand thing, however, to hear these two when they have drawn parts that really suit them. The former, so calm, so stately, so respectable, and speaking the royal speeches so naturally, is called after the famous regal actor, Blandissimus. Let but a pin drop, — that is to say, cough, laugh, or flip a pellet of paper across the table — while he is rolling forth his magnificent periods, and he will stop instantly, regard the offender with an eye in which justice is not tempered with mercy, and begin his address from the throne again, from the very first tremendous line. Pottle, on the contrary, is always looking out for extraneous excitements; and when anything in his part can be by any means applied personally to a member of the club, it is not lost for want of pointed delivery. "Light, sir, light as a cork," says his majesty of the jester, in confidence; and I think "solemn idiot" is the term which Pottle privately applies to the king. Yet they are very fond of one another, as indeed I think we almost all are. Our prime favourite, perhaps, is Rollar, who, from being passionately addicted to aquatics, and having, in consequence a general disability to sit with comfort, is known amongst us familiarly as the merman. If it can be possibly managed, we contrive that he



shall be a sea-captain, or second mariner, because he doesn't like those parts, and blushes, and reads them in a strange falsetto voice, very like a mermaiden's. He is likewise termed the stroke; he being, indeed, the stroke oar of the Leander boats; and, sometimes, on account of his stoutness, the apoplectic stroke. But we all like him immensely. We have an Irishman and a Welchman in the company, with great brogues and their national characteristics in their fullest bloom. They sit next to each other, and read from the same book, but they never fail to quarrel every night. "You pe tam'd," in a low but perfectly distinct tone, too often interrupts the harmony of our periods, and the president's hammer elicits from these two foreigners a good deal more re- crimination than apology. I think the tenderness of our love-passages is increased by O'Brien's Irish pathos, but for Cadwallader ap Morgan I cannot say so much. The most amusing speech I ever heard in my life, perhaps, was Hamlet's famous soliloquy as delivered by this voice from the Principalities; while his passion, when we screamed at him, was Owen Glendower's to the very life.

Our best lady-reader is Mervyn Haverse, the curate. The snowy-banded, delicate-handed, but not dilettanti priest, to whom these Wednesday evenings of ours are perhaps more pleasant than they are to any of us. They

make for him little resting-places in weeks of up-hill labour, in a great London parish, and afford meetings with his old college friends which otherwise could hardly be; and, indeed, apart from the intellectual pleasantries of our Shakespeare, it is something to have discovered a nest in this populous city, from which our companions, however full-fledged, are not likely to depart. "When half of you are judges and myself a bishop," says Haverse, "I hope we shall go on Old Boy-ing one another all the same."

I declare I can't bear Dowdler to sit next to me (although in other respects he is perfectly satisfactory), on account of the habit he has acquired of whispering to himself. I thought at first he was following the other readers in their parts, as if they were accomplishing the Psalms, and that was distressing enough; but now I know he is rehearsing his own speech before it comes to his turn. I hear sometimes half-a-dozen leaves or more turned over very softly (he wets his finger to do it, on the sly), and then a low monotonous talk begins, like voices in the chamber of death, until his passage comes upon him unawares, and "Dowdler," from the president, makes him turn red all over, if I may judge, at least, from the roots of his hair, and his ears, and the back of his neck. Also, old Dowdler is remarkable whenever a portion of French happens to



occur in a speech of his; for, from inability to pronounce that language, he will leap the whole passage like a fence, and start from the other side, or else leave the room with his handkerchief to his face as though his nose were bleeding, which it is not.

Last comes the eighth man of our Shakespeare — Vincent; or, as I should rather say, and as he would much rather I should say, the Honourable Marmaduke Plantagenet Smythe Vincent. He is a very tall young man indeed. How tall, I cannot accurately say, but I took an opportunity while he was standing with his back to me (a relative position toward people in general which pleases him) of measuring from his coat collar to the skirts of his raiment, and found that to be five feet eight inches; the heels of his boots to be three inches, and the height of his all-rounder to be three inches and a quarter; we thus have his total altitude, with the exception of a small piece of leg below the calf, and of his honourable head. I think he would read better, upon the whole, if he did not lisp; and particularly as his range of characters is more extended than that of any other member of the society. I doubt whether the sudden death of any member would disturb him (I am sure mine would not) so much as the appropriation of his speech for that evening would please him. The prologues have become his perquisites, and he goes quietly

through the choicest epilogues amidst the clash of knives and pop of corks, as though supper was nothing in comparison to his confounded lisp. Despite drawbacks, we all read well enough to enjoy our adored author among ourselves. Being an ancient institution as such institutions go, we do not tolerate innovations or new readings; and I should be very sorry to see Mr. Payne Collier, or Mr. Halliwell drop in accidentally when we are on this topic; especially after the toasted-cheese period of the evening.

## HOSPITALS.

ALREADY, before Christmas, hearts are kindling with the Christmas spirit, and the season set apart especially by Englishmen to deeds of hospitality, is declaring itself to most of us with a rich lovingkindness, redundantly kind. What more seasonable topic can there be, therefore, just now, than hospitals, their name and purpose being, in the truest sense, a part of hospitality?

Better still for the Christmas application of the word, they are essentially a part of hospitality as it has been interpreted by Christians. We have the word from ancient Rome. The hospes or guest, either of a private person, or of a temple, or of the whole state had a sacred character; Jupiter Hospitalis was his



patron, and avenged his wrongs. The *hospitale* was the name of the guest-chamber in a Roman's house; that was the first idea of a hospital. The stranger introduced to his host by the recommendation of a third person, was safe within the gates of his protector, who was not necessarily his entertainer; for, after one dinner with the family, the stranger generally dined in the *hospitale*, and paid for his food. Among the early Greeks these customs of hospitality were kept alive by the religious notion that any unknown person might prove to be a god come in disguise. The guest of the Greeks, too, had Zeus for his peculiar friend. Besides social and political uses, there was mutual advantage to be had by Greeks and Romans out of their own customs of hospitality. The nursing of the sick poor, formed no part of them with either people.

The crowd of sick people lying in the open air round about the temple of *Æsculapius* at Epidaurus, formed the first rough sketch of a hospital for the sick in ancient times. Antonius Pius caused a building to be furnished for the patients. Before that time, children were born there, and diseased people perished on the ground under the open sky — as temple-keepers told Pausanias with sorrow. The buildings attached to the temple of *Æsculapius* at Rome, on the island in the Tiber, formed also a receptacle for the sick. That the

place had some resemblance to a modern hospital is evident from the decree of the Emperor Claudius, that slaves who had been sent thither for healing by their masters, should receive their freedom on recovering. The bridges Fabricius and Cestius connected the island of *Æsculapius* with the town. There are no other traces of a public care taken by Romans for the sick. But these foundations differ altogether in spirit from the hospitals for the sick which exist now by thousands throughout Christendom. The temple of the God of Healing was a place of resort for persons suffering under disease, who journeyed thither as men now journey to Bath or Leamington; but, in a more serious mood, for they went not only to spend money but to pray. Buildings erected for their use bore, therefore, quite as much analogy to a pump-room and lodgings at a spa as to a set of modern hospital wards. This is nearly the case, too, with the only trace of a sick hospital found among the ancient Jews, the House of Mercy at Jerusalem, built beside the healing spring of Bethesda, probably by Herod the Great, that patients might await in it the movement of the water. The ancient world, in fact, was out of sympathy with the fundamental notion of a hospital, and would probably, if questioned on the subject, have given the answer of Shah Abbas of Persia; who, being asked why he had no



hospitals in his dominions, replied that they would be a shame to him, for where the government was good there could be no poor, no sick.

In truer sympathy with the realities by which they were surrounded, the Christian apostles began the new system of hospitality by urging constantly that contributions be collected for poor brethren. To memorable words of the Great Founder of our Faith, the modern hospitals owe their beginning, and the earliest of the bishops were most zealous to get money for the poor, the sick, the wayfarer, the orphan. Economy first dictated the collection of these objects of care in large buildings appropriated to their use; in such association many might be served by few attendants, and the means of help might be enlarged when cost was saved in food and lodging as well as in attendance. Already in the year three hundred and twenty-five, the Council of Nice had, among other business, to define the qualities and duties of hospital-master. Thirty-five years later Gregory of Nazianzen is found urging Julian the Apostate to imitate, by the building of hospitals and travellers' rests, the Christians whom he ridiculed. And, at nearly the same time, Basil the Great speaks of the early Christians as having developed the hospital-system into completeness, and regards it as an institution quite peculiar to themselves.

This Basil, Metropolitan of Cappadocia, himself founded, about the year three hundred and eighty, a general hospital, called the Basiliad; which was, among the hospitals of its day and all time before it, what Saltaire is in our time to the English factories. Its situation was before the gates of its founder's episcopal seat, Cæsarea. The Basiliad was richly endowed by the Emperor Valens; and others arose on its pattern in the Morea, and in other districts of the Eastern Church. Twenty years after the completion of the Basiliad, John Chrysostom erected a great general hospital in Constantinople, spending upon it and the other smaller hospitals a part of his own substance, as well as the superfluous riches of the Church. It is at about the same time — in the year four hundred and one — that we first read of lunatic asylums, which were then founded by monks, in the wildernesses of Bithynia.

Many of the earliest hospitals were intended principally for the exercise of hospitality towards poor travellers — after the meaning of our St. Cross, or Sutton's Charity, at Rochester. Some were for rich travellers, who also needed solace on the road. Towards the close of the sixth century, Bishop Bertichramnus built a hospital for poor nobles, and another for both rich and poor when on their travels. Another bishop, Aldricus, built a hospital for travelling bishops,



counts, and abbots, and another for the poor, sick, blind, and lame. In the eighth century we find laymen at work. In Lucca alone there were then three hospitals founded by burghers, and the German residents there were establishing, for their own countrymen, a fourth.

The earliest known foundling hospital was established in the year seven hundred and eighty-seven, at Milan. The first approach to a hospital for crippled soldiers was that made in one of the most famous early hospitals, the great orphan asylum of the Greek Emperor Alexius Comnenus, founded in the year one thousand and ninety. Of this his learned daughter, Anna Porphyrogenita, testifies that it equalled a small town in size, and that the enormous host of poor cherished therein did not consist wholly of orphans; the place being also a refuge open to others who required support, especially the blind, the dumb, the lame. It was also, in express terms, open to decrepit soldiers — noble foreboding of our Invalides and Chelseas!

These bishops were at first the managers of hospital affairs; but, as the sphere of episcopal duties and ambitions widened, they devolved this care upon deacons, who became hospital-masters; so that at last, says Thomassinus writing on Church discipline, diaconate and hospital became almost synonymous. The early popes distinguished themselves

by founding many such charitable diaconates. In the time of Anastasius Bibliothecarius (the ninth century), there were twenty-four of them in Rome. The cardinals afterwards got these, and fattened on their funds. During a long period, fourteen cardinal-deacons, named from chapels on the site of the abolished hospitals, Santa Maria in Via Lata, Santo Giorgio in Velabro, et cetera, have had the opportunity of pocketing the money of the poor.

Isolated divines first held office as hospital-masters in the provinces; but as the monastic system grew, it, by degrees, absorbed the hospitals into itself. The vows of poverty, the religious functions, the knowledge, the abundance of leisure, and the numbers of monks gathered under one roof, made it appear both wise and natural to entrust them with the nursing of the sick and the attendance upon poor afflicted people in the hospitals. There even arose orders of monks and nuns — hospital brothers and sisters — vowed especially to hospital attendance.

The Crusaders brought into Europe the leprosy of the East, and gave rise to the building of leper — afterwards pest — houses. By the beginning of the seventeenth century they had fallen into disuse, but the number of ordinary hospitals had increased largely. According to their nature they had learned names, dating generally from the



time of Justinian, and from the names we know how various in nature they had always been. The almshouses were *ptochotrophia*; if asylums for the old, *gerontocomia*; for children or orphans, *orphanotrophia*; for foundlings, *bréphotrophia*. If they entertained and lodged strangers or pilgrims they were *xenodochia*; if for the lodgment of the sick, *nosocomia*. Plague-houses had the military name of *Lazarettos* from the hospitals of St. Lazarus, in which the outcast lepers, called *Lazari*, were received and tended by brothers of the order of St. Lazarus of Jerusalem. There were even medical and surgical, and lying-in and lunatic hospitals; long since there existed also hospitals for incurables, and for special complaints, as diseases of the chest or small-pox.

We have cared only to speak of the birth of the Hospital System. Its modern growth may be traced in the familiar histories of such foundations as the Hôtel Dieu at Paris, or of Saint Bartholomew's and Thomas's in London. Saint Bartholomew's dates from about the close of the period to which we have been now referring. In the year one thousand one hundred and two, it was founded as a sick hospital in connection with the priory of the Dominicans of Saint Bartholomew. Saint Thomas's was, in the first instance, a hospital for converts and poor children, founded as the Almonry by

Richard, a Norman prior of Bermondsey. Peter the Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, soon afterwards converted it into a priory, and endowed it handsomely. In the time of Henry the Eighth (who had enlarged and aided Saint Bartholomew's) it fell to the crown, and Edward the Sixth, with the help of the citizens, founded it as it now stands, and dedicated it to Saint Thomas the Apostle vice Saint Thomas à Becket. Such was the transition of sick hospitals in this country from monastic into purely medical control. The story of the Hôtel Dieu in Paris is the story of the development of the Hospital System in countries that have remained under the discipline of the Roman Church. Founded in very remote times — as early as the year six hundred and sixty — by Landry, Bishop of Paris, endowed and enriched by successive generations of kings and citizens, it now owns whole streets of Paris, and is probably the wealthiest foundation of the kind in Europe. It is also, as everybody knows, one of the very best sick hospitals existing. Of such history we say no more. It has been enough for us to show how intimately the birth of the Hospital System is connected with the great event we celebrate at Christmas. They exist, indeed, liberally and perfectly as a part of Christmas hospitality.

We have none heartier. No institutions in this country, main-



tained by public funds, are managed with a stricter reference to the end proposed in their foundation, than the hospitals for the sick in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and the chief provincial towns. Not very many of them are endowed. Most of them, overwhelmed by applications from unhappy creatures who beg for relief when in the sorest need, strain to the utmost their powers of usefulness, and even spend by anticipation the increased help which the public will be asked to give. The English public very rarely fails to meet such bills drawn, not dishonestly, on its benevolence. Let us be just enough, before we pass further, to say that the mainstay of the European hospital system as it now exists — no longer in charge of the monks — is the right-minded liberality of the medical profession. Hospitals for the sick are practically entrusted altogether to the control of this body of men; which might have mismanaged its trust, but has not done so. It has foregone every mean advantage and seized only a noble one. Using the masses of disease brought together in these great establishments, as means of study, for the sake of experience that can be acquired in them by skilled men, and of the practical knowledge that can be imparted in them to the student, the profession undertakes, gratuitously, to supply them with the best attendance that its ranks can

furnish, to watch over them jealously, and to protect them with all its might against the black spirit of jobbing. There are many littlenesses manifested in the medical profession; but this is a greatness. The relation in which it stands to the hospital system throughout Europe, forms indeed one of the best features of modern civilised society.

There are also many phrases cherished by the nation and inscribed by it on flags of triumph, which are not so really glorious as the inscription commonly seen running across the walls of a great hospital — Supported by Voluntary Contributions. How large a mass of quiet charity, exerted year by year, keeps every such establishment in action! Reliance on it strengthens. Only eight years ago a hospital for diseases of the chest was founded in the city of London for the aid of poor persons suffering from those national maladies. It began quietly with a modest house in Finsbury; but soon seeing its way to support while it felt how urgent was the cry of suppliants about its door, built for itself (in great part with money borrowed from its treasurer) a hospital, exactly fitted for its uses, in Victoria Park. This has been open since the spring of the year to as many patients as the income of the institution will maintain. It is fitted carefully with apparatus for maintaining that equable supply of warmth which is at all



times so essential in a chest disease, carefully ventilated, (probably the best specimen of artificial ventilation to be met with in the hospitals of London,) replete with ingenious contrivances, and, indeed, wanting in no essential thing. Nobody doubts all the while — it is taken for granted — that, as such a hospital was really wanted in that quarter of London, the voluntary contributions will suffice for its support.

The King's College or Central London Hospital, in Portugal Street, is even now furnishing another example of this quiet reliance on the public; although, as an institution having larger duties to perform and cares to bear, it has felt its way more slowly. For a long time it was content to burn a steady light under an ugly bushel; having an old workhouse patched into a hospital for the reception of its patients. Manfully enduring this for many years while gathering a building fund, and at last building, we believe, only as far as and as fast as the fund allows, it is now erecting, and already in part possession of, a hospital that will be probably the most perfect in London. One wing is completed and occupied. Of its spacious wards we can give some idea in this way. The hospital in Victoria Park just mentioned is admirably built, and its managers are justly pleased to be able to say that the space allotted to each patient varies between eight

hundred and twelve hundred cubic feet. In the new King's College Hospital the allowance of air to each patient is one thousand eight hundred, and, in the large medical wards, will be two thousand five hundred, cubic feet. By a cunning arrangement of the entire plan it is provided that, without any other ventilating apparatus than the great staircase and the doors and windows, a current of fresh air can sweep in a minute over any given space within the building, and the entire hospital can have its air changed in an exceedingly short time. There is no hot-water apparatus. The wards, large as they are, having thick walls and windows of plate glass to exclude external cold, are warmed and ventilated by no other means than open fires. This system was in use last winter during the long and severe frost, and it was found to answer perfectly. There is nothing preferable to an open fire. To the objection that it carries half the heat up the chimney, the reply is, so much the better, since it carries foul air with it. Of course in a hospital devoted exclusively to chest complaints an artificial regulation of the air is necessary, but what is good for a consumptive man is bad to a man panting for abundance of fresh air when prostrated with fever. Chest complaints form about a sixth part of the general mass of disease treated in hospitals, and for at least four of the other five-



sixths of the sick, as for all healthy people, the pure air of heaven is most wholesome when it has been to the least possible degree doctored. Furthermore there are in the new buildings theatres, laboratories, photographer's rooms; there is a pretty little chapel, where, with the utmost simplicity, the architect has known how to achieve elegance of detail that has cost nothing but the wit spent in inventing it; yet the endowment of this hospital — which will be more perfect of its kind than even the richly-endowed Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's, founded upwards of seven centuries ago, and aided with the wealth of kings — is only one hundred and twenty-six pounds a year. It exists by the voluntary contributions of the public. As it is with one, so is it with all — every opportunity of enlargement and improvement is promptly seized — the latest knowledge is applied to the carrying out of the intentions of the public, and the public maintains its own work.

Because we happen to have some figures before us that relate to one hospital, and find them generally illustrative of the position of most institutions of the kind, we quote them; but we do not, by any means, wish it to be inferred that we are making out a case for any single institution. Similar figures might be shown for all; if we did not believe that, we should not quote them. It is noticeable, then, of the hospital

which we have just shown to be capable of vigorous activity, that while it has only a nominal endowment fund, its annual subscriptions only amount to fifteen hundred a year, and that for the rest of its expenses (three or four thousand a year) it depends — and depends safely — on free gifts, connected with which there is no understanding that they are to be repeated. There are some still more noticeable points connected with statistics of attendance. This hospital provides help to the poor in the central districts of London, and the vast extent of the usefulness of such institutions is made very apparent by a summary like the following taken from the hospital books. The number of cases from the parish of St. Clement Danes treated in eighteen hundred and fifty-four amounted to two-fifths of its whole population; from St. Mary-le-Strand, the same proportion; from St. Dunstan and the Temple, one-fifth of the population; from St. Giles one-sixth; from the liberty of the Rolls one-tenth; from St. Paul's, Covent Garden, one-tenth; and from other parishes respectively tenths, twelfths, fourteenths, &c., to fiftieths, according to their distance.

We trust that the proportion is not great of those greedy people — generally, we grieve to say, ladies — who falsify such lists with assumed names and parishes, and, having left their rings and watches at their homes,



or at a neighbouring shop, wait with the poor in the out-patients' room for gratuitous prescriptions. Such people afflict to a certain extent all our hospital physicians, and, when they are detected have the benefit of a few words of wholesome truth about themselves. It is as little pardonable to drink the medicine, as to eat the bread of the poor, for the hospital door is never wide enough to let in all for whom it has been really opened. It would be a wholesome corrective of this sort of fraud, if the names of the detected were published.

It would be well to be contented for a season with the London hospitals now kept on foot by public contributions. Steadily as they all are backed, there is not one of which the development has yet been carried to its utmost point. All are conveniently placed in various districts, are beset with unsatisfied requirements; almost every one of them wants for its completion more beds, or a new ward; here and there one wants even as much as a new wing. To fill up the scheme as it is now sketched will supply ample scope for beneficence during at least another forty years.

The means, for example, of at once putting an important light into the whole picture are set while we write before the public. It is understood that Miss Nightingale is not only willing, but anxious, to devote herself as

nobly to the sick poor in the hospitals of London as she has devoted herself heretofore to the sick soldier in the hospitals of the Crimea. It so happens, that to grasp the priceless treasure that she offers — her future service — is the best way we have of giving testimony to our admiration of the services she has already rendered. Her desire is to superintend the nursing in some London hospital — to train hospital nurses; and the desire of her friends is, that the public may supply her with the means of serving it in its own institutions with the utmost possible efficiency. The nursing, as it now exists in London hospitals, is, notoriously, one of the weak parts of the system. Hospital funds afford but scanty pay; and the direct training of ill-paid nurses by the hospital officials, or even of well-paid nurses, would be scarcely practicable. They must pick up their knowledge as they can. They are good, careful women, often; oftener, blundering, careless, and incompetent to learn. The hospital nurse is, nevertheless, the best nurse to be had in private families, and rich and poor thus suffer alike from the neglect of this branch of attendance on the sick.

One thing, we may suggest, seems to us very certain: that until the hospital nurse is better paid, she cannot easily be made more efficient. Economy is forced upon the hospitals themselves;



and there is no reason why they should unlearn the lesson. To the public voluntary contributions made in money, it would not be difficult to add a voluntary contribution of material in the shape of nurses trained under the care of Miss Nightingale, and already half-paid out of an ample fund entrusted to that lady's management. In aid of its own little town of hospitals, the public might create a training school for nurses, supplementary not to one only, but to all. How to do that would not be a hard problem for solution, if once the where-withal to do it were a problem solved. To attempt less would indeed be to fulfil the letter of a modest wish, but would be scarcely —

"quittance of desert and merit,  
According to the weight and worthiness."

### DAISY HOPE.

FAR away down in the north, where the Forth, after flowing proudly past the castle of Stirling, loses itself in the rich alluvial plain through which it winds in so many golden links to the sea, there was a small collection of cottages not large enough to aspire even to the dignity of a village, but which rejoiced in the collective name of Bank Row. The largest house in the number, which bore evidence, in size and architecture, of having seen better days, was Daisy Hope, a long irregular building, of which the

wings had gradually tumbled down, and the main part of the house fallen into disrepair; while roof and chimney in many places threatened immediate dissolution, and only the lower floor and a small portion of the one above could be occupied with safety.

The lands, of which Daisy Hope had at one time been the manorial residence, had been worthy of the style and pretension of the house. Far and wide their boundaries had extended; rich Carse and Haugh had spread themselves along the river side; cattle were fed upon the Ochils and fish caught in the lower links of Forth — all on the property of the Millers of Daisy Hope. But the Millers of Daisy Hope had been careless and extravagant for many generations. When the Rebellion broke out in seventeen hundred and fifteen, there was a foolish Miller of Daisy Hope who left his comfortable quarters and led his tenants to join the Pretender. The English government took him prisoner, and sent in a bill for his maintenance in Newgate, which cost him half his remaining land. In thirty years afterwards the son and heir of this intelligent gentleman followed his father's example, and paid more dearly for the honour of commanding a regiment at the battle of Falkirk; for he was executed on Tower Hill, and his estates confiscated to the Crown. But when many years were come and gone, there came to Daisy Hope an old man who was re-



cognised by some of the neighbours as a son of the last of the Millers, and occupied a portion of the lands as tenant; a small portion; for though he gave it to be understood he had tried to improve his fortunes by merchandise in Holland, he was as poor as any of the peasantry round him. His family was brought up in accordance with their altered circumstances; and some ten or twelve years ago it was only the students of genealogy and inquirers after family arms who knew that the poor old man — the grandson of the last of the lairds — who added to his scanty profits, as cultivator of a few acres of land, by acting as carrier between Stirling and Bank Row, was the lineal descendant of the Millers of Daisy Hope.

Least of all to entertain such useless knowledge was honest Andrew Miller himself, a tall, upright figure, with his long white locks escaping from under his broad lowland bonnet, as he walked sedately by the side of his strong and sinewy, but not overfed horse "The Bruce;" no thought of grandeur or wealth ever entered his head. If he could manage, by all his toil, to leave his wee mitherless bairn provided for, that was all he ever desired. And for this purpose he worked with all his heart. And Bessy was well worth working for. The prettiest blue-eyed, light-hearted lassie that ever was seen, it was the most charming

sight in the world to see her springing along on the Stirling road to meet her father on his return; then to see her lifted into the cart and, seizing the reins, drive the Bruce with a tiny willow wand in her hand, and encouraging the too ambitiously-named quadruped to more rapid exertion with promises of warm oatmeal for his supper, and clean straw for his bed. This was when she was eight or nine; but when two more years were past, there came into her eyes a more sedate and thoughtful expression such as poverty often imprints on even more youthful countenances than Bessy's; but the change gave only a deeper charm to her beauty, and even the father seemed to grow conscious that there was something about his little "lassie" that made her different from "ither folk." There was a grace in her walk which he saw no where else; and when she sat in the silent kitchen, and took his hand in hers after his work, and sang some old Scotch ballad with a voice so sweet and clear; old Andrew was very much astonished to find somehow that his eyes had become filled with tears, though he had never been so happy in his life. But there were soon to be other people to share in the old man's admiration. The upper floor was still fit for occupation, and after a little bargain-making a grand English lady of the name of Mrs. Donnington was installed in the apartments, into which some



scanty furniture was put which Andrew brought in his cart from Stirling.

When fairly distributed over the drawing-room, and the little parlour, and the two bed-rooms, it made the mansion appear in the eyes of all the village the most sumptuous dwelling-place that ever was inhabited by a king. All the population flocked up to see the rooms before the grand lady came. There was a table of rosewood, covered with a velvet cloth of the most rich and gorgeous manufacture; embroidered on the centre of it, in gold thread, was a coat-of-arms representing griffins with expanded wings, and other unknown animals. Then there were six chairs, also of carved rosewood, and also covered with velvet cushions, with the same embroidered ornaments. On the mantel-piece was a beautiful clock, in which Time, carved in marble, blew a trumpet to awaken Industry, which unfortunately had fallen asleep on the pedestal; and over the middle of the room was spread a carpet, so soft, so thick, so beautiful in colour and design, that it was thought a shame to apply so magnificent a work to so degrading a use as to be trod upon; but rather, it was unanimously agreed, that it should be hung upon the walls, carefully covered from dust with a linen cloth, and only opened out on extraordinary occasions. On the hearth-stone was spread another article which

excited still more admiration. It was a rug composed of the finest possible furs, all sewed and joined together so as to make a beautifully variegated pattern; and of so much value from its size and quality, that there could be no doubt that Leddy Donnington, as she was called, was closely connected with the royal family, or was even a cousin of the Governor of the Bank. And a stately lady she was when at last she made her appearance. With high, thin features, a remarkably erect figure, and a dignity of manner which at first over-awed and surprised the beholder, she seemed in the eyes of Andrew Miller the exact complement and appropriate conclusion to the furniture by which she was surrounded. The Queen of Sheba on her throne of gold was not more fittingly established than Leddy Donnington, with her feet on the fur rug, and her elbow on the velvet cover of the table. As for Bessy, she opened her eyes, and also her mouth, but said nothing. She was presented to the great lady as her maid-of-all-work; her tire-woman; her chambermaid; her dame de compagnie; and stood before her in that four-fold capacity, holding tight by her father's hand, who had ascended with her to the drawing-room, and so blushed and so flustered, and so stuttered and trembled at the awful apparition, that she derived no consolation even from the kind tone of voice in which



the old lady spoke, — nor recovered her self-possession, till by little and little the unaccustomed fear departed, and she went nearer and nearer, and looked into the eyes of her majestic mistress, and saw something in them which seemed to soften when their looks met; and on parting the first night, it was scarcely with surprise — it certainly was with pleasure — that she felt the grand dame's hand laid upon her head, and her lips applied to her cheek.

"Oh, faither, faither!" said Bessy, rushing into the kitchen, "she kens what it is to hae an orphan bairn, for she has a faitherless laddie hersel."

"Puir woman!" said Andrew. "He'll hae dee'd most likely o' the gout, for they say English great folk are terrible on the turtle and wine."

"And only think, faither!" continued Bessy, "when I cam' awa' she kissed me!"

Andrew looked at her as she said this, as if for a moment he feared her vanity had led her to boast untruly; but when he saw how real her gratification was, he said nothing, but only looked at her with more pride and affection than ever. He could not have looked at her with more respect if she had been that moment presented with the order of the Garter, with permission to wear the insignia on her arm.

The country side was alive with reports and conjectures about the past and present his-

tory of the Lady at Daisy Hope. Some thought she was perhaps a former Mistress of the Robes of her Majesty the Queen, and had been condemned to her magnificent exile for interfering too much in political affairs. People who were lucky enough to see her in a dress of solemn velvet, with a veil of richest lace extending its thick covering over her features, were the more confirmed in the belief in her previous dignity in the court, as they took it for granted that the perquisites of the office included the royal dresses; and nothing less than a crowned head could have worn such articles of apparel. Others of a still more suspicious disposition believed she was one of the deposed potentates who at that time were perambulating Europe; but whether she was a Spanish princess, or one of the elder Bourbons, they could not exactly decide. It is strange that nobody was lucky enough to guess anything near the truth.

Bessy, to be sure, soon began to feel less awe; for the grand lady was by no means grand in her manner to her. She even amused herself by teaching her to read and write, and in a short time derived full payment for her labour in the possession of the cleverest little reader and amanuensis that any body could wish. How pleasant it was in the long winter evenings to see the little girl seated on a footstool at the lodger's feet, reading



in a clear, child-like, but very intelligent voice, long pages of Orme's History of Hindostan, and Lives of Warren Hastings, and the sufferings of the English prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta! But sometimes the night's entertainments consisted of lighter and more interesting volumes than these. There were poets, and novelists, and historians, all opening their stores to the quick apprehension of Bessy Miller. And there was solid talk, too; for Mrs. Donnington had seen the world, though the greater part of her life had been spent in India; and, glad of an attentive listener, though in the person of one so young, she sat with her hand on the lassie's head, and told her the adventures of her life, the manners of the far East, the storms at sea she had encountered, the grand oriental cities she had visited, the gorgeous buildings of Delhi, and the sacred waters of Benares.

Then sometimes the new secretary tried her powers in writing letters to her patroness's son; a lad at this time of sixteen or seventeen, and just finishing his course at one of the great English schools, preparatory to his embarking in a profession. What the profession was to be the anxious mother could not decide. Meanwhile the time for his entrance upon life drew near, and his letters in reply were full of ardent hope and strong anticipations of success. Once he came — but his visit was short, and his

interviews with his mother so long, that Bessy was little heeded. So again she betook herself entirely to the company of her father, and illuminated him, at second-hand, with the wondrous knowledge she had picked up in the last half year. It was only when he was on the eve of his departure that Walter Donnington took any notice of his mother's friend. He thanked her for her kindness, patted her on the head with the familiar condescension of a very old gentleman to a very young child, and remarked for the first time the extraordinary beauty of cheek and eye as a blush, perhaps of shame, perhaps of gratification, seemed to suffuse them both. But boys of seventeen have an unbounded contempt for girls of eleven and a half; and Walter took a sorrowful leave of his mother, after a week's stay, and departed from Daisy Hope almost without wishing Bessy Miller good-bye.

Again the confidence between the old lady and her protégée began. A commission in the army had been offered to the son, and she had at last given her consent to him to accept it. He was to spend some months at a military academy, and then join the regiment, which was stationed in India. So all the interval was spent in expectation of the visit he was to pay to Daisy Hope before he left England. Indian story was more carefully studied than ever; the history of the wars of all times and nations were care-



fully read; and Bessy's education was more fitted for a cadet at Sandhurst or Woolwich, than for the daughter of a poor Scotch carrier in a broken-down farmhouse on the banks of the Forth.

The expected visit was to take place in September, and people passing the ruined gateway of the Hope were surprised to see an approach to a little garden gradually making its appearance in front of the drawing-room windows. Sometimes even they were startled by the apparition of a tall lady dressed in black silk, and sustaining her stately form on a long gold-headed cane, superintending the labours of Bessy Miller, in watering the flowers and tying up the roses. In these labours old Andrew Miller joyfully assisted, and a painter no doubt could have made a very picturesque group of the lofty lady, and the blue-bonneted, grey-coated peasant, watching the graceful motions of the little girl with almost equal affection. It formed a bond between the elders which made up for the differences of their condition; and Andrew could stand for hours on the lawn discoursing on Predestination and Effectual Calling, as also on the prices of oatmeal, and the prospects of the Barley Harvest, with the greatest ease and fluency. Sometimes he was interrupted in the middle of a disquisition on turnips, or free-will, (for Andrew was a great controversialist on all subjects, and settled points of divinity and

routines of crops, with the same facility), by the lady's saying to him — "But, Mr. Miller, I have just been thinking again — what will become of Bessy if we both die?"

"Troth, my leddy, I dinna ken; for except it be the Bruce — who has seen his best days; mair by token, he'll be fifteen year auld next grass; and wadna fetch above ten pound at Hallow fair; I'm thinking she'll hae nae great share o' world's gear — but she's a gude lassie, and a bonnie; and friends will aye be raised up for her; for isna there a promise that she'll never be forsaken, nor reduced to beg for bread? The cart also wadna fetch muckle, by reason one of the wheels is rather frail, and the left tram needs constant mending; but what o' that? Had Queen Esther's father a horse half sae gude as the Bruce! or any sort o' cart ava'? and yet she clamb up on a golden seat, and fitted a new rope roun' Haman's thrapple — a proper end for a' unbelieving Jews."

Mrs. Donnington did not seem particularly encouraged by the example of Queen Esther and Andrew's animosity to the Hebrews, but resolved to do her best for the future fortunes of her favourite herself. But not much was in her power. For some days she was busy assorting her drawers, and tying up various parcels. Then she wrote several letters with her own hand, directing them to various practitioners of the law in Bedford Row, and



other precincts of Themis; but when the answers came, they seemed to convey no pleasant intelligence. She increased, however, in her kindness to Bessy, as if to make up for some involuntary wrong; and, whether from disappointment at not being able to carry out some scheme in Bessy's favour, or from some other cause, the lady became gradually unwell, her walks in the garden grew less frequent, her weakness increased, and when September came, and Walter arrived to say farewell, she was confined to her chair. His stay was to be limited to a fortnight. The excitement of his arrival, and the expectation of his departure, combined to increase her illness, so that, as Adam Miller expressed it, "the end was unco' near." The young people were, as usual, blind to the symptoms of decay; and how great was their surprise, it is needless to say, when they were summoned, one evening, to the sufferer's bed-room, and ushered by Andrew into what he called "the chamber o' the great King." The great King was indeed there in all his majesty — and with a blessing on Walter, and with her hand locked in Bessy Miller's, the grand old lady died.

Oh! there was such surmising, and guessing, and wondering, within the next few days, as never had been heard of in Bank Row. Nay, they extended beyond Bank Row. There were curious persons in Alloa and Stirling itself,

who marvelled at the incidents as they gradually evolved themselves after the death. Lawyers from England arrived and took inventories of the furniture. Many people thought they were Commissioners under the Great Seal, who were going to dispose of the famous carpet, and the rug, and the embroidered chairs, and the rich-hung beds, to some foreign potentate, and so to diminish the national debt. Even in Edinburgh, the gentlemen of the robe, in the absence of any business of their own, discussed the character of the deceased, and the legal effect of certain covenants which it was alleged she had entered into to pay off her late husband's debts, and for that purpose had conveyed to certain trustees her pension from the East India Company as general's widow, and reduced her establishment to the dimensions we have seen it at Daisy Hope. Discussions took place as to whether her personalty was included in the conveyance; such as rings, necklaces, and even her wearing apparel. Bets, also, to a small amount, were plentifully laid on the question of what Court would have jurisdiction in this important case. But the law seemed to settle itself without the intervention of a single wig; for the gentlemen from London carried off all the furniture, and after paying Andrew Miller all that was due for board and lodging, took themselves off, as if in a hurry to escape from so



tumble-down a mansion, and so solitary a place. But Walter had seen the parcels which his mother had so carefully tied up. They were addressed to Bessy; and on going away, after the funeral, wretched and broken-hearted, he took his mother's ring from his pocket — a beautiful amethyst surrounded by small pearls, and put it on Bessy's finger — a mile too large for her tiny hand, and kissed her cheek with the tenderness of a brother, and disappeared at a great pace on the Stirling road.

And what became of Bessy Miller? She opened the parcels when her grief allowed, and saw they were gowns of silk and satin, and shawls of beautiful colours; and she determined never to part with them unless under the pressure of extreme want; and cherished them as memorials of her kindest friend, often taking them out, and gazing at them with tears in her eyes, and looking back on the two last years as the happiest and saddest of her life. Ah! Bessy! prepare yourself for more grief still — don't you see how weak your father grows? how deeply he pants for breath? how disinclined he is for exertion? And the house is falling to ruin faster than ever. The rains of October have forced their way through the roof. In the room where the grand old lady died there is a pool of water on the floor, the door has nearly dropped from its hinges, parts of the ceiling have fallen down in

the drawing-room, the garden is covered with weeds. Surely, there is a cloud of some great misfortune overhanging Daisy Hope. How she waited on her father! How she read to him in the Bible, and repeated the metrical Psalms, and smoothed his pillow, and comforted him, and attended to everything; and how she watched him one terrible January night, when the river came roaring down, and the cold wind was howling among the rocking chimneys, and the fire was burning fitfully upon the hearth, and old Andrew was dying in the recess-bed in the kitchen, and how she listened for his breath amid the pauses of the storm, and saw the heaving of the bed-clothes in the uncertain light, and then, how the sudden great silence fell upon her heart, when, after a few words of prayer for his little daughter, the good man ceased to breathe, and nothing was heard more but the plash of rain upon the window, and the occasional lap of the peat flame, as it flickered up the chimney. And Bessy closed her father's eyes, and knelt down by the side of the bed. And she is only twelve years old, and very desolate. Poor Bessy Miller!

But the prophecy of old Andrew soon came true, and friends were raised up for the orphan in very unexpected quarters. The poor are always kind to each other, and the villagers came in with sympathy and help. The good old minister was down among the



first, and Bessy was taken up to the manse, for the dreariness of the ruined farm was too much for the solitary child; and before a month was past, a prospect was opened of a more permanent place than could be found for her at the parsonage-house.

There was a great handsome mansion at Balham Hill, near London, with garden-houses, and coach-house, and stables, and enormous iron gates, and rows of great trees, vainly trying to persuade itself by means of these rural appearances, that it stood in a great park in the county of Warwick; and this large domicile, with all its grounds, and shrubberies, and graperies, and gardens, was the residence of an overwhelmingly rich citizen, who daily performed the journey from these agricultural splendours into a little dingy-looking lane in the City, and busied himself all day long about what seemed to the eyes of the uninitiated, the paltriest concerns. He toiled from morn to night among bales of merchandise and invoices of cargoes, and sold shiploads of sugar, or bought warehousefuls of cotton; for nothing came amiss to him; and everything flourished on which he laid his hand. After many hours of these labours, he stept into his immensely-decorated carriage at the door of the dirty counting-house, and was driven rapidly through streets and avenues till he reached the suburban elysium at

Balham, and was received at the entrance hall by his daughter and his wife. This lasted so long, that it was unanimously believed by the three personages just named, that it would last for ever; it was therefore with a feeling compounded nearly as much of surprise as of grief that the lady and her child perceived that the ordinary course of affairs had suddenly changed: that the carriage came no more to the door at nine o'clock, and returned from London at half-past five: that the dinner was no longer on the table punctually at six; for a certain tremendous cavalcade had departed one morning from the front door, with the principal vehicle profusely ornamented with black feathers, and a noble piece of sculpture, emblematic of Hope and Resignation, rose gradually over the humbler graves in the Highgate cemetery. How touching is the grief of a widow left sole mistress of a place like Balham Belvidere, with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the four per cents! It overflows in square hatchments over the middle window, and black velvet over the seat in church, and yards of crape in all directions, and widows'-weeds of preternatural size. So the glories of the Belvidere were eclipsed for many months under a cloud of mourning. The bereaved proprietor devoted herself to the cultivation of her husband's memory and the spoiling of her daughter's disposition. In every



room of the house, the image of a red-faced, broad-shouldered, flat-featured man was suspended, who might have been taken for the fancy figure of a blacksmith retired from trade, but was glorified in the eyes of the widow as the likeness of one of the handsomest and most aristocratic-looking of men. The daughter, aged eleven, was treated with the respect befitting the representative of such a sire, and the heiress of so much wealth. She was far from beautiful; indeed if it had not been for her expectations, she would have been thought positively ugly — for her hair was of the reddest; her eyes, though blue in colour, were not unanimous in their choice of the objects they fixed on; and her figure was bad, and her temper not of the best. But her mother thought by dint of constantly talking of her beauty, that she could induce it at last to come — so she spoke of her golden locks and her interesting eyes, and thought her Delia (such was the young lady's name) the perfection of the human race.

\* \* \* \*

"I've been thinking," said the minister of Daisyside, to his wife, "of a nice situation for poor Bessy Miller. There's that rich English lady up at the Wallace Arms, that drinks so much mineral water and is so generous to the poor, she wants a Scotch maid, and doesn't care how young. Now Bessy's just a wee past twelve, but she has sense

and discretion enough for twenty-five, and I'll awa' up this very day, and see what can be done."

"Will she be kind to the wee bairn?" inquired the wife, "for we could manage to find work for her here, and she's no expensive, and reads so well, and is so mindful, she wad be a perfect treasure, and we hae nane o' our ain, ye ken."

"She'll be very kind," replied the gentleman. "Any body would be kind to Bessy Miller; and besides, I'm told she has just lost a lass o' her own, about the same age, — a most wonderful creature by all accounts, both for cleverness and beauty, for she speaks o' little else to all the company at the Wells, — and she'll, may be, tak' a kindness to Bessy for the dead bairnie's sake."

The minister started on his benevolent mission and succeeded as he deserved. The lady agreed to instal his parishioner as dressing-maid and reader, and on the following morning the introduction took place. When Bessy timidly entered the room where her future mistress sat, she had many sad thoughts of the time when she first presented herself to the grand old lady in the drawing-room at Daisy Hope. She clung to the good minister's hand as if loth to lose the last link of connection between herself and home, and cast shy looks at the occupant of the apartment; a large stout figure, rendered more striking from the exaggerated appearance of woe with



which it was encumbered; a face of vulgar good-nature, but with an assumption at the same time of vast superiority and almost disdain; how different was the first impression from that left by the appearance of the stately Mrs. Donnington, with her gold-headed cane, and her form reclining on the high-backed rich-covered chair, with her feet on the splendid fur rug, and her elbow on the velvet table cover! Scarcely did the lady at the Wells withdraw herself sufficiently from the absorption of her grief to listen to the minister's words; scarcely did she take her handkerchief long enough from her countenance to look on the trembling little applicant for her favour; but when she did so, when at last she mastered her emotions sufficiently to look at the shrinking figure, something — a stray expression of face — a faint resemblance in the colour of the hair — an indefinable sentiment that struck upon some chord of recollection — made her suddenly rise from her chair, and advance a step or two towards the pair — “the likeness,” she said — “I never saw such a resemblance — she is my darling Delia over again;” and then losing the expression of dignity and rank altogether, she flung her arms round the astonished Bessy's neck, and kissed her a thousand times.

“The woman is a Christian woman,” said the minister to his wife on his return, “in spite of

her disregard of the proper position of the letter h, which seems a sore stumbling-block to the English nation, and she'll be a perfect mother to Bessy Miller, for a' her ignorance of grammar and cockney ways of going on. Riches is a snare to the slenderly educated, and she puts a little too much trust in corruptible treasure, but Bessy will be very comfortable, and has promised to write and tell us how she is treated.”

Daisy Hope fell into ruins faster and faster. It ceased to be occupied by any one. The proprietor did not like the expense of taking it down, and very wisely thought a few years would save him the trouble. The little road leading up to the front door was overgrown with nettles; the stable roof began to fall in; the windows were broken by playful boys, or blown in by tempestuous weather; and year after year the grand catastrophe of a total tumble into heaps of stone and lime, drew nearer and nearer, and the possibility of repair became more and more problematical. But when things are at the worst they will mend. When eight or nine years had done their utmost to destroy all resemblance in the old mansion to a habitable dwelling; when people began to forget all about its having been lived in; when the minister had long been dead, and the Wallace Arms had risen into high reputation, symptoms of reparation were visible. Men



with mysterious implements began measuring the ground, and trying the strength of the old walls; and it was currently reported that a great English nobleman had bought the original estate and was going to build a mansion, at least the size of Windsor Castle. But the building as it proceeded gave no token of being designed on so gigantic a scale. The intention seemed to be to renew the old manor-house as closely as possible, and not a bow window was omitted, nor a jutting wall, nor pepperpot towers at every corner; so it began to look like a dwelling of the sixteenth century suddenly transplanted into the present time, but combining in its interior arrangements the conveniences of modern life, with the strength and solidity of the past. And the view from the upper rooms was unequalled in all the land! The winding Forth, the castellated rock, the glowing hills to the north, the rich valley to the eastward, and the hills all round, which assumed every day a more cultivated and civilised look. There was not in all Scotland a finer domain or a more comfortable dwelling than Daisy Hope.

One day in January last year, there was a crowd in the inner dock at Southampton, to see the invalids from the Crimea brought to shore. Some were carried out looking so pale and worn, that the spectators drew involuntarily back as if in reverence of ap-

proaching death; some of the more slightly wounded were received with a suppressed cheer. The Alma and Inkerman were still fresh in people's hearts; and indignation at official neglect boiled over into acts of kindness to the sufferers. The ship had been long expected; the passengers' names had been sent on by telegraph, and parents and sisters and brothers, had assembled from all quarters to welcome their friends home.

A sad and touching, yet an elevating sight, to see the heroic reception afforded by English mothers to their wounded sons! If sorrow was there, it was chastened and ennobled by pride in the achievement that had brought the wound. Carriages were in waiting to convey the sufferers to their lodgings or hotels. Embraces were given and received without a word being said; and holding by the brother's feverish hand, and walking close beside the litter on which he was carried, walked sisters many a one, who were afraid to ask the extent of the calamity, but were busy laying plans for their brother's solace if he should turn out to be lame for life. All had nearly gone. Carriages and litters had moved out of the dock, and yet an old lady kept steadily at the end of the landing-board, attended by a younger, who was dressed in the plain apparel commonly adopted by the ladies who devoted themselves at that time to the duties



of the hospital; and both kept their eyes intent on the cabin stairs from which the passengers emerged on the deck. At last there came up slowly and with pain a young man in undress uniform, who supported himself on a crutch, and had his left arm in a sling. The young lady touched the arm of the senior, and drew her veil over her face. The officer looked round, but no preparation had been made for his conveyance. No mother was in waiting with easy-hung coach. "Get a cab there for Major Donnington!" cried a rough voice from the paddle-box: but the old lady stepped forward, and said to the almost fainting soldier, "'Deed Major Donnington, ye'll hae nae cab, and gang to nae hotel. Ye'll just come to our branch o' the Crimean Hospital, and ye'll no want for nurses or ony care that a mother could gie ye."

The wounded man considered that this was a piece of careful sympathy from an active and paternal administration, and submitted to his fate with resignation. Accordingly he was installed in a carriage standing near the gate, and driven off — and off, through streets, and out among trees, till he entered a moderate sized avenue and pulled up at the door of a pretty looking villa about two miles from the town upon the shore of Southampton Water. There he was soon shown into his apartment by the ladies, who had fol-

lowed in another conveyance; and as medical assistance was kept in waiting, the extent of his wounds was ascertained and a speedy recovery promised. A bayonet stab in the left shoulder, and a bullet in the knee, were the memorials he carried away of the "Soldier's Victory." But a grateful country was ready to pour balm in his wounds. Wasn't he in a charming hospital, with a beautiful view from the window, the nicest, cleanest curtains for his bed, the best doctor in the county of Hants to attend to his recovery, and nurses so kind, so obliging, so sweet-toned and tender-handed, that it was a positive gratification to be ill? His servant arrived a short time after him with his luggage; his things were put away in convenient drawers, book-shelves in the neighbouring chamber, to which he was to be removed when well enough to sit up, were filled with pleasant volumes; and in a room beyond, he occasionally in the absence of the younger nurse, heard a clear beautiful voice accompanied by a piano. But in spite of all this care of a watchful government the young man felt deprest at the thought that he was causing so much trouble to two amiable ladies upon whom individually he had no claim. He was anxious to make all manner of inquiries, and was profuse in his acknowledgment for all their care. And at first, notwithstanding the doctor's prognostic, their care seemed of no avail. A fever



supervened, during which fancy played its usual tricks, and arrayed itself in the lost robes of memory; and in his wanderings there was a curious mixing up of Indian recollections and the scenes he had had in Scotland with his mother. When he recovered sufficiently to be read to, the younger attendant sat at the side of his bed, and it seemed something like a continuance of his feverish aberration when her gentle words fell upon his ear, for the volumes she chose were Orme's History of Hindostan, and the Life of Warren Hastings, and the story of the Black-hole.

"Mrs. M'Vicar," said the soldier, after one of these readings, "will you answer me a question or two? And first, do you think I am perfectly recovered from delirium?"

"Ye'll maybe be the best judge o' that, yersel," was the cautious answer of the elder nurse.

The young man paused and seemed engaged in a minute inspection of the state of his own brain. "Who is the young lady who hovers over my bed, and reads in such musical accents that I sometimes even now doubt whether she isn't altogether an angel?"

"Her name is Miss Preedy — an English sister of charity, and I'm a mither o' the same."

"And does she always wear a veil over the upper part of her face?"

"Oh, no."

"She doesn't squint, does she?" inquired the Major, as a horrible suspicion crossed his mind that this might be the reason of the concealment of brow and eyes.

"I daursay, ye'll see and judge for yersel in that too," replied Mrs. M'Vicar; "but I suppose you'll soon be thinking of leaving the hospital. You must be anxious to get home."

The officer sighed sadly. "The fact is," he said, "I have no home — I lost my mother nine or ten years ago, and have been in India ever since, till we were sent out to the Crimea. I have no home." It seemed so melancholy a confession that they were both silent for a time, — "But I hope to get well again soon," he added, "and go out to join my regiment. What does the doctor say now?"

The doctor's report was hopeful. In a week he sat up, in a fortnight he entered the little apartment next his bed-room, and in three weeks he was invited to the drawing-room. It was gratitude, probably, that made him think Miss Preedy so wonderfully beautiful. Light hair and dark blue eyes, a clear complexion, and the finest carved features with the sweetest smiling mouth, were enough to justify his admiration; but when he united to this amount of loveliness all her kindness, the care she had bestowed on his comforts, the hours she had devoted in the half-darkened room, to his amuse-



ment, there is no wonder that his feelings of gratitude took a far warmer shape, and, in short, that he was in love; madly, desperately. Yes, desperately, for how would it look in the announcement, that a wounded officer had married the hospital attendant? and would a real sister of charity descend from the poetic dignity of her great and generous work to bestow her hand upon a patient? Besides, there are always plenty of other reasons in the mind of a man with nothing but his commission; for how could he expose so delicate, so refined, so lady-like a being to the discomforts of his narrow means? How wisely people resolve when the object of their admiration is at a little distance, say a mile or two, or in the neighbouring parish, or in another street, — or even, as in this case, in a different room! For when he saw Miss Preedy, when he heard her speak, there was no farther use of argument. He determined to plead his cause with the utmost ardour, and with that view addressed Mrs. M'Vicar when he had an opportunity.

"My dear friend," he said, "I have something very important to say to you. Was Miss Preedy ever in Bengal?"

"No."

"Then I can't imagine where I can have seen her, or some person so amazingly like her that I am quite confused when I look at her, and listen to her voice. Of

course she was never at Balaclava?"

"No."

"Has she father and mother alive?"

"I don't think she has a living relation in all the world."

"I'm glad to hear it. Nor I. We are quite unincumbered in that respect. Ah! Mrs. M'Vicar, I wish I were as rich as Cræsus, whoever that fortunate gentleman may have been; but the truth is I am one of the most ostentatious persons in the Queen's dominions, and wear all the gold I possess upon my shoulders in the shape of epaulettes; but if a true heart — if a devoted love — if years of —. She's very poor, I hope," he said, suddenly interrupting himself, afraid that his intentions might be misunderstood.

"Her father was the last partner of the great house in London of Blogg and Preedy. You've may be heard of it, in the sugar line, and she was heiress to a' the wealth o' the firm."

Major Donnington looked and felt as if another bayonet was entering his shoulder, another bullet lodging in his knee. He did not answer for a long time. At last he said, "One only favour, my excellent friend; keep this a secret. It was a delusion, — it shall not last. Take my thanks for all you have done; tell her how deeply grateful I am: I will leave this hospital to-day."

"This is Miss Preedy's villa, and a bonny little mansion it is;



but it's nae hospital, unless for yoursel that has no home to go to."

The young man was overwhelmed more and more.

"Ye'll say farewell to her ere ye gang?" inquired Mrs. M'Vicar.

The interview took place; and some curious things occurred preparatory to it which puzzled Major Donnington almost as much as the discovery of Miss Preedy's wealth. In the first place, as his knee continued a little stiff, he found a cane placed beside his chair to assist his walk to the drawing-room. He looked at the stick. It was a long gold-headed staff, of a very peculiar wood, and on the top was an inscription. It was a name: "Elizabeth Donnington." He passed his hand rapidly across his eyes as he looked at the words, and continued his course. When he entered the drawing-room Miss Preedy was sitting in an arm-chair with the back to him. She wore a shawl — a rich-patterned, gorgeous-coloured, tasteful-bordered Indian shawl. She wore a black silk gown, with a particular stripe in the watering, which riveted his eyes. He advanced slowly towards the sitting figure, and saw her hand negligently spread on the arm of the chair. He looked at her hand — small, white, beautiful — and on her finger discovered a ring; it was an amethyst, surrounded with small pearls. There could be no mistake; the young man knelt

and took her hand; it wasn't drawn away. He kissed the ring. Had he not a right to do so? It had been his mother's, and was once his own!

And all that blessed month of April the spring sun had been shining on the steep roofs and proud turrets of Daisy Hope. Paxton had sent down a man to lay out a grand old Scottish garden, with broad grass walks, and a stone sun-dial in the middle, — and the place was now almost perfect, — and when furniture began to arrive the lucubrations of the inhabitants of Bank Row took higher flights than ever. Then came waggon-loads from Stirling. There was a rosewood table for the drawing-room, with a noble velvet cover to it on which was embroidered in gold thread, an impossible griffin; there was a fur rug for the hearth; and some chairs with the same heraldic blazonry as the table-cloth: and speculations were rife as to when the new proprietors would come down to take possession.

One day in July the landlady of the Wallace Arms ushered into the bar, where I was sitting at lunch, and said "Oh, Mr. Jocktyleg, it's a' come out! They're up stairs in the best saloon — the three o' them! And wha d'ye think they are? There's Bessy Miller, who took the name of Preedy after the half-dementit haveril that adopted her, because she was so like her dochter; and there's Mrs. M'Vicar, the widow



o' the gude auld minister that recommended her to the place; she's had her for governante and companion ever since Mrs. Preedy died; and the gentleman is Walter Donnington, the son o' the grand auld leddy that was Andrew Miller's lodger: and he's married to Bessy Miller — and, oh! man, what a bonny cretur she is! and they're a' going to live at Daisy Hope — Mrs. M'Vicar tauld me so hersel — she could keep the secret no longer; and the estate's a' bought back; and look, there they go! what a handsome couple! — a wee cripple, maybe, the man, but tall and strong! — and wheesht! that's Bessy Miller — they're just walking down to the Hope to see if the furniture's all right, and they'll tak' possession at the end of the week."

## THE TWO INTERPRETERS.

"THE clouds are fleeting by, father,  
Look in the shining west,  
The great white clouds sail onward  
Upon the sky's blue breast.  
Look at a snowy eagle,  
His wings are tinged with red,  
And a giant dolphin follows him,  
With a crown upon his head!"

The father spake no word, but watch'd  
The drifting clouds roll by;  
He traced a misty vision too  
Upon the shining sky:  
A shadowy form, with well-known grace  
Of weary love and care,  
Above the smiling child she held,  
Shook down her floating hair.

"The clouds are changing now, father,  
Mountains rise high and higher!  
And see where red and purple ships  
Sail in a sea of fire!"

The father press'd the little hand  
More closely in his own,  
And watch'd a cloud-dream in the sky  
That he could see alone.

Bright angels carrying far away  
A white form, cold and dead,  
Two held the feet, and two bore up  
The flower-crown'd drooping head.

"See, father, see! a glory floods  
The sky, and all is bright,  
And clouds of every hue and shade  
Burn in the golden light.  
And now, above an azure lake  
Rise battlements and towers,  
Where knights and ladies climb the  
heights,  
All bearing purple flowers."

The father look'd, and, with a pang  
Of love and strange alarm,  
Drew close the little eager child  
Within his sheltering arm;  
From out the clouds the mother looks  
With wistful glance below,  
She seems to seek the treasure left  
On earth so long ago;  
She holds her arms out to her child,  
His cradle-song she sings:  
The last rays of the sunset gleam  
Upon her outspread wings.

Calm twilight veils the summer sky,  
The shining clouds are gone;  
In vain the merry laughing child  
Still gaily prattles on;  
In vain the bright stars, one by one,  
On the blue silence start,  
A dreary shadow rests to-night  
Upon the father's heart.

## THE GOLDEN MEAN.

THERE is a golden mean,  
doubtless — a right medium between two extremes — a middle course from which divergence is peril — in fact, a *Juste Milieu*. From the days of Phaëton to our own, *medio tutissimus ibis* has been sound advice; whether as to physical or moral progression. The man who can be generous without prodigality, and thrifty



without avarice; brave without rashness and cautious without fear; tender without weakness and firm without severity; trusting without blindness and vigilant without suspicion, is a being so common in fiction and so rare in life, as to prove the value we set upon the Golden Mean as an idea, and also the difficulty of realising it. How deeply the human mind is possessed by this grand abstraction we may further learn from our ready acceptance of its counterfeits—counterfeits, indeed, which are far more popular than the reality could hope to be.

We call the Golden Mean, advisedly, a grand abstraction. It charms us in romance or in history, but, alas, only there. Brought into the sphere of actual life, amid our personal interests, keen competitions, and class sympathies, it shall have sorry welcome. It finds the world split into cliques, with some good in all—all good in none. Let Hoskins, in an election speech, denounce Sir Mark Obsolete as a ruthless vampire, nourished by the blood of the poor: Golden Mean rises to remind the orator of the percentage which, in hard times, Sir Mark returned upon his rents, and of the beef and flannel which Lady Obsolete so liberally dispenses at Christmas. If, however, Sir Mark, mistaking his defender for an ally, should urge him in the name of the constitution to put down popular incendiaries, it is likely

enough that Golden Mean will advise the repeal of some glaring abuse, and suggest that one good method of abating fire is to withhold the fuel.

It is thus to the end of the chapter. Golden Mean has the vexatious peculiarity of agreeing with most men to some extent, and thoroughly with very few. I have known him so repel a narrow creed, as to ravish a German professor enamoured of a paramount nothing, and rebuke with equal emphasis the sneers of that luminary at the faculty of belief. I have heard him plead with a mill owner that some leisure for thought and imagination is the due of all whom God had endowed with souls, and I have heard him sternly enforce on a morbid poetaster the moral benefit accruing from a severe course of manual labour. Now, what fate can reasonably be predicted for poor Golden Mean? What party can befriend him who will devote himself to none? He loves freedom too well to fawn upon authority, and order too well to flatter licence; he is too charitable for the bigot and too reverend for the scoffer; too poetical to think man a mere machine, too practical to think him a mere rhapsodist. What can be his fate, except to be rejected by the sects which chiefly make up the world? Let us grant, however, that the picture has its bright side. Like all good and brave men, our hero draws round him a circle of believing hearts. He



inspires thinkers who will, in time, inspire mankind. Perhaps, even in this age, he may come to be revered: in the next he will have a statue.

The distinction between the genuine Golden Mean, and the alloyed kind may be stated thus. The one is the harmony which subsists between a man's virtues; the other is the compromise between his virtues and his interest. The personification of this latter class is generally an individual in whom a fair amount of good nature and susceptibility are combined with a strong attachment to Number One, and a marvellous instinct in purveying comforts for that unit. My prosperous friend Wetherby is an average example of the species. In youth, good animal spirits, the novelty of life, a mind and senses tolerably open to pleasant impressions, and that amiability which takes its rise from good humour and good digestion, betrayed him occasionally into adventure and sentiment, and could he always have remained young, I have doubts whether he would have fallen into the ranks of the spurious Golden Mean. In his early days he has been known to absent himself from the counting-house for weeks together; to take his five-barred gate, hedge, and ditch in rapid succession, and, in the evening to accompany Miss Belinda Thwaites or her sisters on his flute with very creditable taste. In the Thwaites family is still preserved, on a

faded page of Belinda's album, that record of love and despair with a dim intimation of suicide, which Wetherby penned one fine morning thirty years ago before putting on his shooting jacket. It is true that his stanzas are headed, To —, and signed Ignotus; but I do not agree with those who suggest that the omission of real names was intentional, and that it was designed to protect him from the legal consequences of an offer of marriage. I am of opinion that he was really attached to the lady; and that, in spite of her small dowry, as one of seven sisters, he was inclined to propose. By some chance, however, the rash word was never spoken. The young merchant was found more frequently at his desk, and more rarely at the meet. By degrees he ceased to quote Byron and L. E. L.; and eventually, when I touched delicately upon the subject of his penchant, he replied, that love was an excellent thing; but that it might be carried too far. I saw at once that his course was taken, and that he had enlisted for life under the banner of the mock Golden Mean.

The doctrine which he then announced, has ever since been the motto of his life. He assents in theory to liberal and humanising views; but warns you that they may be carried too far. He is a friend to progress, but averse to rash change. He accepts premises on the distinct understanding that they shall not lead to



conclusions, and his respect for an abstract principle is only equalled by his fear that it should take effect. Yet he believes in the fact accomplished, and upholds all reforms that have become matters of history. Shrewd and not ungenial, he will descant over his walnuts with pleasant raillery upon the abuses and superstitions of the past. He is severe upon the Spanish Inquisition, and thinks that the old feudal barons were unjustifiably harsh towards their vassals. He is happy that that system is done away with, and that we live in days of civil and religious liberty. He looks enlightened opinion personified as he utters this sentiment. His ample chest is gently dilated with bland emotion, and his bald polished forehead brightens beneath the dining-room chandelier. Yet, if you suggest to him that there are other persecutors beside Inquisitors and Grand Seigneurs, and instance A, who ceases to deal with B on account of an election vote, or C, who cuts D for an adverse theological opinion,—Wetherby will observe, that you are right in the main, but that, on the other hand, property and sound views should have a legitimate influence. He has no doubt that William Tell was a patriot; but I question if he would think so of his double were he now to arise somewhere abroad. He is perfectly aware that the true claim to distinction is merit: but, if you urge that promotion should be awarded solely upon that ground, he is not sure that the time is ripe for it. When, however, the period of maturity arrives — that is to say, when the views which sundry pioneers have maintained through stigma and sacrifice have won general consent — Wetherby will certainly find that those views have all along corresponded with his private convictions. It is one of the cleverest feats of Wetherby's intellect that he always escapes the odium of a prospective change by pronouncing it unseasonable, while he gains the credit of it when achieved, because he has always sympathised with it as an idea. Happy Wetherby, who has never been in any of the great minorities of the world; who has risked no capital of popularity, yet always received the dividends of public approval, and shared the prize money of Victorious Opinion without once engaging in its battles!

The popularity of this gentleman is nothing less than amazing. The most opposite parties meet at his board; the one assured that Wetherby is with it in principle, the other satisfied that Wetherby is with it in practice. In the days of the Anti-Corn-Law League, I have seen him supported on the right by a veteran in powdered hair and top-boots from Norfolk, and on the left by a gentleman of an acute physiognomy and double-breasted tartan waistcoat, direct



from Manchester. The low-church vicar of the parish says grace before meat; the Puseyite minister of the proprietary chapel gives thanks before dessert. That dignitary with square, port-flushed face, and hair iron-grey, short and stiff as a three days' beard, is a sugar-broker and alderman. His neighbour with the waving hair and lip compressed — because the alderman has just trodden on his corn — and who edges back his chair with a slight cough of aristocratic distaste, is an established poet. This poet's presence, you see, is another instance of Wetherby's skill in maintaining the Golden Mean.

May I confess, without forfeiting my moral status, that I am sometimes bored and irritated by this excellent man? Will any lenient reader do me the favour to receive this avowal, without thinking that it implies gross depravity? Does not even the monotony of beauty pall upon us? Would not a cloud, or even a drizzling mist, be an acceptable relief in the long splendour of an Andalusian summer? Has the limpid flow of Italian melody never made you long for gutturals and consonants? Can you not imagine a man becoming tired of ortolans? Let it not then be imputed to unusual obduracy on my part, but rather to that thirst for change inherent in our nature, that I have frequently felt a certain disrelish for Wetherby — satiety of a person

so uniformly right, and a keen appetite for some one who could be unmistakeably wrong. Sir Mark Obsolete, of whom I have before spoken, satisfies this hunger of mine to the fullest extent. I have never heard a sane opinion from his lips during an acquaintance of twenty years. He still labours under the conviction, that a bold peasantry, its country's pride, is destroyed the moment you educate it. Biography, history, science, poetry, and politics, when accessible to the million, are, in his esteem, so many vaults mined under the constitution, in which unscrupulous Papists are still depositing gunpowder. He is sure the constitution will some day be blown up by these agencies — that is, unless it fall to pieces beforehand in consequence of a certain chancery judgment that enforced a public right of way through his estates. The late venerable Lord Eldon, he tells you, would have foreseen the results which such a decree involved to the throne and the altar; but all subsequent occupants of the woolsack have been blind or unprincipled. He is pretty sure that in his own case the chancellor was bribed by the Jesuits, who, Sir Mark persists, are in league with all revolutionary agitators. If you point out that the disciples of Loyola have hitherto been inimical to liberal ideas, Sir Mark views that as a master instance of their craft, and contends that their views



must be republican now, because they were despotic before. Such is this very ancient gentleman, in whom motion, speech, and all other functions of life seem startling incongruities, and whose appropriate place would evidently be the Nineveh department of the Museum. Yet, let this be said for Sir Mark — he has a creed, and he cleaves to it. He knows that he excites ridicule, and he braves it. He is right valiant, although he prefers to tilt with windmills; and right loyal to his ideal Dulcineas, although they are not generally captivating. He is kind to his tenants and staunch to his dogmas; he has little brain, but he has a heart and a faith. I have grown bolder since I first touched upon this subject; and I don't care if you tell all the world, that I respect Sir Mark Obsolete more than Mr. Golden Mean Wetherby.

## THE OLD AND NEW SQUATTERS.

### THE NEW SQUATTER.

IN the Gallowgate of Glasgow many years ago, a crowd one evening was collected round the entrance to a narrow wynd, at which stood a shabby sort of hired carriage, to which was harnessed a lean, bow-kneed, spavined jade of a horse. That crowd was composed of the very poorest and dirtiest portion of the very poorest and dirtiest of

“the auld town” population. The occasion which had drawn this respectable assembly to that spot, at that hour of six o'clock, was no other than a wedding, the amiable actors in which public spectacle had to issue from that little smutty passage. What circumstances beyond the perpetual and universal interest which attaches to such an event, drew this crowd, and riveted its eyes in evident intensity on that murky outlet, it never was our felicity to learn, for there were certain influential characters on the outskirts of the throng who maintained a most effectual guard against any curious intrusion by people in clean linen. These were a squad of lively urchins, who with bandy sticks were amusing themselves in a sham game by striking up the styx-black fluid of the open kennel against the members of the expectant mass, which was too deeply absorbed in watching for the advent of the happy couple, to notice the sable and odiferous sprinkling, or too indifferent to regard it.

But not so indifferent was a rosy, full-bodied, and apparently choleric old gentleman, who while carefully endeavouring to escape any share in this Stygian baptism, by taking a considerable circuit round the mob, received a flying and liberal salute on his cheek, his snow-white cravat, and his sleek and velvety broad-cloth. With a sudden clutch and flaming visage he had



seized in the next moment a remarkably shabby lad by the collar, and while giving him sundry vigorous shakes and cuffs, exclaimed, "Ye daft, feckless, mislear't callant, ha'e ye naething better to mind than to spulzie a' decent bodies claes that gae by?"

The lad looked up in his face astonished, and said, "Naething ava, sir."

"Naething!—naething!" said the old gentleman; "come to me the morn's morn, to me, Baillie Glas o' the Trongate, and I'll gie ye some wark, ye gilpie, ye."

The next day the lad was busy with a clean white apron before him, sweeping out the shop of the eminent grocer and baillie, Sandeman Glas, and grinding at the pepper-mill. Anon, he was behind the counter, anon, mounted upon a high stool in the counting-house behind the shop, and five years afterwards was out of his apprenticeship, and off to London with a letter of recommendation to an eminent Scotch house in the sugar-trade in Eastcheap. David Macleod, for it was no other, was one of those corks, that if you will only fling them into the world's waters anywhere will float away to the world's end. No storm can sink them for more than a minute; they are sure to bob up again, and go swimming and dimpling forward, through fair and foul.

David did not stay long in London. Some brilliant chance, as he thought, lured him out to

the Cape; from the Cape to Sydney, from Sydney to Van Diemen's Land, and, finally, he turned up in the right nick of time in Little Bourke Street, Melbourne, as a small grocer and dealer in sundries. Here David plodded on, as it appeared for some time in profound obscurity. Nobody seemed to know nor cared to know the rather uncouth, slow, Scotch bodie, that hung cocoa-nut mats at his door, and tied up old-fashioned conical pounds of sugar, at a very small counter, in a very small shop, elbowed up by all sorts of miscellaneous articles — soap, candles, besoms, bags of very brown sugar, drums of figs, and Bath bricks. But David's obscurity was like the mole's, though little observed, it was onwards, and people were presently astonished by David's purchasing a great warehouse in Market Square, and standing forth in great prominence in the wholesale line. Many a heavy-loaded bullock-dray was seen to leave his ample warehouse door, and direct its course up the country. As time advanced, many a squatter stood deep in David's books, and when the evil day came that shook the colony to its yet but loosely-laid foundations, many were the wonderings and the queries how it could stand with the man whose beginnings were remembered to have been a few years ago so little and obscure.

But David was one of those



men who, in building the fabrics of their fortune, knock their bricks well down into their mortar, and make every nail and screw fast as they go on. Squatters fell before the blast, and owed David large sums, but he was found to have taken secure liens on their stock and stations, and cork-like, he floated on even more buoyantly than before. True, David pulled a fearful long face, shook portentously his head, and bemoaned himself dolefully, as the most unfortunate of men. All these dead, useless, worthless properties falling upon his hands! What was to become of him? The colony ruined, ruined for ever, gone out and out, and past redemption; his money all gone; his good hard-earned money, and what to show for it? Heaps of good-for-nothing sheep that would not pay for shepherds at twenty pounds a-year each, and rations, tea, and sugar, and flour, — heaven help us! and wool just no price at all! And the flocks all eaten up with scab, and foot-rot, and catarrh! Was he to run from Dan to Beersheba, from Gippsland to the Wimmera, after them, to see them dressed, and washed, and clipped, or to trust them to overseers, expensive fellows at forty pounds a-year, and their keep? Goodness guide us! it was enough to craze the strongest head in Christendom. Was he to be the Atlas of the South, and carry the whole country on his back? Was one

man to bear up under a pile of burdens, each single one of which had sunk its man, and all better men than himself.

Yet David did manage to bear up under it all; to bear up, ay, and to float gallantly onward too, bobbing and nodding, though solemnly, to all that passed him on the stream. David knew very well that it was one thing for a man to be crushed that was already struggling under a burden of years, and under the high pressure of sixteen and twenty per cent.; and another for a substantial man to "wait a wee," for better times, with flocks and herds grazing by thousands on lands that paid a mere nominal rent. That what was obtained for almost nothing could not well get less. Nay, David had most comfortable inward inklings that things were very likely to grow rather than to diminish. He had profound faith in the old saw that when things are come to the worst, they begin to mend. And now at the worst they assuredly were, — so this was the turning point; the cold hour before dawn. Come the worst that might, his stations, and herds and flocks would balance themselves in his ledger, at least half the cost of purchase being his sixteen per cent. interest. Come good times and David was a millionaire!

And very soon the soundness of David's reasonings began to show themselves. Wool was evidently on the advance in the



market, and Australian wool growing in favour. Next came a wonderful rumour of a mode of turning the overgrown flocks into tallow, by which sheep bought at one shilling would realise ten! David sat down and calculated, and rose up and rubbed his hands. "All right!" said David, when he had shut the door. "Thirty thousand sheep at a shilling, — fifteen hundred pounds; thirty thousand at ten shillings, — fifteen thousand pounds! Good!" And then all the cattle and horses, and the good-will of the stations under these improved circumstances!

David had much ado to force down the mighty exultation, and keep it out of sight. Keep it down in the lowest corner of his heart, and keep down the corners of his mouth, with their established demure melancholy. Several of the squatters who had thought themselves ruined came, and suggested that David should now amply repay himself out of their flocks, and restore the overplus to them. But David stood astonished at such ingratitude. "What! when he had so nobly stepped in to save them! when he had relieved them from all their embarrassments, — rescued them from bankruptcy, snatched them from the jaws of ruin, and left them to begin the world anew; he could not have thought human nature half so bad. But they were not children, — these matters were too serious for child's play." In fact, David

had made all fast, and he bowed them out. Where would be speculation, indeed, — of what benefit carefulness and higher sagacity, if men were thus to be expected to give up their just rewards?

So, as we have said, David continued to rake amongst the ruins of the Melbourne of eighteen hundred and forty-two, and many a weighty find and precious jewel he dragged up from the mud and débris of the desolating torrent that had passed through it. Many a house, many a piece of land, many a heap of goods did he secure at nominal prices, which anon became literally worth their weight in gold. All these matters comfortably arranged, David set out on a tour of discovery amongst the various stations which had fallen into his hands, and which he averred pulled so heavily at his heart-strings. We shall not follow him in his travels, not having the same interest in the matter. We shall allow him to gloat inwardly and shake his head outwardly at the deep grassy meadows, and luxuriant swamps of Gippsland, where he found hundreds and thousands of splendid cattle feeding and flourishing for his benefit. At the far-stretching plains, and beautiful uplands of the west, where his tens of thousands of sheep grazed at the foot of the picturesque Pyrenees, and clear, dashing streams came down from the hills, reminding him of those which he had been



used to see on his journeys of business for the worthy Baillie Glas, in Perthshire, or Ayr. But, as we have sympathised in the fallen fortunes of Tom Scott, we shall just follow the unfortunate David Macleod to the Loddon, to see what sort of a burden that luckless fellow had left upon his hands there.

As David journeyed up the country in a stout-built gig, accompanied by a stout serving man, he internally gladdened his heart at the sight of the rich plains, the green valleys, the wooded hills, and the velvet slopes studded with noble, but thinly-scattered trees. As he rolled along over the hard, solid ground of low hilly ranges which gave him the varied view of forest, glen, and winding stream, with here and there smoke rising up from the chimney of some solitary station, or more solitary stockman's hut, he could not help saying in his heart of hearts — "Fine country! plenty of room for squatters! Plenty of squatters, plenty of squatter's accounts." And then he would fall into a calculation, how many goods each station would need in the year, how many hundred pounds these would cost, and what would be the average profit upon them. Next, he speculated on the weight of wool, and the probable proceeds. All this was so agreeable, that he must have sung, in the private parlour of his soul, had he known the stanza: —

O, pleasant are the green woods,  
Where there's neither suit nor plea,  
But only the wild creatures,  
And many a spreading tree.

But then would come a shock from the wheel against a stump, which would nearly precipitate him over the splash-board, or a plunge into a morass, that would threaten to swallow him up bodily, and on all these occasions he did not keep his feelings to himself, as he did his more agreeable calculations and cognisances. He would denounce bitterly and cruelly the whole country, its bogs, its barren flats, its more sterile hills, its stony tracks, its yawning, precipitous gullies. Was this a country for a Christian! Was this a place for a decent man to waste his years in, looking after the effects of broken-down settlers! Was this howling wilderness a country into which a quiet, religious character like himself, should have to come, struggling after the wreck of his fortune, trusted, O! thoughtless, too soft-hearted David! to spend thrifts and ne'er-do-weels. An unco' place. Where there was neither church nor chapel, neither prayer nor praise; but swearing bullock-drivers and heathen blacks? A godless country, "Perdy," turning to his man, "an awfu', godless country. Would thou and I were well out of it, and treading the fair pavements of bonny Glasga!"

David had made good use of his squatter's map, and duly each



evening, he contrived to turn off the track to some comfortable station, where he was hospitably received, and made himself pleasant over a mutton chop, a pan-kin of bush tea, and a comforting glass of toddy. Before he turned into bed, he had taken care to spear significantly after the growth of the flocks, the prospects of the wool crop, and before he left next morning, he would contrive to have a peep into the squatter's store-room, where his practised eye ran with a telegraphic rapidity over the various articles which are to be found in that indispensable apartment of a station. Over the stock of shoes, boots, wide-awakes, ready-made clothes of all kinds, sugars, teas, flour, salt, tobacco, rice, spirits, bridles, saddles and crockery. He would cast a glance at the number and extent of the buildings, and suggest to himself whether he might not calculate on an extensive order for Tasmanian shingles. How the squatter was off for drays, or bullock-yokes, chains, or hobbles. What sort of a wool-press he was in possession of. Whether he had one of the newest construction, or still continued to fill his bags by means of the old contrivance of a huge beam balanced on a post, and weighted at the condensing end with a huge piece of rock. Nothing escaped the lynx eye and the capacious soul of David the deeply cogitating; and thus he went on his way most profitably observant, with a

grumble, ever and anon, for the ear of Perdy, and a Eureka! to himself.

As he drew near his own station, the station of the umquhile Tom Scott, his heart beat stronger and more pleasurable, for the country grew ever more and more delectable. The valleys were as rich as those of the Land of Goshen, most charming slopes and swells descended from the woods, which would have fascinated the eye of a painter, and were most agreeable to that of David, because they grew delicious grass. Now, they ascended hills covered with giant trees, and fragrant with the blossom of shrubs; now they descended from the silent and stony regions of the forest, and saw around them hills and rocks thrown up in all the prodigal wild beauty of Nature's most original moments. Here the poet's eye would have seen the future shaping itself with cottages and granges, with all their hanging gardens, and vineyards, their crofts and orchards about them. Cows, and goats, and fowls, appearing on the soft meadow flats, or clambering to the most airy pinnacles of cliff. Down they went and issued into a valley which made David Macleod rise in the carriage, and spread out his hands in rapture. "Eh, sirs! and whaten a place for the bulls of Bashan, and the cattle on a thousand hills!"

In truth, human eye seldom luxuriated on a more superb



scene. A magnificent valley extended up and down far as the eye could see, deep in grass, yellow with the golden flowers of early summer, in which large herds of cattle were grazing, of a beauty never surpassed, in its free grace and untamed spirit, on the meads of Trinacria or on the Pampas of Brazil. On either side rose wooded hills of manifold heights and forms, whose bluffs and spurs towered breezily in the upper air, or descended, studded with the verdant gracile forms of the shiock and the olive-like lightwood, into the luxuriant vale.

The travellers took a side-way, which led them between these Arcadian declivities and a fair, winding river, from which rose, in vast clouds and with a wild clangour, thousands of wild fowl, which made hasty flight to a distance. Anon they saw the smoke of habitations, and as they drew near, by degrees revealed themselves a variety of wooden buildings. This was the station. It was seated on a mount occupying a natural little amphitheatre midway in the hills, to which they ascended by an easy winding road. Arrived on the mount, even David Macleod, whose soul dwelt so snug and satisfied in the profitables, could not help being struck with it.

The mount seemed to have been formed, in the old plastic ages, by some huge landslip. Above it impended hills and rocks gashed with deep ravines,

and scooped out in green concaves or coombes, and shagged with giant, and in many cases far-projecting masses of the stringy-bark and iron-bark forest. Down one of these came dashing and foaming a little stream, which collected itself in the centre of the mount into a large natural basin, between which and the hills stood the cluster of wooden buildings which constituted the station. Near to the little lake, and facing it, stood forward the chief hut; right and left and behind stood others, including stables, cow-sheds, kitchen, and stockmen's huts. Around the lake the grass was smooth and green as on an English lawn, and on the sides of the mount lay gardens and vineyards, presenting a most vividly light green contrast to the native foliage around. Beyond the broad valley rose again noble masses of woods; beyond these stretched the unbroken surface of interminable forests, over which looked distant ranges of hills, one chain showing over the other, — the near dark with clothing woods, the farthest blending with the azure distance.

It was a seat fit for an emperor. So thought the delighted David; so before him had thought the unfortunate Tom Scott. His was the discovery, his the building of these dwellings, the planting out of these gardens, and the fencing in of ample paddocks for corn and hay, and the security of horses and



milch kine, in the sheltered hangers below.

An active young countryman, his overseer, was ready to receive the great man in his bush home. Donald Ferguson had been on the look-out for him for some days, and had a table spread ready for the hungry man, on which the utensils were humble, but the fare was substantial. A haunch of kangaroo, more delicious than any hare, succeeded kangaroo-soup, that would have delightfully astonished the palate of a Lord Mayor, and furnished new topics to the appetising pen of Miss Acton. Wild turkey, black-duck from the river, bronze-winged pigeon (a luxurious substitute for partridge), patties of quince marmalade, preserved peaches and cream, followed in a succession which spoke eloquent eulogiums for the cook; and a dish of early figs, the first produce of the summer, closed the rear with a bottle of port, which the enraptured squatter declared could not be matched in Melbourne, nor scarcely in Glasga. We say nothing of vegetables, rare in the bush, — greens; peas, already plentiful; new potatoes; scorzonera-root, worthy to stand on the right-hand of sea-kale; salads, and pickles of mango and green melon. Never was a dinner more to the taste of hungry traveller, — never did one so convincingly proclaim a land of plenty and of dainty delights.

“Where in the world, Donald,

did ye discover this paragaun of a cook?” cried the transported squatter.

“He discovered himself,” replied Donald. “He walked in one day as we were at our wit’s end for some one to cook our damper and fry our chops.”

“And noo ye live like the Heir o’ Lynn! I’ll fear me, thoo, that the chap ’ull be rayther extravagant.”

“O, no!” replied Donald; “we keep him close to the chop and the cake when we’re alone.”

“Aweel! this is an orra time, I reckon. But dinna ye ken where the chiel comes frae? Nane but a lord could want the like o’ him.”

“I believe,” said Donald, “he was head cook to some great man, and was just sent over to the other side on a suspicion of poisoning him.”

“Poisoning! poisoning his ain maister! An’ ye tuk him in, and dar to eat and drink of his devil’s bannoks and bree? Oot wi’ him! oot wi’ him! or we are a’ dead men!”

“Not a bit of it,” said Donald, smiling; “don’t be alarmed; there’s no danger. He has cooked for us these two years, and an honest fellow does not live. In fact, he says, and I think so too, the cook that poisoned the great man was his own gormandising and boozing; for he was regularly carried to bed dead drunk every night of his life.”

“Weel, weel,” said the startled squatter, “there may be some-



thing in that; but to me it seems naething mair nor less than a tempting o' Providence."

"We get used to such things here," said Donald; "we can get no women-servants up here, and not easily men; and half our workmen and shepherds, and I must say the best half, are notorious transported thieves and burglars."

"An' ye dar to gang through the woods with these gallows-birds all alone wi' ye, an' nae Christian creature within miles o' ye?"

"Just so," added Donald, coolly: "we can't help ourselves, and nothing happens."

The great squatter had begun to think the bush not half so pleasant as it appeared over the roast turkey and the port; and his alarm was the more increased when, on going to his bed-room, he found neither lock nor latch to his door, and the moon shining through vacancies between the slabs of which it was built, large enough to put a hand through, much more the muzzle of a gun.

"Donald, my man! Donald!" he shouted, "hoo's this? Nae lock, nae latch, nae stang?"

"Oh, no," said Donald, "we don't want them; there is nothing but a latch to the front door."

This was worse and worse, and the great man clapping the only thing like a table in the room against the door, and shoving a heavy box against that, resolved

to make short work of it in the bush. But, presently, the habitual shrewdness of the man began to operate, and suggesting to him that the inhabitants of the bush knew best, and that all was right, he dropped asleep, and awoke in the beaming morning cured of all his fears, and more delighted with the scene than ever.

The hut in which he lived was but a wooden hut, with a mud floor, and a huge open chimney on the hearth of which burned a fire just enough to keep hot the kettle, and nothing more; but on the breakfast-table appeared, with the tea and coffee, chops, steaks, roasted wattle-birds, quails, and other dainties.

After breakfast Donald Ferguson rode out with Squatter to show him something of the run and its stock. But this was no work of a morning like the riding over an English farm. Seven flocks were tended upon it by seven shepherds, each with his different hut and district of pasturage, and to reach these, they had to ascend lofty hills, thread deep and hidden glens, cross streams, and ride on through woods that appeared endless. Then, again, they came out on plains, or high and extensive downs, where was descried the immense flock rolling along, as it were, over the grassy level like a cloud, or a low fog before the shepherd, always on the move, and grazing as they went. There is something pastorally grand in



the idea of these numerous flocks, all daily radiating from one central circle of homesteads, and grazing in profound calm through the silent and boundless waste, returning at evening to their resting-place, and so on from day to day, and from year to year, swelling serenely into living expanses of affluence.

David Macleod soon found that it would require weeks to take a survey of his possessions, and he contented himself with finding the fragment explored all orderly and prosperous. Strychnine had now decimated the dingoes, or wild dogs, the squatters had driven back the natives, and a profound peace brooded over these wild realms of pastoral riches. Readers, lift up your imaginations; spread them out on their broadest pinions, and conceive the Squatter occupying the county of Kent, or Surrey for his run, at a rate, including licence-fee, and head-money, of some fifty pounds a-year, and you form a tolerable idea of the Squatter's domain; a domain which this country has so bountifully consigned to him, and perceive why he should so fervently desire to hold it for ever.

Ever and anon, as he followed the indefatigable Donald, through far-off valleys, where it would require a compass to direct the stranger, a troop of beautiful horses would turn, gaze at them for a moment, and then with flying tails and manes, and snorting nostrils, bound away with

a grace of motion, a conscious enthusiasm of freedom and strength, that the steed of the wilderness only displays.

"Whose are these fine horses?" would ask David, and "Yours, sir," was Donald's reply. Ever and anon, a huge herd of wild cattle would run startled at their approach, and, led by a number of stupendous bulls, dash with crashing fury and thundering hoofs through the dark bush of wattle, or the green hopscrub, and away in the limitless woods. "Whose are these, Donald?" "Your's, sir."

Ever and anon, on some lonely upland, a flock of kangaroos would turn their tall heads, gaze silently a moment, and leap rapidly away. Anon, thousands of wild fowl rose with a stunning rush and thunder, from a rarely-visited swamp, and myriads of parrots, wild pigeons, and other birds, glanced in the tree-tops, or saluted you with their quaint cries. To David's wondering mind, it appeared like some chapter of romance, like some hidden kingdom reserved for some great prince, and stocked with everything that could enrich the table, fill the purse, and supply the most boundless passion for the chase. He returned to his station an immensely greater man, in his own estimation, than he even was before.

Here, one of these days he would come and build a castle befitting his own importance, a very palace of the wilderness.



Around him he found at some twenty or thirty miles distance, other aristocrats of the wild. These were, most of them, half-pay officers, medical men, or lawyers, who had found it slow work in Europe, and had just been drawn to Victoria by fame, in the very nick of time, when the crisis had swept away the original race of squatters — the veritable pioneers of the wilderness — and left them their places on the easiest possible terms. These gentlemen's hope and expectation had been, not the achievement of great fortunes, but that of an easy and care-free life, a rural peace and plenty, and a wider horizon for their children. But a more wondrous fate was in reserve for them. They thought they had bought merely an old lamp, but it was the genuine miracle-machine of Aladdin. They dreamed only of being gentlemen graziers, and they sprung up at once, the lords and princes of a new empire.

Several of these had made a morning ride of thirty or fifty miles to call on their new neighbour; and David felt that they were of a caste, an education, an intelligence, far beyond his own homespun actuality. How was he to put himself upon a due footing with them? The upshot of his reflections was, what it only could be — a big, fine house, and a gorgeous equipage.

It was while meditating deeply on these future glories one summer's forenoon, alone in the inner

apartment of the hut, that raising his eyes, he saw a strange and startling figure standing motionless before him. He had heard some one enter, but supposing it the cook, had not even given him a glance. The man, if man it were, stood tall, gaunt, and clad in a rude, coarse, green jacket, ragged and soiled. A belt round his waist showed a brace of large pistols, his left hand held upright as a support a long gun. On his head was a slouching brown wide-awake, and an enormous beard buried the lower half of his face. It was a face that seemed shaped to inspire horror; long, bony, and withered; tanned by sun and breeze into a mahogany hue, and from the deep sunken sockets, his eyes gleamed fiery, yet still and fixed with a spectral expression on the squatter.

"Who are you?" exclaimed David, "and what is your business?"

"Justice!" said the man, with a singular emphasis.

"Justice! And why came you here? Who has wronged you?"

"You!" retorted the man, and the fire gleamed more fiercely in his eyes, but he moved not a limb, nor a muscle.

"Me! Now, Heaven help me! I never saw you before," said the evidently alarmed David. He looked hastily round, as if for assistance; but Donald Ferguson was out in the woods, and the cook was in the distant kitchen; if he shouted he would never



hear him. He glanced out of the front window; all was silent and basking without. The sun blazed and glanced on the little lake, and not a living thing seemed to stir. He cast a look out at the side window near him. He could see far down the slope, where lay the shadow of the woods: but all was motionless and soundless as at midnight. A feeling of faintness and desperation came over him; he would have shouted, but the fear of the man's firearms kept him silent.

"You never saw me before?" said the uncouth and gloomy figure. "No! this man you never saw. This blasted, withered, cursed, and deformed frame you never saw. It was before the thunder-bolt had fallen on me; before the scourge of misery had consumed me, and the vengeance of blood and massacre had stamped the devil upon me. Then you saw me, then — young, strong, full of hope, happy though fighting with the frightful odds of life, because there stood precious ones beside me to cheer me on. Then you saw Tom Scott."

"Tom Scott!"

"Yes; Tom Scott. Listen! I am a blighted and blasted tree. In all the world of forests for thousands of leagues round us, there stands no such spectre of the woods as stands here. On me there remains no leaf; in my veins circulates no sap of life. I am rootless, branchless, heartless, and yet I live, and for what?

To slay, as mine were slain; to crush, as mine were crushed; to burn, as mine were burnt; and to give a loose to vengeance, because it is the only thing which has flourished with me. I once had kindly — O! most kindly — feelings; tears, prayers, and deeds of eager devotion for the suffering. I thought that I was born to win my way to success. I believed that a high heart and a clean hand could and would snatch a blessing. But men and a froward luck dragged me down. Except from two honest rude creatures, out of my own family I never received aid or kindness. The world would have me a devil, and it is done. But David Macleod what are you? Men say you are religious? Is it religion to take a man's all for a few hundred pounds, when that all may shortly become a prince's heritage? Look round on this lordly scene. Who made this place?"

"God Almighty," said the confounded Squatter.

"God and Tom Scott," said the stranger. "God Almighty raised these hills, spread these valleys, planted these everlasting forests, vaulted over them yon glittering sky; and, wherefore? That a canting hypocrite; a craven, demure, and ruthless oppressor might revel in them, and vaunt himself in them? Tom Scott built these houses, planted these gardens, enclosed these pastures, and raised these flocks and herds from a mere handful to ten thousand, and was that,



think you, of no more value than the deficient balance of a paltry hundred or two of pounds?"

The man raised slowly and steadily the long gun from the ground, and lowering its muzzle towards the stupified Squatter, said, "David Macleod, one little crooking of my fore-finger, and you are in eternity. In vain will then be all your scraped-up riches, in vain all these lordly woods and hills, in vain all your flocks and herds, your houses, and your parchments. But I lower once more my piece, give one more moment, and say — Justice!"

"As God lives, Tom Scott," cried the terrified man, his eyes almost starting from his head, and his hand put out as if to avert the threatened deed, "I will do all. — Help! help! in God's name, help! Murder!" shouted he, suddenly from the side-window descrying three horsemen approaching the house; and, darting to the window, which was open, gave one more frantic cry, and sank senseless on the floor.

When the Squatter came to himself again, he cried, "Stop him! hold him! for worlds, don't let him escape!"

"Let who escape?" asked two or three voices, amongst which was that of the cook.

"Who! why, Tom Scott, to be sure. He was here this minute; where is he?" and he rushed out to see. Nobody had seen Tom Scott. Since the day that he dis-

appeared, he had never been seen here nor anywhere near here. His fame, as a merciless pursuer of the natives, was unrivalled; but no one could say that he had seen him anywhere.

David Macleod returned hastily to town. The glory and beauty of his giant estate had departed. The image of Tom Scott reigned there in intensest horror. East and west, throughout the colony, millions of acres spread their bosoms to the sun, with all their hills, woods, waters, and living things, which owned him for master, but David Macleod never approached them; for Tom Scott might be there.

Years went on; wealth rolled in upon him in torrents; and, as if fortune would visit him and his brethren of squatterdom with her wildest wonders, it was discovered that the colony was one great region of gold. Gold was everywhere. Its earth, its rocks, its rivers, were all teeming with gold! Thousands upon thousands rushed from all the ends of the earth to snatch a share in the marvellous booty; and suddenly the value of the squatters' possessions jumped up five and ten-fold in value. No longer were boiling-down establishments requisite to keep down the astonishing increase of the flocks, and yield some tolerable return from them. No longer bubbled those huge cauldrons into which the mangled limbs of whole hecatombs of sheep were thrown daily and hourly, and seethed



down for their fat. There were hundreds of thousands of hungry mouths in the colony, ready to consume, and of hands full of strangely-gathered gold to pay liberally for them.

These wanted, moreover, bullocks and horses to draw up provisions to the swarming diggings, and carry down the gold, — to prosecute the incessant traffic in the towns, and the speeding of escorts and eager passengers. Sheep advanced from five shillings to twenty-five per head; oxen from twenty shillings to twenty pounds; horses from five pounds to seventy and a hundred. The amazed squatters stood astonished at their own affluence. Theirs, indeed, was the Midas touch which turned all to gold, without its ancient penalty. David Macleod calculated up his gains. He was now, in one quarter or another, master of fifty thousand sheep, ten thousand cattle, and two thousand horses. In stock on his stations he was actually worth more than a quarter of a million! What a metamorphosis! Can that great senator ever have been the little dirty boy of the Gallowgate kennel? Never in the world's history had there been so fabulous a period, out-fabing all fable. The great patriarchs roaming on the vast plains of Mesopotamia, with their immense flocks, multiplied and prospered by the express favour of heaven, can present no parallel of fortune with the squatters of 'Victoria';

for they had no diggings to consume their mutton at sixpence per pound. Each party held their estates on equally cheap tenure, that is, just about for nothing; but the balance of profit was infinitely in favour of the patriarchs of the antipodes.

Job had seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and was a marvel of wealth amongst the ovine and bovine magnates of the east; but Job himself would have cut but a sorry figure amongst the wondrous men of the south. Arabia Felix to Australia Felix? — a sandbank to a paradise! Never since the world began — under no régime of a most propitious Providence — had mortal men been thus, without any merit or demerit, forethought or sagacity of their own, so blessed and pressed, loaded and bedded, rained on in deluges, and bolstered with bags of riches. Never again till the world winds up its motley accounts of bankruptcies and beggaryes, monied plethora and coffers of Croesus, destitution and surfeit, will any nation continue to pitchfork such piles of gold-sacks upon a knot of good honest men, astounded at their own greatness.

But no state has its entire exemptions from the shadow with the sun — the Bubbly Jock with the grandeur. As Tom Scott, with his one stern word—Justice! stood suddenly before the startled



David Macleod, so with the rushing multitude which bought the squatters' mutton, came a new cry for the squatters' land. Those who had gold wanted homes; those who had homes wanted farms. The cry was — Land! land! and the squatters recoiled in terror before it. What! those noble estates, those woods, and mountains, and charming valleys all their own? Those lands yielding millions of sheep at sixpence a-pound, and paddocks yielding hay at sixty and one hundred and twenty pounds a-ton? Give them up, or any part of them? Reader, if government gave you the run of the Isle of Thanet to-morrow, would you like to restore it the next day, or next year, or next hundred years? How much less, then, the whole County of York? Believe me, you would cling to it as to dear life. No man could renounce, without a pang, and a bitter one, so glorious a domain, so vast and fascinating a power.

Therefore the squatters hurried into the legislative council, and, in a serried phalanx of anxiety and indignation, denounced the unreasonable demands of multitudes clamorous for land. There was raised a wild cry of "the hated squatters, the injured squatters, the squatters who had raised the flag of enterprise, built the metropolis of Melbourne, created the enormous wool-trade, suffered unheard-of miseries in the bush, driven out the natives, annihilated the

dogs, and sold mutton to tribes of famishing men." In vain! From the inexorable Fawcner and O'Shaughnassey came the ominous and repeated echoes of — Tom Scott!

They stripped from the unfortunate squatters the glorious coats of other men's merits, in which they had so comfortably wrapped themselves. True, there had not been many actual Tom Scotts, the story had been more commonplace, but not the less real. As James Montgomery says of the Reformation —

Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,  
His meek forerunners waned and pass'd away.

So the early squatters, the real pioneers and sufferers, had, for the most part, passed away, and the present generation were, in a great degree, the easy sons of a most wondrous fortune, who reaped where other men had sowed. Gentlemen amiable, and hospitable, and accomplished, numbers of them, but still, verily they have had their reward. When they talk of compensation for the loss of land, Fawcner asks, Whose land? The nation's? For their improvements, O'Shaughnassey reminds them, that their tenure forbids them to make any, except on the homestead, which they are allowed to purchase, at a proportionate price. When they talk of the injured squatters, the Argus points to their enormous wealth, and to the injured public.



When they bemoan themselves as the poor squatters, all the world laughs, and the jolly rogues laugh in their own sleeves.

These are your new squatters, the autocrats of boundless wilds, the most favoured of all Fortune's sons. May they live a thousand years! But may it be still following their flocks in the van of settlement and civilisation. With the sound of advancing millions behind them, with the plough, the hammer, the shuttle, and the railroad, a hum of human activity and happiness, and before them the pleasant wilderness, the calmly-pasturing flock, the wild majestic herd, and the neighing troop of unlimited steeds, till the great continent of Australia shall be the England of the south, traversed by steam, surrounded by busy fleets — vast, populous, mighty, and at peace.

### A GERMAN TABLE D'HÔTE.

OUR table d'hôte at the Golden Plough is not an imposing one. The Gasthaus itself is not an important hostelry. It is on the Rhine, but does not form part of the outworks of any of the large and fashionable Rhenish cities, which appear at first sight to be composed entirely of hotels: neither is its name painted in enormous characters all over its exterior, in various languages, for the behoof of tourists. In the Rhein Strasse of our quiet town,

at which the steamer stops on its way up or down the beautiful river, the weary traveller — who perhaps has been tearing through Belgium viâ Ostend, anxious to do that country, the Rhine, Switzerland, and perhaps Italy, in the smallest possible amount of time — will, as he steps from the steamer, discover the modest portals of the above inn, and perchance, if it be late, pass the night there. I am not, however, about to speak of its sleeping accommodation; but of the mid-day meal, to which I subscribe a small sum monthly; and of the circle, or rather ellipse of human kind, which daily congregates round that festive board.

The inn is kept by an elderly woman, who has been for many years past in a state of widowhood. She is of a pleasant and jocose disposition, albeit her voice is occasionally to be heard in a loud key proceeding from the kitchen, especially when an undue delay occurs in the serving of the dinner. She is seconded by her niece, a very pretty little specimen of German womankind; who, with two handmaids (there are no waiters) and an odd man, who combines the duties of butler, boots, and ostler, form all the visible establishment. There are, to be sure, one or two hangers-on, whose duty does not seem to be clearly defined. They are chiefly employed in transporting your luggage from the steamer to the inn, or vice versâ, and hanging about the stables,



making themselves generally useless.

The Speise-Saal, or dining and coffee-room, fronts the street, and does not present any particularly distinctive features from that of any other small German inn. It is ornamented, amongst other things, with a picture of Cologne Cathedral, the effect of which is slightly marred by a clock-dial of large dimensions being placed exactly in the middle of the painting. A strong odour of stale tobacco smoke and soup pervades the apartment; a supply of the former being kept up with great assiduity by the majority of the guests.

The company does not much resemble that which is to be found at the great tables d'hôte of the principal Rhine hotels. Comparatively few English, armed to the teeth with Murray's Hand-books, Panoramas of the Rhine, Sketch and Conversation Books, uglies, and — by the fair much loved — mushroom hats of portentous dimensions, make their appearance in this place. The greater part of the society is formed of inhabitants of the town, some of whom have dined at the Golden Plough regularly for twenty years past. Occasional travellers, mostly natives, join the circle, which is not unfrequently brightened by a military uniform or two.

About one o'clock (the hour of dinner) the habitués are to be seen strolling in, singly, or by twos and threes; if it be fine,

sitting on the benches which, according to old custom, are placed by the door; or if the weather be bad, standing round the stove, for the most part smoking, chatting, and reading the small single-sheet newspaper. The greater number of these individuals have been getting an appetite by consuming divers glasses of beer at the various Bierwirthschafte in the town. By the way, the amount of small beer (all malt liquor is small here) some Germans manage to imbibe, is calculated to impress a stranger with considerable astonishment. Some of the Bonn students have been known to swallow two or three gallons in the course of an evening, apparently without much difficulty.

In the course of events the soup has made its appearance, and we are seated. At the head of the table has sat from time immemorial an old gentleman of great importance, Chamberlain to the Durchlaucht, or Serene Highness, in whose principality the town is situated. The Herr Cammerrath is a very Lord Chesterfield and Brummel combined, in point of ceremony and deportment. He is not, however, I grieve to say, invariably treated with that reverence and respect which are due to his years and position by certain of the younger branches of the society; nay, he is occasionally made the butt, or vehicle for the "chaff" of a ponderous and Germanic character, of certain members of the legal



profession, who are among the constant frequenters of mine hostess's board. Next to the Chamberlain sits the Herr Doctor Stolberg Lozengefels, who has practised medicine in the town with good repute for many years past. This personage is invariably the first to arrive at the Golden Plough, and the last to depart. He is of a taciturn mood, and when not engaged at dinner, is always to be seen in a favourite chair in the corner, reading the paper. On the other side, the Herr Cammerrath is supported by a gentleman who holds the important position of district judge. His personal appearance always reminds me of an elephant. He has large ears and small grey eyes; a slow or solemn manner of moving himself, and a massive probosciform character of mouth, which is heightened by a pair of large prominent moustachios, by no means impressing the judicial character on English eyes. The judge, moreover, affects a gallant demeanour towards the fair sex, and especially the pretty niece before-mentioned. Another important member of the *Tafel* is the Captain von Donnerblitz, a retired unwounded officer of the Prussian service. The captain is tremendously perpendicular in his carriage, and employs his leisure, when not talking very loud, chiefly in twirling his moustache, which is strongly developed. In contrast with this militaire is an old major, on half-pay, lame from a wound received at Ligny: a mild, quiet, and amiable gentleman. I ought to have given him precedence in the list, but his more obtrusive brother officer first forced himself on my recollection. Then comes a knot of the aforesaid avocats, as they are called. These are remarkable for clinging together with great pertinacity; they are always to be seen in a cluster, either before dinner or supper, in the beer-houses or perambulating the riverside. They are, for the most part, of a lively temperament, and are not particular about cravats in hot weather. Next to myself for some time sat the young Count von Dibsдорff, who, though reputed very rich, invariably dined here at the cost of about a shilling; he wore spectacles, studied a great deal, was addicted to salad, and did not smoke — a rare and remarkable exception amongst the habitués of the Golden Plough. The Count, however, was occasionally to be seen driving about in a vehicle of an unpretending nature — strongly resembling, in fact, a Margate fly which had been discarded as past service — but which, as it chased the silence from our quiet streets never failed to arrest the attention of the rare passer-by, who stopped to gaze upon it as an equipage of importance.

At the lower end of the table are to be found the occasional arrivals; notably a venerable Herr Geheimrath, who makes his



appearance about twice a-week on some business, drinks a bottle of wine at dinner, takes a cup of coffee immediately afterwards, and departs by the next steamer. Should he, meanwhile, be so fortunate as to get hold of a new-comer, he never fails to inflict upon him his standard anecdote of the circumstances under which he had once been addressed by Napoleon the First, when that potentate appeared at Düsseldorf.

We have reason to believe, where we sit (and indeed the avocat Spitznase once elicited as much), that the Emperor's manner was not altogether flattering to Herr Geheimrath; but that makes no kind of difference in the story. Stray Englishmen drop in, and generally make a point of ordering expensive wines for dinner — a great mistake when the table wine is of drinkable quality. He usually finds the chief difference to be in the price and name, and our ordinary Rhine wine was of the characteristic good vintage of the district. I remember one of my dear countrymen, wishing to study the variety of wines at call, taking up, as he supposed, the *Weinkarte*; but, after puzzling for a long time amongst an inexplicable list of names, it was explained to him that the said *carte* was nothing but the almanack, which being a Catholic one, had a long row of saints' names written in the German character, and appearing to this thirsty con-

noisseur to be a catalogue of things vinous rather than spiritual.

The calling out of the militia of the district causes dire confusion at the *Gast-haus*, sudden increase of cares to the hostess, dismay to the cook, and perplexity, not unrealised by passages of excitement, to the *Hebes* of the establishment. Besides the regular table d'hôte, there is now another long table, occupied by the mass of these defenders of their country. The irruption of the said sons of Mars is not altogether agreeable, even to the members of our usually quiet coterie; not but what the warriors are of a polite and amiable nature: nevertheless, the undue number of diners in the room, tends somewhat to render it close and suffocating, besides causing considerable delay in the serving of the viands; the fumes of tobacco assume the density of a London fog, and one's emergence to a purer atmosphere is delayed by the missing of hat and stick from the accustomed peg, and their discovery, after toilsome search, buried under a pile of helmets, foraging-caps, swords, belts, cloaks, and other military appurtenances.

Although I was far from being prejudiced in favour of home-habits, and soon grew reconciled to many of the customs of the country, I never could divest myself of the conviction that it would not be amiss if they were to change one's knife and fork



once or twice in the course of the long and complex proceedings of the dinner-table. I never learnt to appreciate the flavour which a fishy fork gives to blanc-mange, for example: your true German would use his knife under the circumstances.

I must not omit to mention the musical performances with which we are not unfrequently favoured. Soon after the beginning of dinner, unearthly sounds make themselves heard outside the door, which gradually resolve themselves into some waltz or operatic selections performed by a harp, clarionet, and bassoon; the bassoon usually having all its own way. Sometimes also we are favoured with the presence of a youth who carries an accordion of portentous dimensions out of which proceeds, a vague and asthmatic harmony; one is expected generally to reward these performances with a small donation of six pfennigs, or one half-penny.

The music being ended, and the soup, leathery boiled beef, fried potatoes, literally melted-butter, herring-cutlets, sourkraut — not to be thought of without a shudder — pudding, roast fowl, roast mutton or beef, cheese, and fruit, having been severally disposed of, we successively, or, as is the case with the avocats, simultaneously, rise from the table. Cigars are produced on all hands — the black coffee is sipped at side tables or

settees, or we wend our way home to drink it there.

I pass the window about an hour afterwards; Doctor Stolberg Lozengefels is sitting in his favourite corner, quietly perusing the *Kölner Zeitung*; the elephantine judge is smoking a long pipe with a porcelain bowl, and between the puffs is plaguing with ponderous badinage the pretty niece.

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### DISPUTED IDENTITY.

WHEN I was a boy, I lived with my father and mother, in a little cottage, in a village in Warwickshire. He was a farm labourer, my mother had enough to do with her family: but at harvest and hay-time she worked in the fields, and what she earned was a great help. She had a good many children; but one way or other, they all died except me and my brother. I think I should have gone like the rest; if it had not been for a neighbour's son, named George, who was most uncommon kind to me, he helped my mother nurse me when I was ill of a fever, and he was good to me ever after. He was some years older than me, and what made him take to me, I am sure I cannot tell; but that I should love him in return is no wonder at all. I worshipped him, and that is the only word to use for it. He used to tell me no end of stories about robbers and wild beasts; but above all about battles. He used



to make me windmills, and boats, and kites, and gave me endless balls of string and knives; but what I cared for most of all, was, that he let me follow him about wherever he went, and take his dinner to him out in the fields, and sent me on all his errands. I felt very proud to go; for I would have laid myself down under his feet if he had wanted me. Though I was quite a little chap, he used to talk to me as if I were his equal. He told me how he hated a dull country life, and how he longed to go away, and to seek his fortune in distant parts. He would have enlisted for a soldier, if it had not been for his mother, who would have broken her heart. She was a meek good woman, who had been tyrannised over by a brutal husband, who had been groom to a gentleman. He broke his neck, trying to break in a vicious horse. Although, being drunk at the time, it was his own fault, the gentleman pensioned the widow; so that George had all the money he earned for himself. He did not take after his father; but held himself aloof from the other fellows in the village, and never set foot in an ale-house — not from pride, but because he took pleasure in other things. He was always studying at one thing or other every leisure moment, especially he tried to pick up all he could about battles, and he used to draw plans of battles upon an old slate.

At last a change came over him — a sort of fever — and he

grew desponding and unhappy. He used to talk to me a great deal, but I could only feel very sorry for him, I could say nothing to comfort him. His mother, poor body, saw that all was not right, and feared he would take after his father, she used to preach to him out of the catechism, and tell him, it was his duty to be content in the state of life to which he was born; it was all very good, but not suitable to his case. He hated his occupation, and yet, oddly enough, it was only in his work he seemed to find any relief. He did as much as three men, and then asked for more.

Well, the truth must come out at last — George turned poacher. Poaching is a breach of the law of the land. I say no more about that; but I believe myself, that gentlemen who have a regular licence to shoot, and who preserve their own game, have not half the enjoyment in a whole season's shooting, that there is in one night's good poaching. However, you see poaching has this drawback; — the fellows who take to poaching, leave off honest hard work; they slink out of daylight, and haunt public-houses, and take to low idle habits of every kind. The love of adventure kills the habit of steady-going industry. They would do capitally out in the Australian bush, or at the diggings; but they plague the life out of church-wardens, overseers, constables, and squires. So they make a mess of it, and get into trouble: which



is a pity, for you would not believe what fine, likely young fellows many of them are to begin with.

George, for his part, was too proud, and respected himself too much, to fall into disreputable ways. He never would take me with him; though, when I saw him preparing his tackle, and cleaning his gun, I used to beg very hard that he would let me go; but he was always quite stern and resolved. However, he used to let me help him take care of his things, and I was very proud to do that. We made a hiding-place under some furze bushes, where no keepers would think of looking, and where everything could be kept quite dry. I had the charge of his dog, too — a knowing sensible brute, who loved the sport as much as his master: he was a strong lean yellow cross-bred dog, with long hair and a feather tail; he knew as well as we did that he must keep quiet during the day; and, though I sometimes did my best to 'tice him, I could never prevail upon him to have a game of play. As soon as he had eaten his dinner, he would curl himself up, with his nose under his tail, and go off to sleep as sensible as a Christian; he knew that his master would give him exercise enough at night. We had made a place for him to live in under the bushes close by where the tackle was kept, and we knew that nobody could meddle with it so long as he was there.

Things went on in this way for some months. George's mother, who had always been ailing, fell into a kind of waste, and the doctors said she could not last long. George was always a good son, and he watched and waited on his mother like a woman. He would not have had her know anything of his going out at nights for the world; and, though it was well known in the village, the neighbours had too much good feeling to tell her. George was greatly cut up by his mother's illness, but he told me that when she was taken he would not stay in the place a day, but would go for a soldier. I nearly broke my heart when he said this, but he comforted me by saying, that he would send for me, and we should share our fortune together. But this was not to be.

One night a party of men asked George to head them on an expedition into the woods of Lord Capelcurry, where there was to be a battue the next day. Of course all the keepers were on the alert, but that was a temptation rather than not. George asked me to be with his mother for that evening, and to read to her to keep her from asking questions. I consented; though I would much rather have gone with the party.

I saw George go away, and then went to the cottage of his mother, to whom I told a natural story to account for his absence. She soon grew weary of the read-



ing, and talked and maundered on about former days, before she was married, and about her first meeting with her husband, and how much he was in love with her, and what a good husband he had been before he was led astray by bad company. I was thinking of George; but I was a good listener, and remained with her till she went to bed, and then I went home. Early the next morning I was awakened by bad news: there had been a desperate affray with the poachers the night before; one of Lord Capelcurry's keepers was killed, and another seriously wounded. All the poachers had made their escape except George, who had been taken, and was dreadfully hurt. The news spread like wildfire; the constables were abroad; three of the poachers were secured, but the others managed to find safe hiding. It was impossible to keep the news from George's mother, and you may fancy the misery it caused. I was nearly frantic, and walked all the way to the gaol in the next town, which was fifteen miles off, in the hopes of seeing George. Of course I was not admitted, but I learned that he was in the infirmary, and his wounds were doing well. I was nearly mad. I could have beaten down the gates to get at him; and when I was turned away, I thought I would set the town on fire to revenge him. Some friends of the other men who had been taken were very kind to me, and kept

me from doing mischief to myself or any one else.

There lived in the town a very clever man, who was looked up to as a sort of prisoner's friend; for if a man got into trouble, Mr. Messent was always ready to take his part; and he often got a prisoner off, when there had not seemed a chance in the world for him. We all went to him and told him our case. He spoke kindly, and seemed to be very sorry about George and the other men. He talked of the game laws in a way that was a real comfort to us, and we went home in better heart. All the village joined to help to pay the money for the defence. After Mr. Messent had been admitted to see the prisoners, he drove over to our village to collect evidence and examine witnesses. He called to see George's mother. He brought her a message from her son. He brought me a kind word from him too. Altogether he kept up our spirits wonderfully.

When, at last, the assizes came on, George was recovered enough to take his trial. All the prisoners were found guilty, and George was declared to be the one who fired the shot that had been the actual cause of the gamekeeper's death. The judge, in his address, declared it to be one of the most aggravated cases he had ever tried, and called upon the prisoners to rejoice in the lenity of the sentence; which was, that George was to be transported for



the term of his natural life, and all the others for fourteen years. I saw George once — for one moment. I, and the friends of the other prisoners were allowed to stand in the yard as they were conveyed to the van. I sprang forwards and grasped one of his hands: he said cheerfully, "Good bye, old fellow; we will meet again."

George's mother never looked up again: she died before the week was out. The gang of poachers was entirely broken up, and Lord Capelcurry and his keepers had their hares and partridges in peace. The keepers had killed George's dog; but I gathered together all the odd matters that had belonged to him, and which nobody disputed with me. I then turned my back upon the place where I had lived, and went to seek for work elsewhere.

I might have been then about sixteen. The gardener at Squire Munsford's had married my mother's sister; so I went there first, to see if he could give me a place. It was ten miles on the other side of the village where all these things had taken place. Both he and my aunt received me very kindly. I was made under-gardener and helper to my uncle: it was a good place, and I lived there for five years. My uncle was a Scotchman, and he took pains with my learning; for he was a man of some education himself. At the end of that time he went to be head-gardener to

Sir Robert Palmer, and I was promoted by Squire Munsford to his place. This was considered a great piece of good luck, and so it was; but you see, I only cared for one thing in this world, and that was, to save money enough to be able to join George across the water. I went home sometimes to see my father and mother at the old place. My brother — I told you I had one — did not turn out comfortably, and ended by running away to sea; so I had to help the old people, which kept me from saving so much as I might otherwise have done. One time, when I was down there, I heard a rumour that George had escaped from the gang of convicts, and had got clear off along with two others, after killing the overseer. This statement had made the round of the newspapers; yet, Botany Bay was so far off, no one could rightly tell whether to believe this or not: but everybody who had known him wished George well; and, after I had been gardener it might be about ten years, Madam Munsford died, and the Squire broke up his establishment and went to live in another part of England.

I was left in charge of the place with a man under me, to keep the grounds in order; and an old servant was left in the house. After Squire Munsford's death — which followed that of his wife in a couple of years — the place came into the market to be sold; and the estate was divided into



lots, some of which went with the house, and others separate. A good many parties came to view the house; but for some it was too large and for others too small, and from one cause or other it remained a couple of years unlet. One morning as I was mowing the lawn, I saw a grand travelling carriage stop before the gate. A gentleman who was inside beckoned me to come to him. I went; but when I reached the window I nearly dropped down with surprise, for I surely believed it was George himself I saw before me.

The gentleman took no notice of my looks, but quietly asked, if he could be shown over the house? — he had a card to view it. He alighted, and I walked behind him like a person in a dream: the more I looked at the stranger the more perplexed I was with the resemblance. He was evidently a military man, and had the mark of a sabre-cut across his forehead. He addressed me as a perfect stranger, and asked many questions which I answered without well knowing what I said. That George should have become a gentleman and ride in his carriage was quite likely enough; but I felt sure that, however grand he might become, he would never change towards me. At last he drove away, and I did not know whether to feel glad or sorry.

A few days afterwards he returned, accompanied by a man of business; and, after much

examination of documents, and comparing of deeds, Major Rutherford (as George's Double was called), became the owner of the house and certain lots of land lying around: a nice compact little property it was. The furniture was old-fashioned, and would have fetched nothing at a sale; but it suited the house, and was convenient as well as appropriate. This was taken at a small valuation, and thus, at a stroke, Major Rutherford took his place amongst the county gentry. Before they departed, I was called into the room and received the offer to become Major Rutherford's bailiff. The lawyer — who had been Squire Munsford's man of business — said he had recommended me; but I did not think that had anything to do with my appointment. Ever since I had heard of George's escape, I had felt unsettled in my grand purpose; and now, though I could not make the Major out to my satisfaction, I felt quite content to stop with him.

If I had expected the Major to be like what I recollected of George, I was much mistaken: he was like George certainly; but it was George possessed by a devil: all the gloomy, moody discontent, which had overshadowed him in the latter days of our intercourse, seemed to be hardened and exaggerated in the Major into a bitter grinding sense of wrong and injustice. He had evidently lived a stormy adventurous life; and, although he had



conquered fortune and position, yet he was scornful and contemptuous — unthankful one might say — for all the comforts and advantages he had won in his battle of life. It was understood that he was a gentleman by birth, of good though decayed family; that he had entered the East India Company's service when very young, and had won his promotion by heading more than one forlorn hope. The means by which he had obtained his fortune was not exactly known; but men in those days always made their fortunes in the East. The neighbouring gentlemen all called upon him; but his opinions and theirs clashed at all points: they were all good steady church and king men, tories of the old school. The Major had brought home with him startling political notions about reform in parliament, and extension of the suffrage, which he propounded with a reckless audacity that nearly sent some of his most respectable visitors into fits of apoplexy. He also took the earliest opportunity of quarrelling with the rector of the parish, who was a magistrate as well as a clergyman; and, in that capacity, had committed three men for some trifling trespass upon his own property. The Major declared that this was a most unchristian proceeding, and refused to attend church; the large family pew in the pretty village church consequently remained untenanted Sunday after Sunday, to the intense disgust of

the rector, and the great scandal of the county-side. But the crowning act of his unpopularity was, that, at a supper which he gave to the tenants and farmers on his estate, he announced his intention of not preserving his game, and gave them all free permission to kill whatever they found on their own land.

This proceeding was in such direct opposition to the customs of the county, that the gentry looked upon it as a reflection upon them, and resented it accordingly. They all cut the major, and spoke of him as an infidel, a Jacobite, and a revolutionary democrat. The Major took all this with great indifference, and seemed, indeed, to enjoy exasperating their prejudices. To his own tenants he made a kind but strictly just landlord, — all the fences, farm-houses, and buildings were kept in perfect repair, the cottages of the labourers were rebuilt. He showed the greatest desire to make the condition of all who depended on him as good as possible; but, in spite of the substantial benefits he conferred, he was anything but popular: he was too much of a reformer, and made no allowance for the natural unwillingness of men to walk in new ways. He liked to be in the opposition, and would any day have preferred to fight for his own way, rather than obtain it uncontested.

As for myself, I was much attached to him, partly for his own sake, and partly for the sake of



old times, which he so strangely brought back to me, though he never, by the most trivial word or deed recognised any former state of intercourse. A year passed on without any remarkable occurrence; but then, there befel a curious adventure. The Major and I went to attend an agricultural dinner that took place in the next town, which is a cathedral town. As we returned home, it was a bright moonlight night. The streets were deserted; everybody was in bed; but, as we drove past the cathedral, I distinctly saw a figure at one of the lower windows, fluttering a handkerchief, and I fancied I heard a faint voice cry, "Help!" I do not believe in ghosts, but I confess my heart beat thick.

"Good heaven!" said the Major, "some one has been buried alive, and is trying to escape!"

"More likely some poor mad creature who has escaped from confinement, and has hidden herself there."

Again we heard the cry of "Help!"

The Major sprang from the gig. I did not like him to go alone, but the horse was young and spirited, and could not be left.

The Major soon returned. "We must find out the sexton," said he, hastily; "it is a poor young woman who has been locked in by accident. She seems to be nearly mad with fear."

There was not a soul to be seen

about. We did not the least in the world know where the keys were kept; but we were obliged to do something. After knocking up several wrong people, who did not bestow blessings upon us for our pains, we at length discovered the clerk, and with some difficulty got him and his lantern into the street. The Major and he went together to the cathedral, and I remained with the gig. They soon returned, carrying between them a young girl, who seemed to be dead. They took her into the house, and the clerk's wife came down-stairs; lights appeared in the various houses, whose inmates we had disturbed, and night-capped heads were popped out of the windows to see what had happened. One or two, more curious than the rest, came into the street, to learn the rights of the case. As soon as the poor girl was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, she told us that she had come from Sutton-Cosely that day with a party of friends for a day's shopping, and to see the monuments in the cathedral. While she was looking at one of the tombs, her party passed on; and, when she turned round, she saw them leaving the building. She called, but no one heard: in her haste, her foot slipped, and she fell down against a pillar, and cut her brow, — before she could rise, she heard the ponderous doors clang together, and the key turn in the lock. At first she thought they would miss her and return: but time passed



on, and they did not come. She beat against the door, but could make no one hear. Evening closed in, she grew desperate at the prospect of remaining there all night. The last thing she recollected was climbing to a window and breaking the glass to attract attention. Poor thing, it was no wonder she was frightened at the prospect of remaining in that great dark lonely place full of graves! I should not have liked it myself.

The Major decided that we would drive her home, late as it was, to save her friends further anxiety. She was well wrapped up, and we took her between us in the gig.

She lived about five miles across the country, in an old moated farmhouse that had been once a manor-house. It was now a dim ghostly-looking place, built of grey stone, and half unoccupied. As we drove down the lane that led to the house, we saw a number of persons moving about in great excitement. The sound of our vehicle called some persons to the door. Foremost among them was the farmer holding a candle above his head, and his other hand shading his eyes; behind him were the maid-servants. I could feel the poor girl shrink closer to us when he appeared.

"We have brought back your daughter, Mr. Byrne," said the Major, speaking first. "We have been so fortunate as to rescue

her from a very unpleasant situation."

"Where hast thou been to, wench?" asked the father, sternly. "Go to bed with you, huzzy, — a pretty disgrace you are to your family! And who may yon gentlemen be?" said he, turning upon us. "How do I know that you have not made up a story amongst you, to get me to receive the girl back when she may deserve no better than to be thrown out of the window?"

The Major was struck dumb at such an address; but I, to whom the brutal violent character of Farmer Byrne was well known, knew better how to deal with him. In a few words I made him understand that this sort of thing would not answer. He subsided into a surly civility, and gave us grudging thanks, that seemed to choke him in the utterance. On our road home I told Major Rutherford what I knew about the farmer, — he was a savage brute, who had broken the heart of his wife by ill-usage, and was bidding fair to do as much for his daughter — a good, gentle, well-conducted girl; a good daughter to an ill father. I spoke warmly in her praise; for I felt very sorry for the poor thing when I thought of the beating she would be sure to get as soon as our backs were turned; but I was not prepared for the effect my words were to take. Before a month was over the Major came to me one day, and told me that he was going to be married to Farmer Byrne's



daughter. Without saying a word to me, he had made inquiries about her; had seen her frequently, and partly from compassion, and partly from love, he had gone the length of proposing to her, and had been accepted.

I was surprised, and not altogether pleased. He was so mixed up in my mind with George, that I could not separate the two, and I could not bear to have any change in our relationship. He saw I was not pleased, and took some trouble to reconcile me to it. Of course, nothing that I could say would alter the matter; so I held my tongue, and they were married very quietly at the parish church by the obnoxious rector. One good result followed this marriage; she persuaded her husband to begin to go to church again, and be friends with the rector. I was very glad of this; for their feud had been one cause that the neighbourhood held aloof from the Major, and I wanted to see him take his rightful position. His wife's influence, too, had a happy effect upon his temper and disposition. She softened his bitter contradictory spirit, and showed so much good sense in her new position, that I ended by thinking that the Major had done the wisest act in his life when he married her.

As to the poor girl herself, she brightened up under the influence of happiness, and looked quite a new creature. It was the first little glimpse of sunshine

she had ever known. She was far too humble to fret herself because the neighbouring ladies did not receive her into their ranks, and was far too much in love with her husband to care for anything else. They lived quite privately and quietly; and, at the end of eighteen months a little son was born, who filled up the measure of their content.

One morning I had been to wait on the Major, to ask directions about the drainage of an outlying meadow. He agreed to ride over with me to see what was doing, and we went out together at the back of the house, to go to the stables. As we were crossing the yard we saw a wild, athletic man, half gipsy, half tinker, standing ready to beg or to steal, as the occasion offered. The Major had a horror of vagrants and beggars, and never showed them any mercy. All the penalties the law allows were always enforced; though no man had a kinder heart to all honest and deserving poor than he. I had seen this tinker hanging about, the day before, in the village, and had warned him off. I was surprised to see him here, for the boldest beggars never ventured near the house. The Major roughly desired him to go away. The man looked at him with impudent, malicious eyes; and, coming nearer, said something in a low tone that I did not hear. To this, the Major only replied by threatening him with the riding-whip he held in his hand;



the man replied insolently, and the blow descended across his face. Staggering and blinded, the man shook his fists at the Major, and said:

"I know you, George Marston; and I will do for you yet."

I started, as though a pistol had been discharged in my ear. I looked at the Major; our eyes met; my glance fell beneath his, and I turned away. We neither of us made any remark; we might not have heard, for any sign we gave. The Major mounted his pony, and rode alone to the field; where he remained superintending the workmen till dinner-time. I was waiting for him when he returned.

"Has any one been to ask for me?" said he, as he dismounted.

"No, sir," replied the servant.

"Stay and dine with us, Benson," said the Major, turning to me; and we went into the dining-room together. Mrs. Rutherford and the baby were there. The Major talked to his wife, played with his child, and eat his dinner like a man who enjoyed it. I sat stupified, and wondering what was to come next. After dinner, the Major proposed to drive his wife and the baby in a little forest carriage kept entirely for her use. She was delighted; and, as she took her place, I thought she looked prettier than I had ever seen her. She always had an innocent look, and a little air of rusticity that became her well. The Major's great calmness and indifference staggered me, and

did more to make me doubt my own convictions than a dozen denials.

About an hour after the Major had gone out, two men drove to the door in a post-chaise, and inquired for him. They were strangers, but I knew they were constables. I ordered them refreshments in the Major's room; and, having seen them seated before the bread and cheese, I went out to await the Major at a turn of the road. I told him, as indifferently as I could, not to alarm his wife, and asked whether he would choose to avoid them. His cheek flushed as I spoke, and a look, like one I well remembered of old, came into his face, as he said: "No; let them do their worst." And then, touching the pony with the whip, he drove on as calmly as though I had asked him what was to be done with a heap of stones. The constables came out at the sound of wheels, and with official stolidity presented their warrant. The Major glanced at the paper; and, shrugging his shoulders, said he was quite ready to go with them. His wife looked anxiously from one party to the other.

"It is a summons to appear immediately before the magistrates in the next town, to give evidence in a case of disputed identity. Get my carpet-bag packed directly, there's a good little woman; I shall not be home to-night."

She left the room, and he made no attempt to follow her.



"I am obliged to accompany these persons to the next town," said the Major to me. "They are constables, come to take me on the charge of being a returned convict. It is unpleasant; for innocent men have been hanged for their likeness to other people before now. However, I hope to establish my identity; I have a few marks to help me."

He spoke in a hard, dry, distinct voice, as though every word were uttered with effort. I could not speak.

"I expect to return to-morrow," continued he; "but if I am detained, I will write to you. Keep Mrs. Rutherford from feeling uneasy, and use your own judgment in all things."

His wife entered, looking tearful and agitated. She had a presentiment of evil. His lip quivered, as he bade her farewell; he grasped my hand, and sprang hastily into the post-chaise which was waiting.

The Major did not return home the next day, or the next after that; for he was committed to the county gaol to take his trial at the next assizes. At first, the magistrates were extremely unwilling to entertain the charge; and they would have dismissed it, if, unluckily for the Major, Sir Gervaise Skinner had not been on the bench. He was a staunch old Tory, and had been terribly scandalised by the Major's liberal politics. No crime could, in his opinion, be too dreadful for such a man to com-

mit; and this accusation seemed only the natural explanation of the Major's character. He insisted that the accused should be remanded, to give time to inquire further into the matter. The Major himself did not furnish so prompt an exculpation as might have been expected: he did not seem to have any friends to whose testimony he could appeal. After two remands, he was fully committed to take his trial, and I had to break the matter to his wife, who took it with a composure that surprised me. She thought her husband a persecuted man, but her faith in his innocence did not waver for an instant.

All that followed may be read in the newspapers of the time. It remains on record as one of the most celebrated causes ever tried; and, although it was certainly decided by judge and jury, yet public opinion was much divided, and even I have my doubts still about the matter. You shall judge for yourself.

The old tinker, rascal as he was, told a story that, if true, was conclusive enough. He had been sentenced to seven years' transportation at the same assizes that saw George Marston sentenced for life. This part of his story was proved. He had gone out in the same convict ship, and had seen George every day during the voyage. George was put in some sort of authority over him, and excited his ill-will. When they landed, he worked in



the same gang with George. He gave minute details of George's escape, and of the savage onslaught upon the overseer, which resulted in death. A body was discovered some time after, in a state of decomposition, which was supposed to be that of George Marston, the escaped convict, but he, the tinker, had reasons of his own for not believing it to be George Marston's body. He swore positively that the Major and George Marston were one and the same person. Two other persons, convicts who had served their time, and who had seen and conversed with George Marston before he effected his escape, were positive as to his identity with the Major. Several persons from the village where he was born, and lived before he was transported, recognised him the moment they saw him. The surgeon who had dressed the wounds received in the fatal affray with the keepers, identified him. There were wounds also on the person of the Major corresponding with those recorded in the prison entry, and in the surgeon's own private journal. Mr. Messent, the lawyer who had defended him, now a very old man, but in perfect possession of his faculties, recognised him as his old client. I was then called upon to give my evidence. I was known to have been George's friend, and a great deal was expected from me; but I did not feel free to swear either way. I

did not deny the strong resemblance; but, living beside him so many years, I had also perceived differences which I could not reconcile; so, after a great deal of browbeating and cross-examination, I was allowed to depart. I had at least thrown a doubt upon the case.

The story the Major told about himself, in his defence, was ingenious and romantic. He produced a certificated extract of birth and baptism from the parish register of a small market-town in a remote part of Wales; and called as evidence an old man and woman, who had kept the only inn in the place. They declared that in such a year, corresponding with the date of the extract, a lady and gentleman, unaccompanied by any servants, arrived at the Golden Lion. They were evidently rich, and belonged to what the old man called Real Quality. The lady was confined of a son a few days after her arrival; and the child was baptised Andrew, and registered as the child of Thomas and Mary Rutherford. When the lady was sufficiently recovered, they departed, taking with them a Welsh nurse for the baby. The nurse returned in a few weeks, saying that the lady and gentleman were gone abroad, taking the child with them; but she showed a great reserve and unwillingness to speak of the matter. This young woman died shortly afterwards. There was great difficulty in taking the



evidence of these old people, who were very deaf, and spoke only Welsh. The Major then declared that he lived with his parents both in America and also in France, until he entered the East India Company's service at the age of nineteen; but that portion of his narrative was contradictory and confused. The beginning of his career in the Indian army was also obscure. He could call no witnesses who knew anything about him until many years subsequently — until, indeed, the year after George had made his escape — and then he was not an officer, but a private soldier. That point made against him. The very next year he was in another regiment as Lieutenant Rutherford, with papers and certificates of service, with the sabre-cut upon his head, the mark of which was visible enough, and also of the other wounds which actually were upon his person. From this point his case was clear; he distinguished himself in various engagements; displayed not only courage, but high military talent; and how, asked he, was it possible that an escaped convict, a man of no education, should suddenly find himself endowed with military knowledge sufficient to fill a highly responsible position? Bravery may be innate, but military skill and knowledge must be acquired. This was well put, and evidently had great effect upon the whole court. I confess I was not much struck. I recollected

George's military tastes, and had my own notions of his natural tact and cleverness, which I kept to myself. He pointed out that the persons who spoke so confidently to his identity with George Marston, the poacher, had not seen him for many years; the principal witness against him was a returned convict — a man of notoriously bad character — and who owned to having an enmity against the individual for whom he had the misfortune to be mistaken.

The whole defence was eloquent and elaborate — too elaborate and too ingenious. The judge, in summing up, pulled it all to pieces; dwelling particularly on the fact, that the accused could give no account of the most important events that had happened in his family. He knew evidently nothing of either France or America. His experiences in India were contradictory and confused, up to the year following that in which he was accused of making his escape from transportation. All this, and a great deal more that I cannot now remember, the judge brought out. The defence was not coherent; and the jury without retiring, returned a verdict of guilty; but strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy.

The Major heard the verdict with haughty indifference; and, on being asked in the usual form, why sentence should not be pronounced against him, replied; "Because I am not the man who



has incurred the penalty." He uttered these words in a ringing, sonorous voice; and this simple affirmation took more effect than all his defence put together.

The judge passed sentence, and he was removed from the dock. The interest excited by his case was intense; petitions and memorials on his behalf were got up all over the country, and backed by highly influential persons. What effect they might have had it is hard to say; but they were rendered superfluous by the fact that the Major effected his own escape in a masterly fashion unparalleled in the annals of prison-breaking. I was not surprised. I had heard him say, that the prison was not built that could keep him inside if he chose to go out. He got clear off, and reached the continent in safety. He was afterwards joined by his wife. They are both still alive. Government declined to confiscate his property: the son inherited it. I was made trustee and guardian, and have administered the affairs ever since.

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## CHIP.

### MILLIONNAIRES AND MEASURES.

IN the article on Decimal Money,\* French millionnaires are spoken of as the accumulators of a million francs. But the doubting query has been put: Is it certain that millionaire means

the possessor of a million francs, or forty thousand pounds of capital? because some imagine that a million francs a-year is meant. Millionnaires are men such as Lafitte was, in eighteen thirty, — at the head of the money-market. For instance, in the comedy of *Les Trois Quartiers*, a man of moderate wealth looks out for a wife, upon equal terms, amongst the bourgeoisie. But some ships which had been given up as lost came into port; his pecuniary pretensions are therefore higher, and he goes to the *Chaussée d'Antin* (where the rich and fashionable of the new school reside), in search after some marketable banker's sister. While the wife-hunt is still going on, a wealthy uncle dies, and then, and not till then, the mercenary Lothario exclaims, "*Je suis millionnaire!*" — I am a millionaire! and shifts his ground to the quarter of the old nobility — *Faubourg Saint Germain* — to catch a countess.

Millionnaire does not mean the very wealthiest of the land. Of persons with a million francs a-year, there are not fifty, perhaps not five and twenty, in all France. To denote such men as Rothschild, for instance, something much more speculative than millionaire is required. He is styled the Banker King, the *Monsieur Gros Sou*, Prince *Le Sac* or Prince *Purse*, and so on. The Jupiters of the money-market are aimed at with more or less precision, in such words as

\* See page 112 of the present volume.



Toussenel's, "the Jews, the Kings of the Epoch;" and in such newspaper paragraphs as the following: "Monsieur A. Dumas, Junior, is giving the finishing-touch to a five-act comedy, intended for the Théâtre Français. It will be entitled, His Highness, Money. We are informed, on the other hand, that the Vaudeville has accepted from M. Louis Lurine, a piece which will be called His Majesty Million. Authors have often devoted their talents to the Golden Calf, but it will be found that the subject has never presented itself with greater actuality. Again, it is positively asserted that Dr. Véron is preparing for publication a novel in two volumes, the title of which is suggestive of Mr. Warren's Ten Thousand a Year; for it is to be called A Hundred Thousand Francs a-Year. However, it is merely the continuation of the Memoirs of a Bourgeois of Paris. These satirical shafts are shot principally in a backward and retrospective direction: — on the reign of Louis Philippe. On the contriver of Spanish marriages, future history will probably fix the most sordid phase of French morality."

To be quite sure about the millionaire, on consulting my French banker, he informed me, in the first place, that I myself am not a millionaire, either in one sense or the other of the word; although he acknowledged I had made the first step towards it by the small balance left un-

touched in his hands, for which he pays me four per cent. interest. "But, Monsieur," he added, smiling, as though the idea amused him as something funny; "if you had a million francs of capital you would certainly be a millionaire in France." I therefore am inclined to adhere to my previous estimate, in spite of the doubts of a learned and valued correspondent.

The same authority has a word or two to say also on our paper on Decimal Measures. While supposing the decimalisation of weights and measures to take precedence of that of coins, I was merely summing up the opinions of the Commercial Traveller. But, as I scorn all half-measures, were I Her Majesty's Government, I should be inclined to make the change in moneys, weights, and measures all at once, — if the moneys were not decimalised first by the prime minister, my predecessor, — on the ground that, whenever the alteration is made, there must be a grand hubbub, and mess, and outcry, throughout the land. There is no helping it. One disturbance is better than two. A great washing-day once a-month, is better than a little washing-day once a-week. Therefore — on the principle of Over shoes, over boots, You may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, and other make-up-your-mind-to-it maxims — I should say: "Do it once for all; make a general clearance, and



get a complete new set of servants into your house." When everybody is equally strange, and all are in a muddle alike, no one can laugh at his neighbour's troubles. But reforms being effected simultaneously, admit of no positive necessity that they shall be made unexpectedly, and without due notice. While there are national, parish, union, and infant schools, not to speak of seminaries, and genteel establishments for young ladies and gentlemen, a Decimal system need not fall, like a thunderbolt, on the heads of the rising generation. Preparation may be made beforehand, by the publication of simple treatises, explanations, tables, and rules (as was done in France) of the new weights and coins, as soon as they shall have been determined by Act of Parliament. Standard specimens of the moneys and measures may be publicly exhibited a month or two previously. And the able amateur lecturers who take a pleasure in holding forth to the community, will find in the innovation proposed a subject replete with instruction, utility, and amusement. Why not form classes to play the game of buying and selling in Decimals?

After thinking till every hair of my head, which has not fallen off with the effort, is turned silver-grey, I hold to the persuasion, that we had best retain a national decimal coinage founded on the sovereign; and that we should adopt the French metrical

system of weights and measures, as deserving to be made cosmopolite.

In the article on Decimal Measures, at page 148, first column, third line from the bottom, erase "divisions," and substitute "multiples," in correction of a blunder. The passage should have stood thus; "Note well, that the divisions of the mètre are expressed in words derived from the Latin language; thus centimètre and millimètre are the hundredth and thousandth parts respectively. The multiples of the mètre (as of all weights, measures, and coins in France) are expressed by numerals derived from the Greek; thus, a kilomètre is a thousand mètres."

## AN ENGLISH WIFE.

WHILST the ship goes swiftly rushing  
Through the foaming sheets of spray,  
I will answer you that question  
You propounded yesterday.

"Wherefore is it" — thus you ask'd me —  
"That when all on board are glad  
To approach our merry England,  
You alone look pale and sad?"

Whilst the foaming waves are anger'd  
By the tempest's boisterous wail,  
Sit you here, old man, beside me —  
Sit, and listen to my tale.

It was the time of summer roses,  
In the morning of my life,  
That with loving heart and trustful  
I, alas, became a wife.

Stately was he, handsome, winning,  
Highly born; for he could trace,  
Back beyond the Norman Conquest,  
Gallant soldiers of his race,



Glad I was, o'erjoy'd and happy;  
 Never girl affection felt  
 Truer, stronger, or more tender  
 Than within my bosom dwelt.

How I loved him! It was sinful  
 Thus a mortal to adore;  
 Thus within an earthly casket  
 Every hope and wish to store.

In awhile we cross'd the ocean;  
 For broad lands there were of mine  
 In that isle whence we have parted,  
 Where the blue skies cloudless shine.

But its sunlight soon look'd gloomy,  
 And its green hills dull to me,  
 For my soul felt sick and fainting  
 With a dread anxiety:

To and fro, a spectral shadow —  
 Horrible, without a name,  
 Frighting from my heart the life-blood —  
 Ever and anon there came.

Then the gorgeous flowers look'd faded,  
 And the palm no beauty wore,  
 And the stars that shone upon me  
 Were not radiant as before.

Then, that dark and shadowy spectre  
 Near and palpable became;  
 While in hollow tones it whisper'd,  
 "Him thou lov'st is not the same.

"Mark," it said, "the golden idol  
 Thou so worshipping, is dross;  
 And the love that thou hast lavish'd  
 Shall become through life thy cross."

To such words I would not listen;  
 Yet their cold breath made me quail;  
 My dancing step grew slow and heavy,  
 And my cheeks grew wan and pale.

Then he left me. He, my husband;  
 And my infant yet unborn.  
 Though his words were kind at parting,  
 Need I say I felt forlorn?

O those months! Sick, and in sorrow,  
 Sadly, heavily they past;  
 Till to my bosom, aching, yearning,  
 A lovely babe I prest at last.

Then came a letter; kind and loving —  
 Calling me to him again;  
 So the hideous spectre vanish'd:  
 Joyful, I recross'd the main,

Well, he met us. O that meeting!  
 Its remembrance brings a groan:  
 Though between me and that anguish  
 Twenty summers' suns have flown.

Then I knew what I had dreaded;  
 Knew that I alone must meet  
 Life upon the hill of battle,  
 With scarr'd breast and bleeding feet.

And I lived? They say, old soldier,  
 That in Spain one vintage morn,  
 Thou, straight through a fiery hail-storm,  
 Leddest on the hope forlorn;

And they tell, with head cleft open,  
 And with shatter'd limbs you lay  
 Where the bullets down had struck you:  
 Yet thou hast survived that day.

So I lived; and, for a season,  
 Bow'd my head and bore my part;  
 Hiding like the youthful Spartan,  
 The fierce wolf which gnaw'd my heart.

For awhile then colder, harder,  
 Pierced the iron in my soul;  
 Outraged, scorn'd, my infant hated  
 The pent waters' mock'd control.

Who the human heart can fathom,  
 Who had traced its secret path?  
 I erewhile the meekest, gentlest,  
 Rose a lioness in wrath: —

Far away in Western India,  
 When the burning wind has past  
 Scorching every tree and flower  
 With its fiery furnace-blast;

When the strong plants all lie wither'd,  
 Blasted every blade of green;  
 Shining midst the desolation,  
 Is a pure white lily seen:\*

Thus, amid the blacken'd ruin  
 Which alone remain'd for me,  
 Like that bud of Western India,  
 My most precious child was she.

Yet, for another left, abandon'd,  
 Penniless. In my distress,  
 I, in England's laws sought refuge;  
 Only to be scorn'd redress.

Then his rage became demoniac,  
 And he took an oath that day,  
 That my only consolation  
 Should from me be torn away:

\* The Mahabuleshwur Lily: literally,  
 the Power of the Great God.



That my spotless little daughter,  
My white lamb, my pretty flower,  
Should be placed — would God permit  
it? —

In a wicked wanton's power.

Then the spirit which upheld me  
Sank, succumb'd; for I foresaw  
That he *could* take her; for — I knew it —  
Such was merry England's law.

But the God who saved his servants  
In the furnace' fiery breath,  
Saved me and my little daughter  
From this evil, worse than death.

Tidings to a friend of childhood  
Of me, desolated, sped;  
Gold he sent, so I and baby,  
Unknown to my tyrant fled.

We were shelter'd, welcomed, cared for,  
In that island of the sea;  
And soft peace, like morning sunshine,  
Kiss'd away the tears from me.

Look around! behold the waters!  
Clear thou know'st each drop to be;  
Yet the expanse how dark appearing —  
Dark from its profundity.

Thus the ways of God to fathom,  
Are on earth to man denied;  
We shall know and praise hereafter:  
Old man, — my dear baby died.

And, since that, up life's steep mountain  
On sharp stones the way has been,  
Often stumbling, falling, fainting,  
But upraised by the Unseen.

I've endured humiliation,  
Toiling for my daily bread;  
In that bondage — "task delightful" —  
One who never tried it, said.

Of my husband? Once in sickness,  
Faint, upon my bed I lay;  
Hoping every earthly sorrow  
Would, ere long, depart away.

Thus, I wrote, — "From one another,  
We through life must sunder'd be;  
Yet, once so beloved, my husband,  
I would die at peace with thee.

"Thou hast my existence cover'd  
With a black funereal pall,  
But, adored of life's fresh memory,  
Freely I forgive thee all.

"All the scorn, injustice, anguish,  
Press'd so sore into my heart,  
I forgive — completely, freely.  
Be there peace ere I depart!"

This was sent, and, in due season,  
Came his answer o'er the main;  
From my bed I had uprisen;  
But it smote me down again.

Cruel was it? harsh, remorseless,  
Wine distill'd from grapes of gall;  
Oh for Lethe's fabled waters!  
Drinking to forget it all.

Therefore is it, brave old soldier,  
That, when all on board are glad  
To approach our merry England,  
I alone am pale and sad.

END OF VOL. XXXV.







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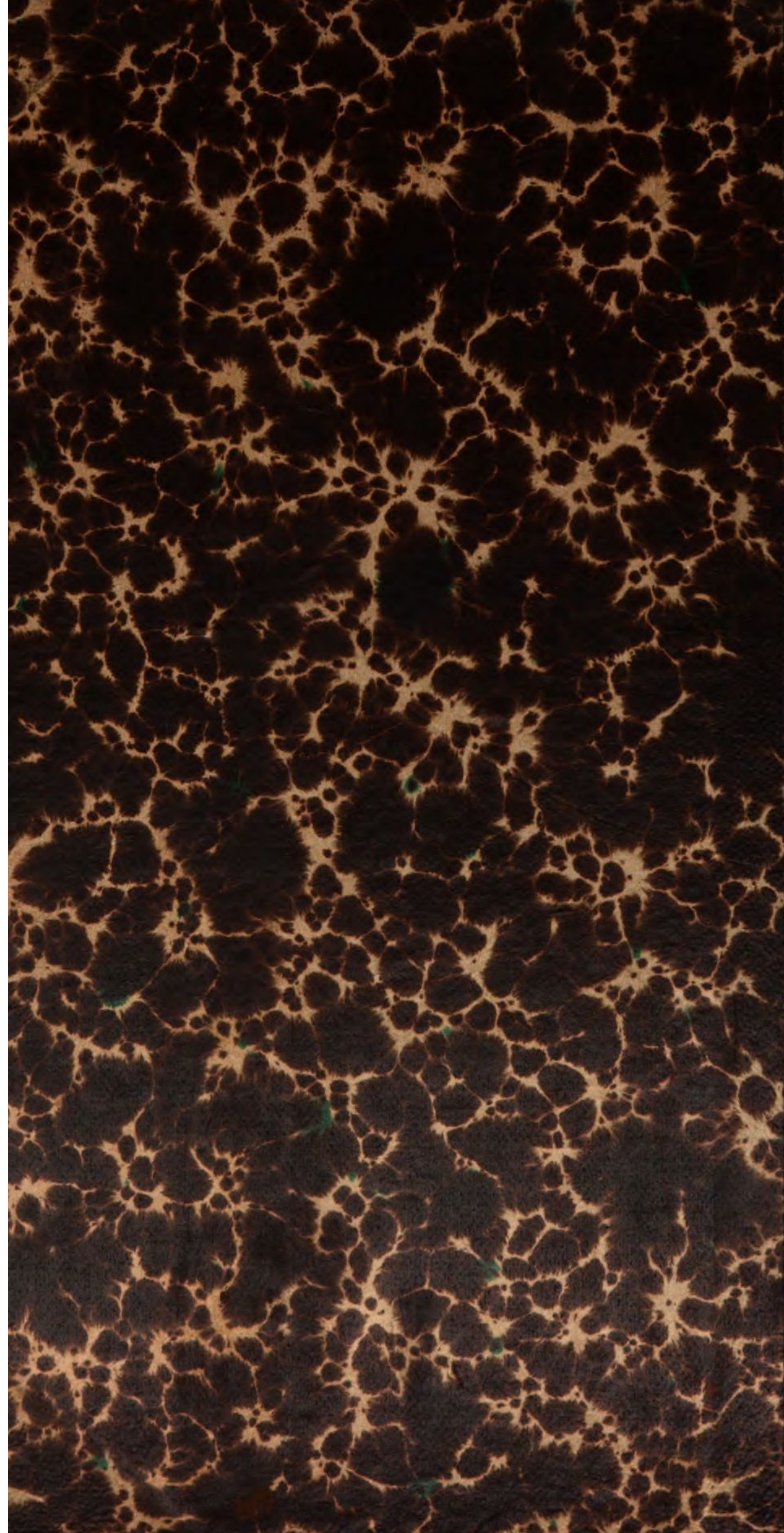






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